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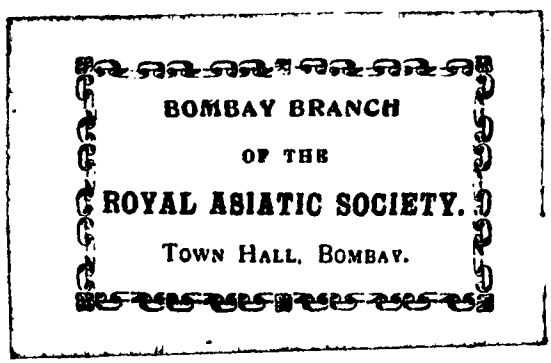

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THE LIFE

OF

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

FOUNDED ON LETTERS AND PAPERS

FURNISHED BY

HIS FRIENDS AND FELLOW ACADEMICIANS.

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BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

"Nature's most secret steps
He, like her shadow, has pursued."—SHELLEY'S ALASTOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE LIFE

OF

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

CHAPTER I.

TURNER AT PETWORTH.

TURNER was often at Lord Egremont's, and spent some of his happiest days there, fishing with Chantrey and his old friend, George Jones, R.A. The kind, rough, honest master of Petworth liked him, and the pair of eccentric men got on well together.

For the subsequent chapter I have to thank my clever young friend, G. Storey, Esq., a rising artist, whom Leslie directed in the right path.

"Petworth House is a large aristocratic-looking place, fronting a park which is surrounded by twelve miles of good wall. I do not think it would look well in a picture, as it is a long, straight, white building, full of windows, but the interior is very fine; you walk through rooms of white and gold, large and light, and through marble halls and carved chambers, with the eyes of pale ancestors looking down upon you, some that seem ghosts of the long-departed, some living pictures of fair beauties still breathing; all

enjoying perpetual youth, for which they may thank Vandyke, Reynolds, Romney, and others. There is a grand staircase decorated with a French version of the classics; and a fine gallery, built by Lord Egremont, full of English pictures, antique statues, and some fine specimens by Flaxman. 'St. Michael overcoming Satan,' is a grand work; but to go through the catalogue of all the treasures would require a volume and a year's study. The rich glowing harmony of the fine old masters makes a man forget his sorrows and his sins, puts his soul in tune, ennobles his mind, and humbles his vanity; that is, if he has anything of the soul of an artist within him. The carved room, the work of Grinling Gibbons and his pupil Ritson, is pre-Raphaelitism in wood: miraculously-worked clusters of leaves, and flowers, birds, &c. &c., from top to bottom, all exactly like nature without the colour, are intermingled with fiddles, flutes, antique vases, and every variety of object difficult to execute.

"Turner's pictures are unfortunate in being surrounded by these carvings, which are of a light brown colour, and I longed to paint a black line all round them. They also suffer from being placed in front of the light in two ways: first, it is difficult to see them; and secondly, the sun has seen them, and growing jealous of the rival sun in the beautiful picture of 'Chichester Canal,' seems to have shown his revenge by cracking it all to pieces; vowing, 'One day that sun shall set for ever.' But I must not make complaints against a place that I enjoyed so much. I was enabled to study the pictures unmolested, and the

generosity of the owner prevented me from feeling that I was there on sufferance.

"Behind the house is an old church with a new steeple; it contains some old monuments, and a sitting statue of Lord Egremont, by Baily; here also lies all that is left of many of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland, and others of the Egremont family. The churchyard contains some curious messages from the dead, written in verse: one man gives the reason of his death as follows:

"'I left this earthly world behind,
A crown of glory for to find;'

and another, making the best of a bad job, says:

"'Could you so happy be as I,
You'd not care how soon you'd die;'

another kindly tells us to

"'Behold and see the grave
Where I lie sleeping;
Whilst glorious angels *have*
My soul in keeping.'

and a lady, who might rank with a modern poet for vagueness, and who is quite Turneresque in mystery, says:

"'I am as grass when in its bloom,
My morning sun rises at noon.
Weep not, dear friends, but think of me,
And hope that Christ will set me free.'

"However, there is one serious epitaph that might really be a voice from the tomb:

"'Dear reader, 'tis a serious thing to die,
Thou soon must find it so as well as I.
If for our works we bliss or woe receive,
Dear reader, 'tis a serious thing to live.'

"While trying to read some others, nearly oblite-

rated, I could not help thinking of the contrast between the content of the dead and the discontentedness of the living. Here are mortals, with scarcely a bone left, telling us they are happy and comfortable, and who are yet fain to speak to the living, though Time rubs out their last speeches.

"In the centre of the town, opposite the inn, in the Market-house, is a bust of William the Third, in flowing wig. The maid told us it was a statue of Henry the Eighth; it might be Henry the Ninth, as it was as much like one as the other. The poor seem well cared for, judging by the charity-school, almshouses, hospital, and house of correction. The almshouse, for twenty poor widows, is a very pretty old brick building. While I was looking at it, a pretty little dove-like girl, with soft eyelashes, stood in the porch, making a sweet contrast to the age within and without.

"To return to Petworth House. The greater part of the present building was erected by the proud Duke of Somerset, James's favourite, Overbury's mortal foe, and the father of the beautiful angel, Lady Ann Carr, whose portrait by Vandyke is so matchless. The duke and duchess spent their last days here, doubtless holding in their hearts many terrible secrets. But to begin upon the historical interest would be getting miles out of our range. I was much struck with the fine old massive walls, especially by lamplight; these, going away into intense darkness, were most impressive. In the long passages, or cloisters, one might paint sunny 'De Hooghes,' and the courtyard and gardens ringing

with the clear sound of birds, doubly loud in the still and peaceful air, would make good backgrounds for many of our painters of Cavalier subjects.

"The following notes were written in front of the pictures:—

"33. A grand sea-piece by Turner. The waves are full of wind, and the wind full of strength; the sky looks stormy; some small frigates are beating into harbour, a fine old Indiaman is waiting for a favourable wind; while a man-of-war, lit by a stream of light that breaks through the dark clouds, is lying at anchor, her white masts and giant sides rolling about; and behind her is the black storm.

"5. 'The Thames at Weybridge.' I mention this picture as most highly finished; the foreground is large and beautiful, and every leaf truly and exquisitely drawn.

"21. 'The Thames near Windsor;' has a fine sky, a very sweet little girl carries a baby, which baby is holding out its little joyous arms to its mother. On the river, fishermen are engaged with their nets; but the water looks dirty.

"108. 'The Thames at Eton.' Another very lovely picture, full of peace and poetry, extremely simple, but rather yellow with age. The calm river winds away by the distant college, summer trees are reflected in it, white swans swim in it, and some men in a punt fish in it; but the effect of the picture is subdued, and after the sun of those in the carved room is little more than darkness.

"46. 'Echo and Narcissus.' This is simply grand as a line of Homer. The scenery is very true and

vivid; a deep blue bay, in the distance pale mountains, and an ancient city built round the brink of the waters; rocky hills rise round the valley in the middle distance, which is full of rich deep-coloured autumn trees. In front of the wood, Narcissus bewails over the image in the stream, crying, 'Alas!' Echo, with her hand raised, and her ear attentive to catch the voice of her cruel lover, repeats, 'Alas!' he, raising his hands in admiration, saying, 'Beautiful!' she repeating, 'Beautiful!' and, indeed, I must needs be another Echo, and say also, 'Beautiful!'

"There are some sweet Gainsboroughs, of course very inferior to Turner as regards drawing and knowledge, depth and vigour, but sweet in the extreme. A tree is only a tree with Gainsborough, whereas with Turner it is a willow or an oak besides being a tree. Yet there is such tender sentiment, such harmony of colour and composition, that his pictures are pleasant to the eye as music to the ear; while Turner lays hold of us with a firm, a giant grasp, Gainsborough steals into our hearts like soft melody, and we can but say, 'Play on, gentle musician.' 28 is a most charming sketch by this artist. A shepherd and shepherdess meet at a fountain whither they have led their thirsty cattle, while the summer's day, so hot, was soft declining. The fair shepherdess sits on the grass, looking up into her rosy lover's face, and delicate trees, bending gracefully over, enclose this tranquil place of rendezvous. It truly is a pleasant pastoral. There are also many good specimens of the old landscape painters.

"Petworth is a very quiet, pretty old place, and, as

a thorough contrast to the din and smoke of London, is most delightful. You wake in the morning to the sound of the blacksmith's forge and the singing of birds; you look out upon the blue sky, on picturesque roofs of the old time with richly coloured tiles, a fresh little green garden, and fine massive stone walls of a venerable grey. You come down to breakfast at the inn, roused by the pleasant smell of ham and eggs; and while they are getting ready, you take a little ramble to look at the valley that sinks away, like an enormous green wave, from the Petworth-house side of the town. The church clock sometimes tells me that I am rather lazy. I am most fortunate in the weather—it is beautiful, and the sun shines in through the red curtains, giving a cheerful aspect to the clean breakfast-table that makes the coffee and the shining dish-covers look still more enjoyable. We have houses here of the most picturesque period, and judging from the smallness of some of the windows, I should say they belong certainly to the dear old dark ages. We artists take great pleasure in gable-ends, overhanging upper stories faced with quaint and curious tiles, and doors just big enough for one small man to get through. The town is remarkably clean, and the inhabitants, to all appearance, most orderly and respectable. The boys about here have not learnt the art of rudeness. I thought I was in the last century when I saw some of them in their little grey knee-breeches, white stockings, tail coats, shiny buttons, and round caps, playing at marbles, their pleasant voices seeming almost as innocent as the bleating of lambs. The park is pretty, although the trees

are not very fine; but there are plenty of nimble, graceful deer scampering about over the downs. The long hills in the distance, always delicate in form and colour, add much to the beauty and variety of the scenery; and, indeed, were I writing to some one else, I might say of this place,—

> "'Come live with me and be my love,
> And we will all the pleasures prove,
> That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
> Woods or steepy mountain yields.'

"I took a most delightful walk with a very pleasant guide, who led me over a common, through woods ringing with the music of birds, and bright with countless primroses. We were greeted by the hoarse crow of the pheasant, and by the always distant cuckoo. At every turn some fresh picture opened upon us—now a far outlying view going miles and miles away; now a quaint old cottage, or a farm with its tumble-down barns and moss-covered walls. Almost every variety of picturesqueness peculiar to Old England seems to abound unmolested either by the artist or the model farmer; indeed, so delighted was I with all I saw, so fresh and hopeful at this early spring time, that I thought of taking up my abode here for awhile, in order to study the great beauty that Nature, left to herself, can bestow upon the meanest object, not only by the delicate working of her moss-spreading fingers, her infinite variety of lovely leaf and flower industry, but by the various lights that sun or moon, night or day, cloud or blue sky, cast, altering into a thousand pictures one modest valley. To-night I sauntered almost sadly, and in a somewhat sentimental

mood, to that valley where in the morning I had seen the little boys of the last century playing at marbles. The calm moon shone down on the graveyard through the black firs, casting their long shadows down the dusky slope, flowing away in subdued mystery over the wide view beyond, sending down another gentle but ample stream behind an outstanding hill; behind it, dark delicate trees, swimming away over to the distant hills, and so softening them with light that they almost mingled with the sky, the glittering sky. There was no sound but that of the little brook, rising clear and constant in the distance; the only inhabitant of that vast and still scene was a little bat, monarch of all he surveyed, and an old horse, that one might almost have taken for a ghost of one of the departed, sauntering slowly in the grass. Such scenes teach the artist something of the deep soul of Nature, which, unless he can get at, his pictures are but worthless, cold, material pieces of cleverness; forgotten as soon as left, admired, perhaps, but never loved. I once heard a remark from a refined and witty lady which struck me at first as odd, but of which I have often felt the truth. She said that she did not care for any landscape that could not make her cry. I remember noticing two drawings of the same old castle (I forget which), one by Turner, and the other by a very ordinary drawing-master. The latter had painted it in its cold every-day reality—had almost photographed it—and we turned it over at once. But the other was by Turner; he had gone down to the other side, where there was a river; he had gone there when the calm

light of evening was lying along at the back of the black ruin; the waters were still; the sullen walls were reflected clear and deep in the stream; the castle itself towered high above, and one seemed to look up to it with reverence and with sadness. The day departing, the strong walls broken down by time, and the deep, still flowing river, flowing on through the dark night of the future, made me think of the littleness of every-day life, and the greatness of that other life that only the soul can understand. And all this beauty, all this solemn majesty, depended on Turner's choosing his time and his place, and on his feeling that the sentiment of Nature was her noblest attribute.

"There is a pretty little lake in the park where Turner was so fond of passing hour after hour with his fishing-rod. It is a pleasant place, especially on a summer's day; full of tranquillity and delight, little troops of ducks swimming on its sparkling waters, timid fawns nibbling on its green banks, and birds whistling out of the reach of bird-nesters, enjoying their own on the very tiny islands that dot its surface, and are hardly large enough for the many roots of the trees that grow out of them, some standing in the water, and dabbling in it with the ends of their delicate drooping branches. The ceaseless cry of the noisy rooks harmonizes well with the scene; they chatter to us of bygone days, perhaps tattling of lords and ladies that they have seen grow up and pass away—for may not some of them be nearly as old as the ivy-mantled walls beneath them, or even, to take a poetic licence, as the great house, the great jewel-case, that contains

so many treasures? At all events, some of them may remember Turner. The lake lies along in front of the house, about a quarter of a mile away from it: here used the old painter to come day after day to pursue the gentle sport; the people say that sometimes he used to catch some '*little things*,' but I expect that the 'little things' he caught are here in his beautiful pictures. They are indeed beautiful; and if they were put into a dark room, they would light it. How shall I re-describe them, when every time I look at them it is like turning over a fresh page in a fine poem. Two of them represent the lake in the park (I am speaking of the panel pictures in the Carved Room). In the one taken from a window of the house, the sun is sinking, glowing over the grass, making long shadows of the stags that grow out towards you as you look at them. Some cricketers are enjoying the evening in lusty sport, and from the distant hills great Apollo bids them farewell, his golden locks streaming from his rosy face as he drives swift on his burning chariot to the west. But it seems to me that the other picture (142) is grander a good deal in subject; it is a nearer and larger view of the lake. Here the glory of the sun is supreme, and (do not think me too fanciful, but I must have my own way in telling things) he sits like a great king on a flaming throne, the glory of his crown reaching to the highest arch of the pale blue heavens; at his feet are the golden waters blushing to reflect the beauty of his majesty, the autumn trees all cringe before him as he pours his burning light through their trembling leaves; men seem small, and we forget the little lake

in the park; here are no cricketers, nor do the stags in the foreground interrupt the contemplation of the vast mind living in the scene; although one, like a love-sick Narcissus, is dipping his lips to the stream, where his own lips are rising up to meet him. The glowing heavens are reflected deep down in the lake behind him. Nor must I forget the white moon, whose faint crescent reminds us of night, makes a contrast to the bright day; she is calmly waiting to play her part, and to follow the glorious sun with her grey and silvery lustre.

"A view of 'Chichester Canal at Sunset' is full of light, and yet solemn, calm, and almost plaintive. There is even gentle movement in it, for the smooth waters glide along and carry us with them into the picture. We all know that the sun does not go out like a candle, yet the old way of painting it was nearly this. But here the sun, though partly sunk behind the hill in the distance, seems by its intensity to be in front of it, and to burn a fiery gap and hollow in it. I dare say you have often noticed this effect in nature. I cannot help thinking that I would rather have this picture of the four, but I do not pretend to pass judgment. Turner, instead of trying to make the sun look bright by surrounding it with darkness, has made it look brighter by surrounding it with brightness. So truthful is the effect that we begin to class it with the real sunsets that we remember to have seen, and forget that we saw this one in a picture. Nothing could be simpler than the composition: a river in perspective, a long horizon,

and an old ship; yes, that old ship fills it with human interest; now no longer buffeted by the waves, this perilous adventurer, this hero of many battles with the winds, rests for awhile by a green bank that is fringed with summer trees and long rushes; its little pennant droops listlessly from its tall masts, that rise into the gentle breath of evening and sink down reflected roots in the living waters.

"Fully to enjoy these pictures we must shut out all the surrounding objects with our hands, but whether or no, as we look at them, we soon forget everything else. As mere decorations they are perhaps inferior, but there is no need for me to say that Turner's pictures are deep mines of jewellery and thought, and to see them we must study them. Perhaps on this account the first glance at them is sometimes disappointing. The fourth picture, 'Brighton Pier,' I cannot describe, for the sun of the others, still dazzling my eyes, prevents me from enjoying its cooler beauties.

"Lord Egremont was much beloved by all who knew him, for none could do so without feeling the influence of a frank, generous, and kind heart.

"Vandyke himself painted some most lovely portraits in the old house, and they still hang in the White and Gold Room there, filling it with sweetness from their lovely eyes. There is one called the 'Blue Lady' (Lady Ann Carr, mother of good Lord William Russell), a great favourite of Leslie's, I believe, as indeed she might be. She looks perfectly happy, and Vandyke must have been perfectly happy when

he painted her, for she makes you feel perfectly happy to look at her.

"Eight of Turner's early pictures hang in the gallery devoted to British artists, in company with Reynolds, Romney, Leslie, Gainsborough, Hofner, and Wilson. (There is such a lovely 'Woman in White,' with downcast eyes, by Reynolds.)

"Compared with his own later works, they are the careful studies of a humble man; yet through this humility alone he was enabled to obtain full mastery over his more profound and daring subjects. No. 39, 'Evening,' is one of the sweetest landscapes that I ever saw. Some beautiful willows, exquisitely drawn, lean over a quiet pool, where a red cow stands bathing her feet in the water, and her back in the warm rays of the setting sun that come through the leaves and branches, filling the whole picture with a rich evening glow; but I will forbear from any longer description, for there would be no end to it. Looking at this picture is like taking a summer evening's ramble in the fields; it fills one with the same pleasant thoughts.

"There are four beautiful views on the Thames: one very delicate in colour, and most highly finished. In the foreground, a proud peacock, perched on a piece of a ruined palace, seems to typify a poor descendant perched on the forgotten pride of his ancient family. The rest I have not time to describe, nor is there any need. The picture called the 'Mustard-pot,' Turner's 'Jessica,' is a roundabout proof that Turner was a great man; for it seems to me that none but a great

man dare have painted anything so bad. It is a life-size portrait of a lady's cap dummy looking out of window, with one hand on a bell-rope, and the other amputated by the frame.

"Petworth is worthy of a pilgrimage on foot. It is full of peace, and the pilgrims are kindly received."

CHAPTER II.

TURNER'S POETRY.

TURNER was a dumb poet; his brush was a lightning conductor, but his pen a torpedo. Perhaps no one ever more vigorously wrestled for a blessing with the Angel of Poetry; perhaps no unlucky bard, not even Tate or Brady, got more unlucky throws and more vexatious falls. He all his life, as his sketch-books prove, seems to have beguiled his time by efforts at verse, generally utterly wanting in rhyme, and always lacking and stammering in sense. True rhythm, harmony, music, variety, everything is wanting; though there is sometimes a grand sounding line, sometimes a happy epithet offers a sustained dull clock-beam cadence imitative of Pope, showing that in Turner's brain the organ of "Tune" was not altogether undeveloped.

The following extracts from the longest fragment found among the papers of the dead painter will satisfy even the most sanguine enthusiast how fallacious were Turner's hopes of ever becoming a great poet, ambitious as he must always have been of such an honour:—

"To that kind Providence that guides our step
Fain would I offer all that my power *holds* (?),
And hope to be successful in my weak attempt
To please. The difficulty great, but, when nought
Attempted, nothing can be wrought,
Though (?) thankful for the mental powers given,
Whether innate or the gift of Heaven.
Perception, reasoning, *action's slow ally* (?),
Thoughts that in the mind *awakened* (?) lie,—
Kindly expand the monumental stone,
And, as the . . . . continue *power* (?)."

"A steady current, nor with headlong force,
Leaving (?) fair Nature's bosom in its course,
But, like the Thames, majestic, broad, and deep,
Meandering *quickness* (?) in each circling sweep,
Through *variegated Chelsea's* (?) . . . . meads,
To *Twickenham bowers* that . . . . *reads* (?),
In humble *guise* (?) should *each my* (?) . . . . assume
My *self-reared* (?) willow, or the grotto's gloom,
'Twould be my pride to hold from further scorn
A *remnant* (?) of his . . . . which once the bank adorn.
What once (?) was his can't injure, but—"

"If then my ardent love of thee is said with truth,
Agents (?) the *demolition* (?) of thy house, forsooth,
Broke through the trammels, *doubts* (?), and you, my rhyme,
Roll into being since that fatal time."

"Lead me along with thy armonuous verse,
Teach me thy numbers, and thy [style / idyls] rehearse
Throughout the *lingering* (?) night's careers to *stand* (?),
And . . . . *incidents* (?) to write by Nature's hand,
The passing moments of a chequered life to give,
To cheer a moment's pleasure that we live;
To call what's *heroic* (?) into force and *show*,
But *inimitable* alas! (?) the glow-worm's *fire* (?)."

"From thy famed banks I'll make way (*make my way*?),
And with regret must leave, and leave to stray,
Traverse the gloomy heath of Hounslow *wild* (?)
Render (?) more dreary *the remembrance side* (?)
That by the . . . . *nettles nowhere tell* (?)
Do sore-fraught grains . . . . rebel

And wreak full mischief stand around
And air blackens, horribly resound
The rains around, who *beat* (?) the silver Thames."

"Put (?) arts and the love of war at mortal strife,
Deprives (?) the needy labourer of his life,
Until those days when *leaguèd* (?) barons strong
Dared to tell their monarch acted wrong,
And wrung a charter from his fallen pride,
And to maintain its freedom all have died,
The parchèd tracks of Memphis . . arid sands,
And *planted* (?) laurel-wreath in hostile lands.
Thus Nature *bravely* (?) liberty decreed,
Received the stimulus-act from Runnymede:
A little island still retains the name,
Saved (?) by its *parent* (?) . . . . *Fame* (?)."

"Ah! little troubled seems the humble cot
That marks the *island* (?), and its inmates' lot!
The meshy nets bespeak the owner poor,
Like (?) to the spider-web in evil hour,
The finny tribe and *fancy* (?) playful webs
Within its mazes struggles but to die.
Westward the sandy tracks of Bagshot rise,
And wonder . . . . have the circling skies
Alas! the gloomy care . . . . create
. . . . a *princely* (?) state
Should hang so long to a clear . . . . coy."

"Oft changes on the moon the gleam of joy
So fair, so gay, assumes a gloom and woe,
And prince and peasant feel alike the blow.
But distant rising through the darkling skies
The bleak expanse of Sarum's plain arise,
Where mouldering tumuli sepulchral sleep
Gives but a niggard shelter e'en to sheep;
The stunted . . . . and holly barely live,
And Nature asks of Heaven a short reprieve;
The scudding clouds distil a constant dew,
And by the high *exposure* (?) life renews."

Hill after hill incessant cheats the eye,
While each the intermediate space deny.

The upmost one *long* (?) call to attain,
When still a higher calls on toil again.
Then the famed . . . . street appears a line,
Roman the work and Roman the design.
Opposing hill or streams alike to them;
They seemed to scorn impediments; for when
A little circuit would have given the same,
But conquering difficulties cherished Roman fame."

"There on the topmost hills exposed and bare
Behold you . . . . court the upper air,
To guard the road, maintain the watch and ward;
'Twas (?) then Old Sarum knew their high regard,
The . . . . ditch; but here where earth denied
Her kind assistance they by *will* (?) supplied:
Witness the inmost mount of labour all,
And still remains a monument and wall,
What perseverance can attain and bind
The unconquerable germ that sways the human mind;
Power on *abettance* (?) thus by *mutual* (?) strife
Of priests and soldiers . . . . to life."

"Peaceful the streams lave now the . . . . hills,
No warlike clans of hostile armies thrill
The timorous female with dire alarms,
Or tear a vassal husband from her arms.
Now roams the native o'er the wide domain,
No feudal rights demands or claims,
The recompense of labours all his own,
Content and pleasure crown his humble home
That, by the prattling murmur of the rill
Which, rushing onwards, feeds the valley (?) mill,
Whose stores the neighbouring farms supplied,
And *roll* (?) a *justice* (?) newer ear denied.
Close to the mill-race stands the school,
To urchin dreadful on the dunce's stool:
Behold him placed behind the chair,
In doleful guise twisting his yellow hair,
While the grey matron tells him not to look
At passers-by through doorway, but his book.
Instant the . . . . goes round the *louder* (?) throng,
Who *meet* (?) . . . . *we dash* (?) along."

"Close to the household way-worn stone
Her coifs hang bleaching on the . . . . thorn—
Her only pride besides the thread and reel,
For time had steeled her bosom even to feel;
Though once, in May of life, that half-closed eye
Had taught the proudest of her time to sigh;
But mutual impulse only triumph gained,
And homely love to higher thoughts maintained.
But here again the sad concomitant of life,
The growth of family, produced strife.
Roused from his long content cot he went
Where oft he labour and the . . . . *bent* (?)
To form the snares for *lobsters armed in mail* (?),
But man, more cunning, over this prevail,
Lured by a few sea-snail and whelks, a prey
That they could gather on their watery way,
Caught in a wicker cage not two feet wide,
While the whole ocean's open to the pride.
Such petty profits could not life maintain;
From his small cot he stretched upon the main:
And, by one daring effort, hope to gain
What hope appeared ever to deny,
And from his labours and his toil to fly.
And so she proved, entrapped and overpowered,
By hostile force in Verdun dungeon cowered,
Long murmured 'gainst his hard-thought lot,
Rebelled against himself, and even his wife forgot.
But she, *returned* (?) yet hoped, no tidings gained
And, fondly cherished, *chid* (?)—yet hope remained;
Would sighing pass delusive many an hour."

"By Cross (?) Church ancient walls and . . . . frowned
That Nature gave by verdant greensward ground,
Amidst a marsh of pashes (?) saved by mounds
That irrigate the meadows, serve for bounds,
To the overwhelming influx of the sea,
Which makes the marsh appear an estuary.
Westward the sands by storms and drift have gained
A barrier, and that barrier maintained,
Backed by a sandy heath, whose deep-worn road
. . . . the groaning wagon's ponderous load.
This branches southwards at the point of Thule,
Forms the harbour of the town of Poole.

A little 'headlong' on a marshy lake,
Which probably contemptuously was given
That deeps and shallows might for once be even.
The floating sea-weed to the eye appears,
And, by the waving medium, seamen steers.
One straggling street here constitutes a town;
Across the gutter here ship-owners frown,
Jingling their money,—passengers deride,
The consequence of misconceivèd pride."

"Southward of this indentured strand
The ruins of Corfe's ruined turrets stand,
Between two lofty downs whose shelving side
The *upper* (?) mountain for her towers supplied,
Caused by two slender streams which here unite,
But early times give . . . . of her might.
The archèd causeway . . . . towering keep,
And yet deep fosse, scarce fed the straggling sheep,
While overhanging walls, and gateway's nod,
Proclaim the power of force and Time's keen rod:
Even earth's inmost caverns own his sway,
And prove the force of Time in *Scudland* (?) Bay,
Where massy fragments seem disjoined to play
With sportive sea-nymphs in the face of day,
While the bold headlands of the sea-girt shore
Receive (?) ingulphed old ocean's deepest store.
Embayed the unhappy Halswell toiled,
And all their efforts Neptune *herewith* (?) foiled:
The deep-rent ledges caught the trembling keel,—
But memory draws the veil, where Pity soft doth kneel,
And ask St. Alban why he chose to rest
Where blades of grass seem even to feel distressed
'Twixt parching *sun* (?) and raging wind,
And others *here* (?) a . . . . *waters* (?) find."

"Disjointed masses breaking fast away
Tell the sad *news* (?) . . . . and the sway
Of wintry billows foaming o'er;
In fell succession, waves incessant roar,
Denying all approach. Ah! happy they
Who from mischance . . . . *means convey* (?)
Or jutting headland for another takes,
For Nature's jealous—has allowed no breaks

Of streams or valleys sloping, save but one,
And there she still presents a breast of stone:
Above are downs where *press* (?) the nibbling sheep,—
Below, the seamews full possession keep.
A little hollow, excavated round,
To a few fishing-boats give anchory ground,
Guarded with bristling rocks, whose strata rise
Like . . . . scoria to southern skies,
Called Lulworth Cove,—but no security to those
Who wish from storming sea a safe repose.
Whoever lucklessly are *driven* (?)
From Portland seeks an *eastern* (?) haven,
Must luff against the south-west gale
And *strike* (?) for Poole alone the *tortured* (?) sail;
For Wight again the safe retreat denies,
The Needles brave the *force* (?) of southern skies."

"The long, long winter months, but summer skies
Permit the quarry to give up its prize,
The tinkling hammer and the driving bore
Detaching fragments from the massy store:
Then, squared or rough, in a shallow yawl
The *wadding* (?) workmen by mere strength do hawl:
Invention, kindest friend to weak-formed man,
Taught him the lever, accumulating span.
Seems palsied, paralyzèd, hopeless, here,
Even Swanage Dock (?) can't boast a pier,
A single cart conveys a single stone
Into *deep water prejudice must* (!) own."

"But . . . . alas! follow, and we find
That each excuse most savours of the kind.
Hence rugged Portland steps upon our view
And the same efforts tracing but anew,
The ponderous shaft each track contains
Unless a load drags on a lengthened chain,
As down the track-worn step it glides,
And, by its dragging weight, even serves to guide;
Keeps the poor horse beneath the ponderous load
From overpowered adown the shelving road.
Some small endeavours of mechanic still
To ship they sheer *overhangers* (?) at the *will* (?)

Of tackle (*fixed*) place by the jetties ride,
But here no depth of water even at tide
Allows what Nature all around has thrown
With (?) great profuseness: here alone is stone.
Along the south and west no creeks appear,
No bay or harbours, labouring eyes to cheer,
Who, vain watching, throng the creaking shrouds,
When night and darkness mix the gloomy clouds—
Chaotic warfare! surges tell *alone* (?)
The trembling pilot to beware, nor hold
An onward course, *nor* (?) while the cable holds
The struggling ship her bows unto the wind,
Nor rush on danger by the hope to find
Upon the iron coast the Portland race."

"Nor hope amongst direful (?) reefs a resting-place.
Indented (?) west and north a bank extends:
Now to the utmost stretch the eye.
Loose shelving beach thrown up by restless waves
A useful, barren, careful nature craves.
Beneath the western waves the marshes lie,
Luxuriant, bearing every varied dye:
Even Melcombe sands their safety owes,
Melcombe, whose sands oft bear the *lover vows* (?)
Whose yielding surface tells the lovèd name,
But Neptune, jealous, washes out the same.
Alas! the yielding type commixing gives
Its tender hope and then coquettish leaves.
So hopeful fancy leads us through our care,
Stretch wide our visionary minds, on air
Builds all our inmost wishes could attain,
Even to the sandy frailty of the main.
And ask the blessing which we all desire
To give what Nature never could inspire,
What madness asked, or passion fans the flame,
At once our pilot and our early bane:
Enrapt we wish the object not in scope,
And prove a very libertine to hope.
Can *ardour* (?) . . . . *our of* (?) youthful fire,
Check for a *moment* (?) all our warm desire."

"Tempts us to declare to all who view
The name we hold most lovely and hope true.

But thought created by the ardent mind
Proves oft as changing as the changing wind.
A great . . . . renders all our care
A *short* (?) to others who are thought more fair.
Absence the dreadful monster to delight,
Delusion like the silent midnight blight,
Frailty, that ever courted, oft beloved,
And modesty though slighted, most approved,
All give and urge the intolerable smart
Of loves when absent, rankling at the heart.
Moreover (?) the . . . .
No church and meads in (?) . . . . *as the road* (?)
Or anxious shivered in (?) . . . . *bands* (?)
And longed (?) . . . . *on the oozy sands* (?).
She tended oft the kine, and to the mart
Bore all the efforts of her father's art;
And, homeward as she bore the needful pence,
Would loiter careless on, or ask through mere pretence—
To youth much *mischief* (?); for, maturely grown,
It proved, alas! a mischief all her own.
Guileless and innocent she passed along,
And cheered her footsteps with a *morning* (?) song;
When craft, and lechery, and . . . . combined
Proved but to triumph o'er a *spotless* (?) mind.
To guard the coast their duty, not delude
By promises as little heeded as they're good:
When strictly followed, give a conscious peace,
And ask at the eve of life *a* (?) just release.
But idleness, the bane of every country's weal
Equally enervates the soldier and his steel.
Lo! on yon bank beneath the hedge they lie,
And watch with cat-like . . . . each female by:
One sidelong glance or hesitating step
Admits not of recal who once o'erleap.
The deep-ploughed sands are . . . . up by the main,
But time denies the *cure* (?) of love or gain:
Deep sinks the (curse ?) of *lucre* (?) at the heart,
And virtue stained o'erpowers the greater part.
Wan, melancholy, sits the once full-blooming maid,
Misanthrope stalks her soul in silent shade:
On the bold promontory thrown at length she lies,
And sea-mews shrieking are her obsequies."

Or on the blasted heath or far stretched down
Exposing still the field by iron sown,
Barrow after barrow ; till with silent awe,
The dreadful cause pervading Nature's law,
That the rude hands of warfare (*feudal* ?) strife,
Denying peace, and oft denying life
Along the topmost ridge, the *narrow* (?) way,
The work of Norman prowess braves the day,
With triple ditch and barbican arise
Defying the hand of Time and stormy skies
Which from the wide . . . . *drawing o'er* (?)
Pour o'er those bulwarks . . . . clouds or showers."

"Oh ! powerful beings, hail ! whose stubborn soul
Even o'er itself to urge *even* (?) self-control.
Thus Regulus, whom every torture did await,
Denied himself admittance at the gate
Because a captive to proud Carthage power,
But his *fierce* (?) soul would not the Romans lower.
Not wife or children dear, or self, could hold
A moment's parley,—love made him bold,
Love of his country ; for not aught beside
He loved,—but for that love he died."

"The same inflexibility of will
Made them to choose the inhospitable hill ;
Without recourse they stood supremely great,
And firmly bid defiance even to fate.
Thus stands aloft this yet commanding* fort,
'The maiden' called, still of commanding port.
So the famed Jungfrau meets the nether skies
In endless snow untrod, and man denies,
With all his wiles : precipitous or bold,
The same great characters its summits hold :
Thus *graves* (?) o'er all the guarded area tell
Who fought for its possession, and who fell."

"The chieftain's tumule, and the vassal's sword,
Own the dread sway of Death, tremendous lord.
On every side, each hill or vantage ground,
The awful relics everywhere abound,

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* Another word substituted, perhaps "encinctured."

And feelingly its ancient prowess own,
Though power, and arms, and carnage, roam
O'er other lands; yet still, in silent pride,
It looks around, majestic, though decried
And useless now. So on the seagirt shore
Where Abbotbury cliffs re-echo to the roar,
Another guards the passage to the main,
And on the right in-land some vestige yet remain."

"Where the soft . . . . flowing gives renown,
'Mid steep worn hills and to the low-sunk town
Whose trade has flourished from early time,
Remarkable for thread called Bridport twine,
Here (?) roars the busy *mell* (?) called breaks
Through various processes o'ertakes
The flax in dressing, each with one accord
Draw out the thread, and meet the just reward.
Its population great, and all employed,
And children even draw the twisting cord.
Behold from small beginnings, like the stream,
That from the high-raised downs to *market breem* (?)."

"First feeds the meadows where grows the line,
Then drives the mill that all its powers define,—
Pressing (?), dividing all *vegetating pass* (?)*
Withdrawn, high (?) swell the *shiny* (?) mass—
On the peopled town who all combine
To throw the *many* (?) strands in lengthened twine;
Then onward to the sea its freight it pours,
And by its prowess holds to distant shores;
The straining vessel to its cordage yields:
So Britain floats the produce of her fields.
Why should the Volga or the Russians
Be coveted for hemp? Why thus supplied
The sinew of our strength, our naval pride?
Have not we soil sufficient rich? or lies
Our atmosphere too temperate, or denies
The Northern . . . . to harden, or mature
The vegetable produce? or can it not endure
The parching heat of summer's solstice o'er?
Weak argument! Look round our shore.

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* Uncertain whether these lines come here.

Sterile and bleak our uppermost appear,
And barren left through all the varied year,
With *whinns* (?) and gorse alone possessed.
Would here the seedling hemp then be distressed?
Look farther—north of *vaunted* (?) Scotia's heights,
With firs, and snows, and winter's full delights :—
Not—North enough, then, transatlantic lay
Some vast-extended land of Hudson's Bay."

"If heat is requisite more than our suns can give,
Ask but the vast continent where Hindoos live—
More than the mother-country ten times told,
Plant but (?) the ground with seed instead of gold.
Urge all our barren tracts with agricultural skill,
And Britain, Britain, British canvas fill;
Alone and unsupported prove her strength
By means her own to meet the direful length
Of Continental hatred called blockade,—
When every power and every port is laid
Under the proscriptive term themselves have made."

"O'er the Donetian downs that far expand
Their scathed ridges into Devon's land
The mounting sun, bedecked with purple dyes,
As o'er their healthy summits beaming flies.
The gilding radiance on the upmost ridge
That, looking eastwards, on rocky rampart stood
A garden once, like others, through the land
Where native valour dare to make a stand
Against [despotism ?] and Rome . . . . taught
The prayer of valour, *gained* (?) though dearly bought
Thus wrought *through habit* (?) by *prorogued* (?) disease,
As morning fogs that rising tempt the breeze,
Grey and condensing, hovering o'er the swamp
Of deep-sunk woods, or marshes dull and dank,
Crowd like tumulous legions beneath the hill,
Like congregated clouds, and eddying reel
This way or other, as the air incline,
Till the all-powerful doth on them shine,
Dispersed, and showing on their edge its power
In varied lights. Sometimes, in force combined,
It seems to brave the force of sun and wind;
Blotting the . . . . (?), sheds a doubtful day,
Besprinkling oft the traveller on his way.

As others, stealing 'neath each down of hill,
And, scarce diaphanous, the valley fill:
Then day brings on his coursers and sultry car,—
All Nature, panting, dreads the ruling star,—
Along the narrow road whose deep-worn track;
Till, up with dusk, the *usual* (?) burdened pack
Plods heavily and dull, with heat oppressed,
And champs of snorting tell his great distress,
Burdened with stone or sand, where the steep ascent
Prevents the *East* (?) or slides; whose quick descent
Makes o'er a load of nothing endless toil,
And to the *o'erladen path ever quick* (?) recoil
Upon its galled withers; and the heavy band,
Upheld by pegs, within the panniers stand
Relieved from its load, the other flies,
When (?) Satan scales aloft in *nether* (?) skies,
Or sulphurous cloud at open east foretels
Where atmospheric *contraries* (*contraction* ?) doth dwell;
And the warm vapour, condensing from the main,
O'er the wide welkin darksome clouds remain:
Till, borne by various currents, dimly spread,
The *sickening* (?) rays of the wan sunbeam's head.
A gloomy lurid interval succeeds,
As from the *high* (?) . . . . noon the orb recedes.
Spotty as partial, quenches (?) the evening sky
In . . . . of clouds of every shape and dye.
Meantime an *ever inwards* (?) rolls around the clouds,
And bear against the blast the thunders loud,
Breaking on the upmost hills; then *quick ascends* (?)
The scattered . . . ., and conquering *tends* (?)
To the full-charged elementary strife—
To man even fears, and oft . . . . life.
A corse tremendous, awful. Dark indeed
Died (?) the smitten *wretch* (?) not doomed to bleed,—
The current *dread charred* (?) with the veins,
Sulphurous (?) and livid, still the form retains.
Most dreadful visitation! *Instantaneous* (?) death
Of supreme goodness allows the fleeting breath
To fall, apparently without a thought of pain.

"Exalted sat St. Michael in his chair
Full many a fathom in the *circling* (?) air.
Scarce can the giddy ken of mortal sight
Behold the dreadful chasm but in height."

Nothing proves more the tenacity with which Turner held on to a resolve, than these painful and stammering efforts of his crippled muse. Now he seems to be thinking of Shenstone, then of Crabbe, then of Pope; yet never, in any form of imitation, does he spell well or carry on a clear-headed and consecutive meaning for ten lines together. There is never a perfect picture, never a continuous strain of thought. The impulse for verse is there, but not the power of expression. It is the dumb man making noises, and fancying himself an eloquent speaker. Let us review this poem. At Bridport our struggling poet grows more than usually obscure and more than usually didactic. He introduces to us amid steep worn hills "the low sunk town,"

"from early time
Remarkable for thread called Bridport twine."

The practical bard rejoices much in the large population employed in dressing flax and twisting cord. He then suddenly grows interrogative and argumentative. Why should the Russians grow hemp, "that sinew of our strength," for us? he cries. Have we not soil sufficiently rich, or is our atmosphere rather too temperate? Are there not sterile and bleak cliffs on our shores, now overgrown with whinns and gorse, where hemp might be sown? Or if more cold is wanted, are there not "Scotia's heights," with their firs and snows; and further still, is there not the "vast extended land of Hudson's Bay"? If heat is required, then there is "the vast continent where Hindoos live." Indeed, rambles on the bard, if all our barren tracts were but sown, Britain, alone

and unsupported, might prove her strength against Continental hatred and Napoleon's direful *blockade* of the foreign ports.

At Corfe Castle the poet stops, and depicts to us the arched causeway and the towering keep; the overhanging walls, the nodding gateway, and the deep fosse where the straggling sheep obtain their scanty meal. Presently he passes on to Roman camps, and jolts out the story of Regulus, one of those "powerful beings" and "stubborn souls" the poet seems to sympathize with; for he instantly goes on to sketch another Roman fort on the coast, and says:—

> "The same inflexibility of will
> Made them to choose the inhospitable hill."

And he proceeds to compare it to the "Jungfrau."

It is curious, however, to trace in these verses the sympathy of the writer with a sea life. From stories of seductions by coast-guard men, and a rather prosaic description of the stone quarries of Portland, Turner changes his strain to paint shipwrecks and to sketch the embayed "Halswell," whose "trembling keel" is caught by the "deep rent ledges;" and when he gets to Lulworth Cove, he writes indeed more like an examiner of pilots than a simple poet:—

> "No security," he says, "to those
> Who wish from stormy sea a safe repose
> Whoever lucklessly are (fiercely) driven
> From Portland seeking (then) an eastern haven,
> Must hit against the south-west gale,
> And strike for Pool where the tortured sail
> For Wight again the safe retreat denies.
> The Needles have the force of Southern skies."

Directions certainly honest and earnest; but rather, perhaps, wanting in perspicuity.

What this work was meant for, I cannot tell; it reads like an attempt at a rhymed gazetteer of England, or a new Polyolbion. In one place he talks of wishing

> "The passing moments of a chequered life to give;"

and then he passes on to descriptions of Hounslow and Bagshot heaths—as if they were the first stages of some journey he had tumbled into rhyme. Presently we find him at Poole in Dorsetshire, which he sketches sarcastically in the following lines:—

> "One straggling street here constitutes a town,
> Across the gutter here ship-owners frown,
> Jingling their money—passengers deride,
> The consequence of misconceivèd pride."

Now, the first three lines are tolerably terse, but the last is merely a hint at sense, and sadly wants beating again on the anvil.

In one place, it is true, he sketches a village school with some eye to character; he shows us the dunce's stool, and the grey matron chiding the boy, "who twists his yellow hair," bidding him look at his book and not at the passers-by. Close by the school, upon a thorn, the dame's caps hang bleaching; and these are her only pride, beside her spinning reel. The dame was once a village beauty, and made "the proudest of her time to sigh." Then follows a line or two of chaos, from which we gather that after all she married a fisherman, who disdaining lobster-catching when the whole ocean was opened to him, turned privateer, because he

"By one daring effort hopes to gain
What hope appeared ever to deny."

(Well balanced lines for once.) But the unlucky venturer is caught by the French, and thrown into Verdun's dungeon. His wife, gaining no tidings of him, still hopes, and sighing passes the delusive hours.

Some verses of Turner's, written, I believe, after his return from an early Welsh tour, and when he was about seventeen, are interesting from their simplicity and truth of description, rather than from any poetic merit they possess:—

"O'er the Heath the Heifer strays
Free—the Furrow'd task is done.
Now the villiage windows Blaze
Burnish[ed] by the setting sun.

Now he sets behind the Hill
Sinking from a Golden sky;
Can the pencil . . . . mimic skill,
Copy the Refulgent Dye . . . . Evenging.

Shivered by a thunder stroke
From the Mountain . . . . misty ridge
O'er the Brook a ruined oak
Near the Farm House forms a Bridge."

They show at least the writer's great enjoyment of new and grand objects, of clear, calm sunset, of mountains and misty ridges; and of rude bridges formed by lightning-split oaks. There is, too, some instructive sense of art in the word *free*, so strongly placed, with a full emphasis on it as the commencement of a line. The spelling, as usual, is wanting in finish and detail. On the whole, I think, that for 1792, the verses are rather an anticipation and prophecy of the restoration

of poetry by the Lake school, some twenty years later. Bad as it is, it is better than pastoral sentiment, punning epitaphs, or ribald epigrams.

There is hardly much hope for a poet who cannot even spell correctly. Turner felt poetry and painted poetry, but he could not write it. Persevering and yet indolent, he never took the trouble to learn the commonest laws of metre or rhythm. This desire to write verse was one of the "Fallacies of Hope"—a poem that, if it ever did exist, was not found among his sketches or papers after his death.

In early years, with Turner's pictures at exhibitions, came various quotations, descriptive of atmospheric effects, from Thomson, interspersed with two or three from Milton, and one from Mallet.

"In 1800," says Mr. Ruskin, "some not very promising 'Anon.' lines were attached to views of Dolbadern and Caernarvon Castles. Akenside and Ossian were next laid under contribution. Then Ovid, Callimachus, and Homer. At last, in 1812, the 'Fallacies of Hope' begin, *apropos* of 'Hannibal's Crossing the Alps;' and this poem continues to be the principal text-book, with occasional recurrences to Thomson, one passage from Scott, and several from Byron. The 'Childe Harold' (picture) is an important proof of his respect for the genius of Byron."

CHAPTER III.

TURNER'S FRIENDS AND CONTEMPORARIES.

TURNER was neither an ascetic, a miser, nor a misanthrope; he loved his friends with deep tenderness; he left the nation that neglected him 140,000*l.*; and he was one of the most social of men. Nor was he unaccustomed to the society of men of wealth and rank. Lord Egremont delighted to have him at his table; Lord Harewood knew him well in easy life; at the houses of his friends, the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Griffith, Mr. G. Jones, &c., he was ever welcome. At Royal Academy dinners or private meetings he was the gayest and merriest of the band, he was fond, too, of water excursions; and when down in Yorkshire with his old friend Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley, he shot grouse and fished with the enjoyment of a boy.

Mr. Jones, speaking of the suspiciousness which was an unpleasing part of his character, says:

"In early life the hands extended to him all sought to profit by his talent at the smallest expense possible; he encountered extortions of time and work; he discovered that he was unjustly used to fill the purses of others rather than his own. He became

so suspicious and sensitive, that he dreaded the motives of all by whom he was surrounded. He desired to be wealthy, and took every honourable means to become so: not to indulge in luxury or ostentatious display, but to be independent of the world."

Turner was too reserved to often praise, but he never uttered a word of critical disparagement or detraction. No restless poison of envy oozed perpetually from his tongue as it did from Constable's.

Stothard he would, however, openly praise; for he loved the gentle poetry which suffused all that good man did: that pastoral grace, that beautiful simplicity, as of "The Golden Age," that irradiated with a foretaste of heaven all the happy pictures of "the English Watteau," as he was truly called.

Turner painted his Boccaccio picture in distinct rivalry of Stothard, and he openly expressed his desire that Stothard, above all men, should like his pictures. Etty, I believe, he did not like; Constable he personally had no relish for. I am afraid that Constable openly praised and secretly disliked Turner's works. I have been told he has been seen to spit with disgust at the very sight of some of them.

Of his old boyish companion and rival, Tom Girtin, Turner, as I have said, was never tired of speaking. "If Girtin had lived," he used to say, with true generosity and pathos, "I should have starved." All through his life, the sight of one of Girtin's yellow drawings made his eyes sparkle, and often would he earnestly declare that he would lose a finger willingly, could he learn how to produce such effects.

Mr. Field, author of "Chromatics," was a friend of Girtin's, and it is on his authority I give the following anecdote:

Girtin had finished a water-colour drawing of St. Paul's, looking up Ludgate-hill. Turner, after inspecting it first closely, and then at a distance, turned to Girtin and said: "Girtin, no man living could do this but you." Of late years Turner often expressed to Mr. Trimmer and Mr. Field his high opinion of Girtin's power. "We were friends to the last," he used to say, "although *they* did what they could to separate us." How much regret and tenderness there is in these words.

Mr. Lupton, the celebrated engraver, says:

"Turner was a man that not only considered that time was money, but he acted upon it, and worked from morning till night; indeed, it would be correct to say he laboured from sunrise to sunset. He would often ask his brother artists, sarcastically, if they ever saw the sun rise. These industrious habits, and his love of his profession, gave him a very long life, and accounts for the great number of his works left behind him, for it may be truly said he worked as many hours as would *make the lives* of two men of his own age.

"Turner was a great observer of all that occurred in his profession; of reserved manners generally, but never coarse (as has been said), though blunt and straightforward, he had a great respect for his profession, and always felt and expressed regret if any member of it appeared to waste or neglect his profession.

"In the sale of his pictures he always took a high moral position. When asked the price of a picture by a purchaser (for instance), he would say two hundred guineas. The reply has been, 'No, I will give you one hundred and seventy-five.' 'No, I won't take it.' On the morrow the applicant for the picture has come again. 'Well, Mr. Turner, I suppose I must give you your price for that picture: the two hundred guineas.' Mr. Turner has been known to reply: 'Ah, that was my price yesterday, but I have changed my mind also; the price of the picture to-day is two hundred and twenty-five guineas.' The applicant went away, and perhaps the next day was glad to have the picture at another increased price.

"Turner among his social friends was always entertaining, quick in reply, and very animated and witty in conversation. He was well read in the poets."

It is generally supposed that Turner never painted a picture in conjunction with any other Academician, but the following story will show he did. On one occasion, when he was staying at the house of his old friend, the Rev. Mr. Trimmer, of Heston, near Brentford, by whose children, as a kind, funny old gentleman, he was much beloved, Turner was present while Mr. Howard painted the portrait of one of the children. The poetical painter of Venuses and Hebes had got into a hobble: the picture would not come right. Turner was called in as consulting physician, and cast his eagle eye instantly on the fault. There was a want of warm colour in the foreground. He advised the introduction of a cat wrapped up in a

red handkerchief. The now forgotten poet was horrified, and did not see his way to such an introduction. Turner instantly took up his brushes, and painted in the ingenious expedient. The picture was saved by the alteration, and thus saved it still exists at Mr. Trimmer's house, an interesting relic of Turner's sagacity.

Mr. Trimmer, the old clergyman above alluded to, was himself not unskilled in art. He painted landscapes, I am told, with great skill. The following is a proof of it. A picture-dealer opposite Furnival's Inn once showed him a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds with a tree in the background, which in the sale-room had been compared for breadth and knowledge to Titian. It was well known Reynolds had made fine sketches of the sea in Devonshire, and had once or twice painted landscapes that lay round his villa at Twickenham; but this tree!—Mr. Trimmer smiled at the pedantic cant of the trade, for he himself had added that tree to the portrait, which had once been his.

Turner on one occasion was much struck by a picture in which a sea-fog had been cleverly and truthfully introduced. The mystery of it delighted him, for he had found such effects most difficult. When Mr. Trimmer stood up and said it was painted by him, Turner was quite angry, and never praised anonymous pictures again. He took his "Mill and White Horse" in the "Liber" from a sketch made by Mr. Trimmer from a lock near Brentford.

"Mr. Trimmer's sons, who are still living, remember Turner as an ugly, slovenly old man, with

rather a pig-like face; in fact, must I confess it? somewhat of 'a guy;' and describe how he made them laugh, and how pleasant and sociable he was. They recollect him mixing some sort of paste with his umbrella, and their mother, on one occasion, in fun, carrying off one of his sketches against his will, for he was not of "the give-away family" by any means. He liked to be at Heston, not merely for the fishing and fresh air, but because Mr. Trimmer was an old friend and a lover of art, and because he was close to his old school at Brentford Butts, now a public-house, exactly opposite the Three Pigeons." When with Mr. Trimmer Turner always behaved with great decorum, and regularly attended church. Indeed, I have a strong belief that the interior of a church in the "Liber" is taken from Heston. It is almost the only church interior Turner painted. He did it twice, once by daylight and once by lamplight. It was with this Mr. Trimmer Turner once bartered lessons in painting for lessons in Greek. Mr. Trimmer was remarkable for a habit of keeping all letters that he ever received. The result of which frugality was that, after his death, his son, exhausted by the labour of reading a packet or two of crabbed MS., set to and with ruthless hands, burnt some twenty sacksful of original and unpublished letters, including, no doubt, some hundred or so of Turner's. When I first heard this, I thought of the fatal fire at Warwick that destroyed Shakspeare's relics, and of the great conflagration that Amrou made in Egypt of the vast Alexandrian Library; but Mr. Trimmer consoled me by telling me that Turner never wrote often

or at any great length to his father, because he was then living at Solus's Lodge, and was within walking distance; and, moreover, like most artists, he did not like writing. He has no doubt, however, that some verses perished; nor is he sure that such destruction was a loss to the world.

There was one letter, however, that he found and kept, which was of interest. It was penned when Turner was about forty, and it described him as deeply in love with a lady, a relation of Mr. Trimmer's, staying in the house at Heston. It was the letter of an affectionate but shy and eccentric man. It implored his friend to help him at his need; talked of soon coming down again, but expressed his fear that he should never find courage to pop the question unless the lady helped him out. At last, then, we have sure proof that the passion of the boy had begun to fade out, as dint of the lightning-bolt will even out of granite; and once more Cupid had blown the old ashes into a flame. Tremble, ye tailless cats in the dirty gallery of Queen Anne-street; tremble, old sordid housekeeper, for your new mistress comes to scatter ye to the four winds, with Hope, and Love, and Joy, winged and rosy cherubs, careering before her in the air, and the bright crescent of the Honeymoon rising to shed blessed influences on the roof of a house once more awakened to life.

But no; cruel Fate stepped in; some small pebble turned the painter's foot aside, and he died unmarried, with no hands but those of mercenary Love to close his eyes and smooth his dying pillow; and here let me give the letter.

Of Turner's early disappointment in love I have already written; of his second attachment I know no more than the following singular letter tells me. We may, however, presume that the lover lacked courage; that fresh ambitions arose, and more daring suitors; and Turner was left to sink into the cheerless, selfish old bachelor, with no children to prattle round his knees, and no kind heart to double his joys and halve his sorrows.

Redirected.

Rev. Mr. Trimmer,
Southwold,
Suffolk.

"Tuesday, Aug. 1st, 1815,
Queen Anne-street.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I lament that all hope of the pleasure of seeing you, or getting to Heston, must for the present probably vanish. My father told me on Saturday last, when I was, as usual, compelled to return to town the same day, that you and Mrs. Trimmer would leave Heston for Suffolk as to-morrow, Wednesday. In the first place, I am glad to hear that her health is so far established as to be equal to the journey, and to give me your utmost hope for her benefiting by the sea-air being fully realized; 'twill give me great pleasure to hear, and the earlier the better.

"After next Tuesday, if you have a moment's time to spare, a line will reach me at Farnley Hall, near Otley, Yorkshire, and for some time, as Mr. Fawkes talks of keeping me in the North by a trip to the Lakes, and until November. Therefore I suspect I am not to see Sandycombe. Sandycombe sounds just now in my ears as an act of folly, when I reflect how

little I have been able to be there this year, and less chance (perhaps) for the next. In looking forward to a continental excursion, and poor Daddy seems as much plagued with weeds as I am with disappointment—that if Miss —— would but waive bashfulness, or, in other words, make an offer instead of expecting one, the same might change occupiers; but not to trouble you further, allow me, with most sincere respect to Mrs. Trimmer and family, to consider myself,

"Yours most truly obliged,
"J. M. W. TURNER."

Mr. Trimmer's eldest son was very fond of drawing. One day he scrawled a man with his legs close together. Turner, being at Heston and seeing this, said, "Why do you draw the legs together?" The boy then took to battle-pieces, stimulated by the rage of the day, little queer men, all swords and plumes, men slashing, and horses kicking. Turner used to like to run over these, with a good-humoured grin, "That's better;" "Not so good;" "He'll never hit him," &c. "He told me I should change my style, there being no play for talent in military costume. In fact, he said, '*I commenced as battle-painter myself.*'

"He then lent him some sketches done by a military friend on the field of Waterloo during the action, which he considered very spirited. When he was older, he dissuaded him from being an artist, for which he had a great inkling, telling him it was the most wretched calling he could turn to.

"Mr. Field having sent Turner his 'Chromatics,'

when they next met, he asked him his opinion of it. 'You have not told us too much,' said Turner drily. Almost the last conversation Mr. Trimmer had with Turner was respecting colours, which were not considered by him to be reducible to scientific rules. He then called Field's book a fallacy. I told him that genius was acting by rule unconsciously, and that as canons of oratory had been deduced from Cicero's orations, of which he was not aware, his own pictures might form the basis of a scientific system of colouring. I have heard my friend Field say that Turner's most extravagant conceptions were in perfect harmony, but Nature in a very high key, as seen through a prism. He painted offhand, without the slightest effort, and produced the most inimitable effects. Constable used to say that an oil painter should never paint but in oil, and that Turner's pictures were only large water-colours. He tested this with a diminishing glass."

Many years ago, two of Turner's friends were standing at the door of an exhibition where some of his water-colours were on show, and were debating about the entrance-fee. Suddenly a little man dashed up to the astonished custos, snatched two tickets from the man, gave them to the applicants, and was off instanter. It was Turner, who had that morning met them in the street, and asked them if they would like to see the drawings.

Mr. E. Swinburn, himself an accomplished artist, was very intimate with Turner. I have heard that Turner used to stay in Northumberland, at the seat of Sir John Swinburn, Bart.

Mr. Allnut, of Clapham, I think, bought many of Turner's drawings, one of which, the "Fall of Terni," he published. G. F. Robson, the eminent water-colour painter, met Turner at Mr. Allnut's, and found the great painter *civil and communicative.*

"Turner and Carew were once fishing in the pond at Lord Egremont's at Petworth, when Carew, in his blunt, honest, Irish way, broke silence, and said: 'Turner, they tell me you're very rich.' Turner chuckled and said, 'Am I?' 'Yes; everybody says so.' 'Ah!' Turner replied, 'I would give it all up again to be twenty years of age again.' 'What!' says the other, 'do you like it so well as all that?' 'Yes, I do,' was the reply."

Turner's old friend, Mr. David Roberts, bears the following testimony to the great man's kindness of heart and general sociability.

"I afterwards became well acquainted with him, being in the habit of meeting him at the dinner-table of General Phipps, in Mount-street, where one was always sure to meet the best artists of the day, Wilkie, Chantrey, Calcott, Collins, Mulready, Etty, &c. &c.

"Although reserved, he was ever kind and indulgent to younger men, I mean such as myself. I write more especially of my own knowledge, as besides meeting him at General Phipps', I had many other opportunities of meeting at dinner, particularly at Munro's, of Novars, and the Rev. E. Daniel's, to whom he was much attached. Poor Daniel, like Wilkie, went to Syria after me, but neither returned. Had Daniel returned to England, I have reason to know,

from Turner's own mouth, he would have been intrusted with his law affairs.

"Turner, though kind to younger men, could frown, and show his contempt fearlessly for those whom he considered unworthy his friendship. He was ever modest of his own abilities, and I never remember him uttering a word of disparagement of others. Of a contrary disposition was Constable, ever talking of himself and his works, and unceasing in his abuse of others. We had met one night at the General's, shortly after the hanging of the Royal Academy. Constable was, as usual, lavish of the pains he had taken and the sacrifices he had made in arranging the Exhibition. But, most unfortunately, he had, after placing an important work of Turner's, removed it, and replaced it by one of his own. Turner was down upon him like a sledge-hammer; it was of no use his endeavour to persuade Turner that the change was for his advantage, and not his own. Turner kept at it all the evening, to the great amusement of the party, and I must add, he (Constable) richly deserved it, by bringing it on himself.

"It would be useless to add his many personal acts of kindness to myself, and of confidence he placed in me, which led to my seeing much of him towards the latter part of his life. When he dined with me, I always contrived to get those to meet him that I knew would be agreeable, a very simple method of making your friends happy. I was myself too much occupied to trouble myself about his private affairs, for his life partook of the character of his works; it was mysterious, and nothing seemed so much to

please him as to try and puzzle you, or to make you think so; for if he began to explain, or tell you anything, he was sure to break off in the middle, look very mysterious, nod, and wink his eye, saying to himself, 'Make out that if you can;' and it no doubt was this love of mystery that led, at last, to the sad muddle in which he left his affairs; no doubt, like many others, he intended some day to put them all right, but the grim gentleman stepped in before he could make up his mind.

"I and others knew he had another home besides Queen Anne-street, but delicacy forbade us prying further. We all knew that whoever he lived with took great care of him, for he was not only better dressed, but more cleanly and *tidy*, than in former years. He was ever constant in his attendance at all meetings of the Academy, and at such meetings he usually took a part in the debates; but such was the peculiar habit of his thoughts, or of his expressing them (the same *aerial perspective* that pervades most of his works pervaded his speeches), that when he had concluded and sat down it would often have puzzled his best friend to decide which side he had taken.

"I might mention instances of his kindness to myself, but which are of little interest to others. Suffice it to state one, on my first exhibiting at Somerset House a picture of the front of Rouen Cathedral, painted for the late Lord Northwick. He took Sir William Allan out of the Great Room (where they were at work on varnishing day) to the School of Painting, where my picture had been placed, and

said, 'Here is a man we must have our eye upon.' This, Sir William gave me to understand, was no trifling compliment from the great painter.

"After all, much may be said in mitigation of his reserve and love of mystery. Uneducated as he was (a thing not unusual with men of genius), he would naturally avoid society, where he knew he would be seen to a disadvantage. But that he was not the recluse Ruskin has pictured him, is *well known to all who knew anything about him*, for he loved the society of his brother painters, and was in reality 'a jolly toper,' never missing a night at the meetings of the Royal Academy Club, usually then held at the Thatched House; and as a proof that he loved them and these jolly parties, he *willed* that 50*l.* annually should be spent expressly for that purpose on his birthday, but I regret to add, it has not been fulfilled, although the Academy have it in contemplation to do so from the 20,000*l.* awarded them by the Court of Chancery; meantime the interest, 600*l.*, is distributed amongst certain old painters, not members of the Academy, but whose necessities are such as compel them to ask charity, in annual grants of 50*l.* each; so that, after all, his wish has in some measure been realized."

"Jack Fuller," as he was generally called—one of Turner's patrons and friends—was an eccentric, blunt old bachelor, of considerable property in Sussex, and also a possessor of some West Indian estates. He lived at Rose Hill, in the neighbourhood of Battle, and represented the county of Sussex for many years. He was much beloved by his friends and tenantry in

spite of his rough manners; and as an amateur of art, he became known as a purchaser to Turner.

It is of Jack Fuller, the boisterous English country gentleman of the Lord Egremont stamp, that one of the best stories relating to debates in the House of Commons is related. It is well known that an Irish reporter, under the influence of too much whisky-and-water, had once the audacity to call out from the gallery, "A song from Mr. Speaker!" but then the irreverent culprit, forgetful of the majestic presence, luckily for him escaped detection. But Jack Fuller, to judge from the following story, was more audacious even than our friend the witty reporter:—

"Once upon a time—it was *after* dinner—he was guilty of some indecorum in the House of Commons, and the Speaker was obliged to administer a rebuke, beginning, 'It has been brought to my notice that an *honourable member*'—when Fuller burst out with 'What's the use of beating about the bush? My name is honest Jack Fuller, and everybody knows it!'—he then snapped his fingers at the Speaker, called him a little man in a great wig, and eventually was committed to the custody of the sergeant-at-arms."

Turner knew Moore the poet, and the following interesting proof of the painter's desire to have visited Ireland I extract from Moore's "Journal and Correspondence," vol. vii. p. 77:—

"March 1st.—Wretchedly wet day. Hard at work in Paternoster-row, as was also Tom at his Sunday exercise, I occasionally helping him. Dined at Rogers's, to meet Barnes; an entirely clandestine

dinner, none of our Whig friends in the secret; and R. had been a good deal puzzled as to whom he should ask to meet him. Tried Lord Lyndhurst, with whom Barnes is intimate; and he would have come had he not been engaged. Could then think of none but Turner the painter; and he, Barnes, and myself formed the whole of the guests. . . . . Had some talk with Turner in the evening. Mentioned to him my having sometimes thought of calling in the aid of the pencil to help me in commemorating, by some work or other, the neighbourhood in which I have now so long resided. The recollections connected with Bowood (where so many of the great ones of the time have passed in review before us—Byron, Madame de Staël, Mackintosh, &c.), the ancient and modern associations that give such a charm to Lacock Abbey, the beauty and music of Farley Castle, the residences of Bowles and Crabbe, the Druidical vestiges in so many directions,—all would afford subjects such as might easily be rendered interesting, while the natural beauties of this immediate neighbourhood, though hardly worthy, perhaps, of the pencil of a Turner, would supply scenes of calm loveliness, to which his fancy could lend an additional charm. All this I now put down here rather as what was in my mind to say to him than as what I actually did say; for he interrupted me by exclaiming, 'But Ireland, Mr. Moore, Ireland! there's the region connected with your name! Why not illustrate the whole life? I have often longed to go to that country, but am, I confess, afraid to venture myself

there. Under the wing of Thomas Moore, however, I should be safe. . . . ."

It was Wilkie who teased Turner about his titles, and nicknamed him R. A. P. P. He used to say, when Turner changed his style, "that he was getting into a weak and vapid tone of painting." Beaumont called it "innovation," his clique of protegés sneered at the daylight manner as "the white and yellow school," and so Turner and Wilkie quarrelled. When Wilkie, on a hanging day, hung up maliciously a Rembrandt among the modern pictures, and said it looked like "a hole in the wall," it must have been to deride the Turnerians.

It was disliking Beaumont that made Turner jealous of Wilkie. Sir John Beaumont was born in 1782, seven years after Turner; he died 1827, the year Turner exhibited his "Now for the Painter!" He never understood Wilson, he patronized Wilkie, and tried to sneer down Turner. He was a type of the unoriginal, conventional amateur, and did great injury to English art.

"Mr. Rogers gave Turner a commission to illustrate his 'Pleasures of Memory' and his 'Italy.' Turner was so satisfied with the elegant way the works were published that he would only receive five guineas a-piece for the loan of the drawings. Campbell, the poet, desired Turner to make a set of drawings for an edition of his works, for which Campbell's circumstances did not allow him to pay, and he had the honesty to confess that it would be inconvenient for him to discharge the debt; on which Turner, with

kind sympathy, told the poet to return the drawings, which he afterwards gave to a friend."

Mr. Cyrus Redding, after mentioning Turner's total absence of nervousness, and his undoubting way of laying on his touches, gives quite a different version of this story of Campbell, which certainly reflects more credit on the painter than on the poet.

"Within two years of the decease of Campbell, the poet, I met him in Cavendish-square. 'I am coming,' he said, 'from your quondam acquaintance, Turner. I have just played him a trick.' 'What do you mean?' 'Why,' observed Campbell,' 'I had gone to a great expense for Turner's drawings, to be engraved for my illustrated poems.' (I forget the number he said, for each of which he had paid twenty-five guineas.) 'I was also told not to mind the expense; the drawings would sell, being Turner's, for what I had paid for them, as soon as the engravings were finished. They could not be disposed of at anything like the price. It was said they were not in his best style; in short, I thought I should be compelled to keep them. One day I saw Turner, and told him what had occurred, and that I had hoped to make something of them. I added, in joke, that I believed I should put them up to auction. Turner said, feeling annoyed, I suppose, at my remark, "Don't do that; let me have them." I sent them to him accordingly,' said the poet, 'and he has just paid me for them.' I think Campbell said twenty guineas each, but I am not sure of the sum, my recollection failing me about the precise amount. I could not help saying, 'Turner does this because he

is tender about his reputation; he will not have them in the market.' Campbell had just before been censured for lending his name to books written by other people, which struck me when I made the remark. The poet, however, was too joyous about his bargain to apply the remark to himself. I have since thought whether Turner did not do this with a desire to befriend Campbell. He was just the character to do such an act silently and bluntly."

One of Turner's oldest friends says:

"The late Earl of Egremont was much attached to Turner, and well he deserved sincere attachment when and where he was known. He has and had many to disparage him. He was much used, and much abused, because he knew not how to make use of others, and so became the victim himself. Although unaccomplished in manners, he was as sound in heart and as good as any man that I have known or know."

The son of Turner's oldest friend, Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley, says:

"When Turner was so much here in my father's lifetime, I was but a boy, and not of an age to appreciate or interest myself in the workings of his mind or pencil; my recollection of him in those days refers to the fun, frolic, and shooting we enjoyed together, and which, whatever may be said by others of his temper and disposition, have proved to me that he was in his hours of distraction from his professional labours, as kindly-minded a man and as capable of enjoyment and fun of all kinds as any that I ever knew.

"Though often invited, Turner never came here

after my father's death, and as I have seldom gone to London, our meetings, since I had learnt his value, had been few and far between; but up to the last time that I saw him, about a year before his death, he was always the same to me that I had known him in my boyhood, always addressed me by my boy name, and seemed ever anxious to express in his kindness to me his attachment to my father, and still glowing recollections of his 'auld lang syne' here."

From Mrs. Wheeler, the daughter of one of Turner's best friends, Mr. Wells, the artist, I have received the following interesting record of their friendship:

"I had a life-long acquaintance with the late Mr. Turner, my father being one of his earliest and most esteemed friends.

"It is over sixty years since a friendship began, which ended only at the death of Mr. Turner, who, in very early life, was a constant and almost daily visitor at my father's house, whom he regarded as an able counsellor in difficulties. He usually spent three or four evenings in every week at our fireside, and though very much more than half a century has elapsed, I can still vividly recal to mind my dear father and Turner sketching or drawing by the light of an Argand lamp, whilst my mother was plying her needle, and I, then a young girl, used to read aloud some useful or entertaining work. These and many such recollections of my dear departed friend often present themselves to my mind, and are cherished as the dream of days long passed by. Indeed, there was more hidden good and worth in his character

than the world could imagine; he had a tender, affectionate heart, such as few possess. Like all great men, his faults were largely published to the world, and greatly exaggerated, whilst, from his very reserved disposition, his many virtues were known only to a very few, though they clearly show forth the noble mind of the man who devoted the whole of a long life to one end and aim, and that the generous wish of providing an asylum in old age for the decayed members of his own profession. Unhappily, either through ignorance or carelessness, or something worse, this noble design has been frustrated; but surely the man is to be honoured, who, denying himself almost the comforts of life, could steadily devote the accumulated wealth of long years of toil to so noble a purpose; and let it not be thought that Turner's heart was closed to the many appeals to his benevolence which came before him. I know he gave ungrudgingly, but he was no boaster of his good deeds. Another trait of character, which ought to be named, is the liberality with which he viewed the works of other artists; if he could not speak a word of praise, he carefully abstained from giving any opinion. I never heard him utter a syllable in dispraise of any artist.

"Though thoroughly modest and unpretending, yet he had a full appreciation of his own merits, and no one so much enjoyed his exquisite pictures as he did himself; it was a matter of real sorrow to him to part with any favourite picture, and on more than one occasion, when he has been looking graver than usual, and I have asked if anything vexed him, he

has said, 'No, only I have been sending some of *my children* away to-day.'"

"'His art was his life's employment and his leisure's charm.'

"His painting-room was emphatically his sanctuary, his harbour of refuge.

"In early life, my father's house was his second home, a haven of rest from many domestic trials too sacred to touch upon. Turner loved my father with a son's affection; to me he was as an elder brother.

"Turner's celebrated publication, the 'Liber Studiorum,' entirely owes its existence to my father's persuasion, and the drawings for the first number were made in our cottage at Knockholt. He had for a long time urged upon Turner the expediency of making a selection from his own works for publication, telling him that it would surely be done after his death, and perhaps in a way that might not do him that justice which he could ensure for himself. After long and continued persuasion, Turner at length gave way; and one day, when he was staying with us in Kent (he always spent a part of the autumn at our cottage), he said, 'Well, *Gaffer*, I see there will be no peace till I comply; so give me a piece of paper. There, now, rule the size for me, and tell me what I am to do.' My father said, 'Well, divide your subject into classes—say, Pastoral, Marine, Elegant Pastoral, and so forth—which was accordingly done. The first drawings were then and there made, and arranged for publication. This was in the autumn of 1806. I sat by his side while

those drawings were making; and many are the times I have gone out sketching with him. I remember his scrambling up a tree to obtain a better view, and there he made a coloured sketch, I handing up his colours as he wanted them; of course, at that time I was quite a young girl. He was a firm, affectionate friend to the end of his life; his feelings were seldom seen on the surface, but they were deep and enduring. No one would have imagined, under that rather rough and cold exterior, how very strong were the affections which lay hidden beneath. I have more than once seen him weep bitterly, particularly at the death of my own dear father, which took him by surprise, for he was blind to the coming event, which he dreaded. He came immediately to my house in an agony of grief. Sobbing like a child, he said, 'Oh, Clara, Clara! these are iron tears. I have lost the best friend I ever had in my life.' Oh! what a different man would Turner have been if all the good and kindly feelings of his great mind had been called into action; but they lay dormant, and were known to so very few. He was by nature suspicious, and no tender hand had wiped away early prejudices, the inevitable consequence of a defective education. Of all the light-hearted, merry creatures I ever knew, Turner was the most so; and the laughter and fun that abounded when he was an inmate in our cottage was inconceivable, particularly with the juvenile members of the family. I remember one day coming in after a walk, and when the servant opened the door the uproar was so great that I asked the servant what was the matter. 'Oh,

only the young ladies [my young sisters] playing with the young gentleman [Turner], Ma'am.' When I went into the sitting-room, he was seated on the ground, and the children were winding his ridiculously large cravat round his neck; he said, 'See here, Clara, what these children are about!'

"Turner met Dr. M'Culloch, the celebrated geologist, at our house. Turner was greatly interested in the science of geology; Dr. M'Culloch was delighted with his acute mind and said, 'That man would have been great in any and everything he chose to take up—he has such a clear, intelligent, piercing intellect.' I have often heard Turner say that if he could begin life again he would rather be an architect than a painter."

And here at the end of this chapter, though somewhat irrelevant, I cannot refrain from inserting some valuable reminiscences of Turner's early and later contemporaries, kindly furnished me by his old friend, Mr. Trimmer:—

"Thomas Gainsborough was a native of Sudbury, Suffolk; his father was a tailor. Gainsborough, as a child, went to the Sudbury Free School, where he distinguished himself by making ink-drawings on the desks instead of writing his copies. This I had from Mr. Briggs.

"Joshua Kirby, my father's grandfather, was one of Gainsborough's earliest friends, and, as is well known, Gainsborough's last request was to be laid beside his old friend Kirby in Kew Churchyard. Kirby was an architect, who was acquainted with the artists of the day; and on their forming them-

selves into a Society of British Artists, he was elected by them as president, and it was by his instrumentality that the Royal Academy was formed, under the auspices of George III., whom he had the honour of instructing in drawing and perspective.

"Kirby, who was a Suffolk man, first became acquainted with Gainsborough at Ipswich, whither he had removed from Sudbury, as a place better adapted for his profession; and it was at his urgent persuasions that Gainsborough left his native county and went up to London.

"As is well known, Gainsborough was liberal in giving away his productions, and Joshua Kirby came in for the lion's share. Besides painting his portrait twice, and that of his wife, he gave him his first drawing (now in my possession), and his first sketch in oils, sold at my father's sale, after the manner of Waterloo, whom in his early days he much studied; and I have now Waterloo's etching, given by Gainsborough to Kirby. He also gave him above a hundred drawings in pencil and chalk, most of which I still have; six or seven small landscapes in oil, among which was his original or first picture of the gipsies; so that my family possessed the best collection of his early or Suffolk productions I have seen. There is a full-length portrait of himself reclining on a bank, looking at a sketch on a stretching-board on which he is engaged. It was sold at my father's sale as an unknown figure (the catalogue having been got up in a hurry), but was fortunately lithographed by Lane, his nephew. Gainsborough was very personable in his youth, and in this sketch he presents a

remarkably fine figure. I have now a sketch of himself and his wife on a small piece of paper before they were married. She was very pretty. They are both strong likenesses, as I was told by a sister of my father's who knew them.

"I have also a crayon painting (a head) of Gainsborough by himself, apparently about twenty years of age. He has on a dingy yellow coat, black neck-handkerchief, and small collar; his hair dark-brown, eyes brown, and under lip full, as in a portrait I once saw of his daughter. The features are delicately chiselled, and his complexion delicate; the forehead by no means highly developed; but in the two others, which are profile, his Roman nose shows a face full of intelligence. There are, I believe, no other portraits of Gainsborough in his best days; the one he is known by is that of a faded middle-aged man.

"There is a celebrated engraving, by Wood, of Gainsborough's gipsies; the etching, which is by Gainsborough, I have. It is first-rate: I merely mention this because he has been said to have failed in his etchings, which is not untrue as regards a few late aquatints. He had a commission from a gentleman near Ipswich to paint a group of gipsies. When about two-thirds of it were finished — for Gainsborough in his early works, owing to his great execution, finished as he went on—he came to see it, and was not pleased with it; he said he did not like it. Then, said Gainsborough, 'You shall not have it;' and taking up his penknife he drew it directly across it. In this state Joshua Kirby begged

it, my father had it mended, and it was sold at his death. It was a terrific gash, and Gainsborough must have been in a flaming passion when he did it. After this, he painted for the same person the picture from which the engraving is taken, but I never could hear of this picture in Suffolk, though I have had good opportunities for inquiry.

"I have heard my father's sister say, who knew him when she was young, that he was an odd, droll man, excessively fond of music, and that he played on the violoncello; in fact, there is no doubt of his understanding music, from the masterly way in which his figures hold their instruments, as Turner's figures do the fishing-rod.

"Gainsborough painted an oil picture of Joshua Kirby, which, seeing long afterwards at his daughter's, Mrs. Trimmer, he said, 'Ah, there is old Kirby in one of his brown studies.' There was also a painting by Kirby hanging near, almost the only one he ever did, on which Gainsborough remarked, 'He would have made a good painter if he had gone on with it.'

"As I have said, he gave Joshua Kirby eight landscapes in oil, most admirable specimens. Thirty years ago, Emerson, the picture-dealer, offered my father fifty guineas a-piece for them, and pronounced them unique. These Turner, as I have said under Turner, examined so carefully one evening, that the next morning he said he had hurt his eyes; and Constable used to say it made him cry to look at them, and that no one at the present day (twenty years ago) could approach him. These were sold at

my father's sale for a mere song, though inferior pictures made large sums.

"As my mother came close from Sudbury, in my youth I knew Gainsborough's sketching grounds well. Thirty years ago, before the oaks were cut down, and the thatched cottages done away with, every step one took reminded one of Gainsborough, not the least the slim-formed, though rustic figures; and my relative, Captain Syce, an admirer of Gainsborough, has told me that the village churches around are those introduced in Gainsborough's early pictures.

"I have dwelt on his early works, since picture-dealers, because his figure-subjects are more saleable, always decry them, and say he never painted a picture fit to be seen till he left Suffolk—men who, place them in the green fields, cannot tell one tree from another. It is true his early works are less artificial and less academical, but they are far truer to nature, to elevated nature. His early pictures exhibit a remarkable variety of form in his trees; his oaks are inimitable; latterly, all his trees assumed one form; for he mistook system for nature.

"Joshua Kirby's son was brought up a painter and died at Rome. He was some time with Gainsborough, but did not, I have been told, like him as an instructor. He had often disputes with his brother artists; but artists are proverbially quarrelsome.

"When I was a boy, I remember Miss Gainsborough, his daughter, who had a house at Acton. He had also another daughter, who was deranged; another instance that genius often passes into mental aberra-

tion. I think, too, Mrs. Lane, mother of Lane the engraver, was another daughter. Both the Miss Gainsboroughs were remarkably handsome, and when young were constantly introduced by him into his pictures. There is a fine cattle-piece painted for Child, of Osterly House, now at Middleton, Lord Jersey's place; in this one of the Miss Gainsboroughs is introduced. At Acton, opposite Miss Gainsborough, lived a Mr. Briggs, a young amateur artist, to whom Miss Gainsborough was very partial, and left all her father's pictures and sketches. Among these was a charming portrait of Miss Gainsborough, which, as I have said, so far as I recollect, strongly resembles my crayon of Gainsborough about the lips. Miss Gainsborough was accustomed to sit in her father's painting-room; she said his colours were very liquid, and if he did not hold the palette right would run over.

"There were several admirable landscapes and studies from nature among Mr. Briggs'; a very clever study of sheep, equal to a professed animal-painter; but the masterpiece was some cows, which were lithographed by Lane, and called by him 'Repose,' a warm, glowing picture; still one would hardly have expected a countryman to have made cows reclining of an evening, when they feed, unless he looked upon it as an artistical licence. This (like Turner's 'Carthage') was one of Gainsborough's favourite pictures, and not to be tempted to part with it, he had it hung in a dark passage, where it remained for many years. It underwent sundry glazings, and was a long time in hand. If I remember, Mr. Briggs told me it had a wash of

tobacco-water. The picture was subsequently cleaned by Cobbett, and it came out blue; Cobbett told me the yellow coating was merely the varnish turned, but after this it was valueless in Mr. Briggs' eyes, and he sold it. I remember this from the circumstance of my father having recommended Cobbett to Mr. Briggs.*

"Many years ago resided at Heston a Mr. Nesbitt, a person of substance, in his younger days a companion of George, Prince of Wales. He once possessed Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy,' and in the following way. He was dining with the Prince of Wales; 'Nesbitt,' said the Prince, 'that picture shall be yours.' At first he thought he was joking, but finding he was decidedly serious, Nesbitt, who was an old beau of the very first water, made all suitable acknowledgment for his Royal Highness's generosity, and next morning the 'Blue Boy' arrived, followed in due time by a bill of 300*l.*, which he had the satisfaction of paying. I heard him many years ago tell the story at my father's table.

"*Gainsborough's Palette.*—This I had from Mr. Briggs, but have lost it; still, as I have copied several Gainsboroughs, I think I can furnish you with it. Yellows: yellow ochre, Naples yellow, yellow lake, and for his high lights (but very seldom) some brighter yellow, probably some preparation of orpiment, raw sienna. Reds: vermilion, light red venetian, and the lakes. Browns: burnt sienna, cologne earth (this he

* "From Acton Mr. Briggs removed to Cheltenham, where he was living some ten years ago; he must know more of Gainsborough than any person else."

used very freely, and brown pink the same). He used a great deal of terra verte, which he mixed with his blues, generally with ultramarine. His skies are ultramarine. In his early pictures I could never trace other colours. Latterly he used cremona white; this he purchased of Scott in the Strand, who on retiring from business gave me what remained. It was the purest white I ever used, and accounts for the purity of his carnations. His early pictures are painted on oil non-absorbent grounds of a yellow tint, and in the greys of the sky he availed himself of the yellow of the ground. His later pictures are on absorbent grounds of a dark chocolate colour. In the leafing of his trees he employed gold size; also sugar of lead, as I have detected by a magnifier, both late and early. In his early pictures he used wax. The application of the iron, though not hotter than usual, to a picture my father had lined, destroyed all the foliage. Turner tried wax, but, if it facilitates the working, it turns yellow, and is highly objectionable.

"From what I have said of Gainsborough, you will perceive that I rank him with the non-terrestrials. 'O deus certe.'

"I place the English school thus—Gainsborough, Wilson, Turner, Reynolds,* and then ten abreast at random.

"I place Gainsborough first because of his great

* "I exclude Hogarth by reason of the nature of his subjects; his end is the comic, not the beautiful. In his department he stands alone, and foreign schools have nothing to compete with him. I know of no English painter who has so completely the command of his colours, and the texture of his pictures is unrivalled."

originality. No one can copy him with success, and his genuine pictures pronounce themselves unmistakeably. It is a mark of the genius of Turner, Wilson, and Reynolds, that they have left their impress on the art subsequently. They have not only had herds of imitators, but painters have not been able to paint from nature without introducing their feeling into their works; yet, although it may seem paradoxical, it is perhaps even a greater mark of Gainsborough's powers that so little of him is seen in other paintings. This has arisen from his fine execution and exquisite delicacy of sentiment. As in rifle-shooting the first sight is the most correct, so Gainsborough's first outline admitted of no improvement, and this is probably the reason that his drawings are considered even superior to his paintings. How rare the talent to select from nature her choicest forms, and embody them with all the certainty of instinct!

"In the estimation of Gainsborough's powers, the striking exactitude of his likenesses is not to be overlooked. There are portraits of his three generations back, family features of which are still seen in their descendants. It is painful to see the clumsiness and incorrectness of outline in Reynolds, and the tameness of Lawrence, when placed by the side of a Gainsborough. Whether he painted childhood, youth, adolescence, or age, male or female, a nobleman or a ploughboy, a rustic girl or a courtly dame, humanity became elevated under his plastic fingers. Gainsborough has also restricted himself to home subjects, which is another of his excellences. I believe it to be

no less impossible to paint foreign subjects than it is to speak a foreign language well without having been familiarized to it from childhood. How do Dutch painters handle Italian subjects, or French caricaturists English ones—John Bull, for instance? They are themselves pleased, while to English eyes it is merely a burly Frenchman. I never heard of an Italian recognising Turner's Italian subjects, or a German his German ones; and his crossing the Channel is, in my opinion, the date of his decline; and although it has been objected to Gainsborough that he never had the advantage of going abroad, it is, I believe, this very circumstance which makes him our great English painter.

"The texture of his pictures has been objected to. There is said to be a washiness and want of solidity in them not desirable to imitate. This may be true as regards imitation; but with Gainsborough's masterly execution, the thinness and docility of his vehicle is no small part of its merit. Had he painted in a fat unyielding material, the delicacy and playfulness of his pencil would have been lost, though it must be owned that unsuccessful attempts to obtain a good vehicle mark his period. He is also charged with mannerism; but this is only true of his later productions, where for the wild beauty and untrammelled variety of nature, as seen in his early works, he seems to have fallen into Hogarth's line of beauty and other fallacies of the day. In some of his later portraits he has followed Vandyke, where he would have done better to have relied upon himself.

"As I have said, Turner did not believe that colour was reducible to system; and Gainsborough, when painting his 'Blue Boy,' seems to have been of the same opinion. I think it was the remark of Mr. Field, when we were looking at that celebrated picture, that Gainsborough's eye was truer than his head, since against his theory he had introduced a sufficiency of warm colours into the flesh tints to balance the predominating cold of the picture; and this reminds me of a dictum of Gainsborough I had forgotten. Joshua Kirby was strong in perspective, of which Gainsborough made very light, and used to say in his joking way that the eye was the only perspective master needed by a landscape painter.

"No one is perfect; yet whatever his defects, I place Gainsborough at the head of our English painters, and he must be an able hand who gets beyond him. Three cheers for Gainsborough.

"Among the Gainsborough relics, bequeathed by his daughter to Mr. Briggs, besides a model of an old horse, was the bust of Mrs. Sheridan, the charming Miss Linley. It is considered a masterpiece equal to his paintings, as showing his versatility of talent. Of this my father had a cast from Mr. Briggs, but I think it is before the public—quite small. Mr. Briggs was a friend of the Wards. There are also relations of Gainsborough's residing at Sudbury, one of whom has recently published his Life, who wrote to my father for any information he could supply; but my father was then breaking up. Some of the Gainsborough Du Ponts, of Sudbury, have some pictures of his."

"SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

"Lawrence had the reputation among his friends of being 'the finished gentleman,' which in the George IV. period consisted in certain conventionalities one could scarcely practise now without being remarkable. This was *outréed* in successful professionals, as Halford, Astley Cooper, &c.; in fact, it was thought to chalk out the line between the base and the noble, and its absence precluded all access to the higher castes. We are apt to confound it with sycophancy, but in Lawrence it was considered among his enviable qualities; and that pliant manner was perhaps in some degree natural to him.

"Up to the day of his death Lawrence enjoyed unbounded popularity, but the moment he dropped, his works sunk and he seemed forgotten. If he was overrated during his life, he has certainly been underprized since. As President, by his brother artists he was much esteemed, and was as much flattered by them as by the public. It was greatly to his credit that he did not paint for gain, but reputation; he parted with his money faster than he could make it. He was devoted to the advancement of the fine arts, and laid out large sums in collecting Rembrandt's etchings, for many of which he gave, or perhaps undertook to give, greatly more than their value. I have heard that he was much in debt to a printseller in St. Martin's-lane, whose portrait he painted in consequence, and a most striking likeness it was; I

doubt if Lawrence had painted a head so far removed from Royalty for many a year.

"He was very liberal in showing his etchings, and my father once passed a whole day in looking them over with some artists. This was before we had a National Collection. Neither was there any difficulty in seeing his rooms, which were well worth the inspection. There were pictures in all stages of progress and of all dates, canvas behind canvas, some merely the first sitting, merely the first coat on the features, laid in with the greatest care and delicacy, the rest in chalk or oil outline. I have been told by Howard (who is good authority) that he always made a crayon drawing of the sitter, from which he did his oil, but if this had been the case the drawings would now be in existence. At first, there is no doubt he was a crayon painter, and hypercritics, as they have pronounced Turner's oils large water-colours, have called Lawrence's oils large crayons, the old chalky manner still adhering. At Etwall Hall, Staffordshire, are two of his early crayons in small; they are well-finished, but he had not at that time mastered the ear.

"In his painting-room was head after head painted years before, lovely angelical faces which had long cruelly left their owners. I was pointed out a lady's portrait done some twenty years before, a charming faultless face, who most decidedly at that later time could have given no inspirations for a second sitting. So fleeting are our complexions, though happily we are not aware of it! As is customary, all these first

sittings were half paid for; it was said Sir Thomas would gladly give one a first sitting, and then came the hitch. But this, I believe, was not correct. There was a rush of pretty faces, and of others as well, and poor Sir Thomas was fairly beset; it was impossible he could meet so many claimants.

"There is a celebrated print of young Lambton (I think) sitting on a rock, engraved by Lane, which at the time made a great sensation. His father presented himself at Sir Thomas Lawrence's and wished him to paint his son. Lawrence flatly refused; it was out of the question—he was inexorable. 'If you saw my child I think you would relent.' Lawrence was so struck with the child's beauty that he yielded. Lawrence was so pressed that unless for high rank or great beauty or celebrity, he would execute no commissions. I doubt if ever any painter in this country, unless it were Vandyke, had such a run as Lawrence. His full-lengths, first of Lady Agar Ellis (late Lady Dover), and that of her sister, Lady Gower (Duchess of Sutherland), carried his popularity to the height. People who cared nothing about painting flocked to the exhibition to see his pretty women, and Lawrence was on everybody's lips; while all the charming daughters of the aristocracy, which in those days made up humanity, strictly so-called, praised him, not to mention the homage of his brother artists. If Lawrence under these circumstances found his head whirl, whose was the fault, his or theirs? Certainly he was vain, as we should have been, and one of his vain fancies was to paint his own portrait as near like that of

Canning as the original would admit of. He was said to be like Canning; Napoleon, Wellington, Canning, Lawrence, and others not worth naming, were all said to be born at the same batch—the year I have forgotten.

"Henry Howard, Secretary to the Royal Academy, was an unbounded admirer of Lawrence, and belonged, I was told, to what were called the Lawrence party in the Academy. Frank Howard, his son, was one of his pupils. Lawrence said to him, 'I shall teach you till you beat me.' Howard once showed some of my sketches (landscape) to Lawrence, who very kindly promised to assist me with his advice, if I followed the profession.

"They used to say that he made ten guineas a-day. He worked slowly, everything neat and exact, with the absence of all dash. He finished feature by feature, and would work a whole day on an eye. He had a great many pupils, who made duplicates of his pictures. I once saw a duplicate, a head of the Duke of York, done by Frank Howard, and after his father had worked over it, it looked very like Lawrence; Howard, however, told me that Lawrence would go completely over it, which would make a great alteration in it for the better.

"He was choice in his pigments, and had his madders from Field,* which he used freely. A preparation, I

* Field resided at Little Lyon House, Isleworth, and supported himself by his pen. He also devoted his talents to pigments, and his madders were then unrivalled. He was well known by the leading artists.

think of mercury, called orange vermilion, was first prepared by Field at the desire of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who was in want of a flesh tint: with this he was much pleased. This I had from Field.

"At one time he considered white out of harmony with other colours, and used cream instead. There was an exhibition of his pictures in Pall Mall after his death, some of which exhibited this fallacy. There was also a large picture of Satan at one end, the largest, and perhaps the worst picture he ever painted.

"I exclude Lawrence from the great portrait painters—Titian, Rubens, Vandyke, &c. &c.; perhaps in genius he was inferior to his contemporary Jackson. He had no difficulty in carrying out his conceptions, but then they were not first-rate. A tameness and want of spirit pervade his works. Still Lawrence is but a face-painter. There is an absence of vulgarity and coarseness, and his likenesses are photographically exact. But for Reynolds and Gainsborough, we might feel nationally proud of him. In private life, he fell a victim to the extravagance of the times, and sunk under pecuniary embarrassment.

"I sat down with the intention of giving a couple of anecdotes of Lawrence and George the Fourth, which I thought worth preserving.

"The first has reference to the time when a gold chain was placed by the sovereign on Lawrence's neck, I conclude at the inauguration to the Presidency. Quoth the monarch, 'I give this chain to you and yours,' &c. (I forget the exact terms).

'Sire,' said Lawrence, 'does your Majesty mean my family or my successors?' 'Your successors,' said the king. The king turned red; and when it came to the unrobing, he broke out as follows: 'Damn the fellow, what does he mean? Damn his family, what do I care for his family?'

"I think it was before this that he had given offence. Lawrence had brought his portfolio for Royal inspection, and among his drawings was one of Napoleon's son, the young Duc de Reichstadt, who is said to have been poisoned. Lawrence had taken it from life, I think in Germany.

"'Lawrence,' said the king, 'I must have this.' Lawrence bowed low in acquiescence. 'If your Majesty will permit me, as it is not quite finished, I will return with it in the morning.' The fact was, Lawrence had no inclination to part with it, and on getting home, began a copy. This he carried to the king the next day. 'It is not the same,' said the king, in a passion; and setting his nails into it as if he had been a cat, drew them deeply across the face. After this, Lawrence was in disgrace.

"These two anecdotes I had from Lane, nephew to Gainsborough; the last he had from Lawrence himself, who showed him the scratches. Frank Howard, who was a pupil of his, is a person of talent and observation; his brother, Henry Howard, is, if living, a solicitor at Oxford."

"ENGLEHART, THE MINIATURE AND ENAMEL PAINTER.

"I remember him at Bedfont, Middlesex, when I used to be curate there: he was a celebrated man. I have heard him speak on his calling, but it was a branch of it in which I took little interest. His family had many of his works. He made a large fortune.

"FLAXMAN.

"Flaxman was acquainted with my father's family, and my father, as a boy, always received great kindness from him as being fond of the arts. Flaxman wished him to be a sculptor, and offered to teach him modelling, but taught him drawing instead. Flaxman had done a number of anatomical studies in red chalk. They were from life, and the finest I have seen. These he lent my father. I rather think they have been published of late years.

"Flaxman had two sisters, who, like himself, were most ordinary figures, not to say deformed. How often a beautiful mind takes its lodgment in such a description of body! What other Englishman, or rather what modern, possessed so fine a feeling of the antique? His illustrations of the Greek tragedians display a variety of design which is wanting even among the Greeks. These were drawn by him of an evening with a crowquill in Indian ink, generally one of an evening, his sisters sitting as models. One of his sisters, who told my mother this, threw out her

long distorted arms in the way she had sat for these rare conceptions of modernized Greek. It seemed quite laughable to my mother that anything so misshapen could supply a hint for such charming creations. But no doubt there are 'sermons in stones.'

"My father always spoke of Flaxman as an estimable person. From his brother-artists I have heard that he was partial and an oppositionist.

"ZOFFANY.

"Zoffany lived at Chiswick, and as my father lived at Kew, they were friends—that is, my father as a boy was often at Zoffany's. But all I remember to have heard my father say, who was constantly in his painting-room, was that he had a good method of laying on his colours. He used his brush as if he were shading with a pencil, thus showing the drawing in his pictures; but this probably was the German method.

"I rather think Miss Zoffany married Dr. Hern; some of the Hern family, a few years ago, were still residing at Chiswick; like Fuseli and West, he is hardly to be claimed as an English celebrity.

"HENRY HOWARD.

"Henry Howard, R.A., 5, Newman-street, Secretary to the R.A., was the same age as Turner. His father was, I think, an heraldic painter, which accounts for his great neatness. He gained the prize at the R.A. for drawing, and was told, on being presented with it by the President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, that it was

the best design that had received the award of the Academy. This eulogium, I have no doubt, was just. His early sketch-books and academical studies show a perfect command of the human figure, and great promise.

"Howard was sent by the Academy to study at Rome, where he remained several years. Here he made great progress, and his outlines from the antique are admirable. He also made copies in oil from the old masters, and also oil sketches from nature in the environs of Rome, full of taste and talent.

"On his return from Rome, he copied some pictures at Chiswick House, where my father made his acquaintance, which continued through life. At this time he had a most severe illness (tape-worm), and he was given over.

"He married a daughter of old Reinagle's, a most amiable person. They had a large family, and lived happy and united. He died at an advanced age from paralysis, occasioned, it was supposed, by the absorption of white lead into his system while painting a cartoon for the House of Lords.

"Howard was an ardent admirer of the antique, and believed that all excellency came from Greek statuary. He was very well read in heathen mythology, and his early pictures on his return from Italy have a fine classical feeling. His genius lay in floating female figures and fairy scenes. He also painted subjects from early Greek and Roman history.

"It appears to me that to paint classical subjects one should have that race of humanity for models.

And certainly this view is borne out by Howard, whose classical feeling declined from the time of his leaving Rome, and partook more and more of the Saxon or home type among whom he lived.

"His first sketches for his pictures, which he made small in oils, are always his best, and are, in my judgment, the finest mythological subjects I have seen by an English hand, not excepting Etty. I do not suppose, however, that had he carried out his style to his utmost wish, his pictures would have been saleable, being incompatible with public taste; and having to earn a livelihood, he fell back on portraiture, in which he was not so happy. His heads are always in good drawing, in which respect he stood next Lawrence; and his method of painting was safe and durable, he being averse to all experiments; but still his portraits are not attractive, and his colouring is dull, and too brown.

"Not holding the first position, he laboured under the great disadvantage of having ordinary models. I have heard him bitterly complain of this. He had to paint vulgar people with disgusting features, before which the genius of a Gainsborough must have quailed. But when he obtained a pretty sitter, his pictures were admired. He often exhibited pictures of two of his daughters in fancy costume, that always sold. When a child, I remember being painted by him myself, running barefoot between two country girls in a shower of rain. This was purchased by some nobleman. But his heart was in 'fairy land,' and some of his scenes, especially his early ones, if not first-rate, possess great merit.

"His pictures stand well; they were painted in macgilp (he made it himself by pouring oil on litharge), and look brighter now than the pictures which eclipsed them in Somerset House. He was a better draftsman than a colorist, and like Constable, was fond of altering. He never knew when to stop, and made bad figures wooden and spiritless by working on them too long. When one is unpopular, one gets out of heart and loses confidence in oneself.

"It is pleasing to think how many painters of that time, careless of gain, devoted their talents to their profession, and strove to improve public taste. Howard was one of these; he was a most amiable person, bore an unblemished character, and served the office of Secretary to the Royal Academy with much credit and ability. One wishes he had been more successful.

"JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.

"It is said you may tell a man by his paintings as you may by his handwriting. I knew Constable's paintings long before I knew Constable, and formed a very wrong estimate of his character. His paintings give one the idea of a positive, conceited person, whereas any one more diffident of his own powers could not be. Once, not long before his death, when I was with him on Heston steeple, he scratched on the leads those well-known lines of John Milton where he describes Fame as the last infirmity of noble minds, and introduces the Fury with her abhorred shears. Constable could not have described his own character better.

"From his first start in life he was always making some great preparation to render himself worthy of notice: a point from which in his own eyes he seemed always receding. He seemed to think his works would never live: and very few of his brother artists either. He certainly underrated himself. Landscape painters are never popular, and had he carried his own style as far as he was desirous, it is doubtful if he had found more admirers.

"It was one of the dicta of that time, that in proportion as you individualized, you lost in general effect. Constable's great aim was breadth, tone, and moral sentiment. I suppose he meant by moral sentiment that a good picture is calculated to produce a humanizing effect. It is probable that to these ideas he sacrificed detail and correct drawing.

"It was Constable's persuasion that you should always work in one material: if a water-colour painter, that you should take Nature in water-colour; if an oil-painter, in oil. Not that he rigidly carried out his own views, as he always had a small sketch-book with him in which he noted down anything that struck him; but his sketching, both in water-colour and pencil, was very inferior to his oils.

"When a young man in Essex, he did a number of oil sketches, which have much of the fine feeling of Gainsborough, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer, and at that time an imitator. Later he aimed exclusively at originality. There were a great number of oil sketches sold at his sale, done on the principle that there is no outline in nature. They are full of truth and genius, and possess more variety

than his pictures. That such productions did not find admirers was not the fault of the artist; but they required to be seen not simply by the eye, but by the mind.

"His great aim, as I have said, was originality, and to take something fresh from nature; he was of opinion that young artists greatly impaired their original powers by copying from prints instead of nature. It is not easy—perhaps it is impossible—to divest oneself of surrounding influences, and all painting, like all writing, seems stamped with the impression of its own times. It is not to be denied that Constable was an original painter, but he would take objects, as vistas of trees, in ordinary points of view, which proved less unlike others than he was apt to imagine.

"He considered spring and midsummer as the stirring times for the landscape painter, and not autumn. In his opinion an old tree, half decayed and almost leafless, presented no fitter subject to the painter than an emaciated old man. The idea of taking nature in its full blood is strongly urged by Laresse, yet surely nature has a charm under every point of view. If fine old oak scenery is not the picturesque, it seems hopeless to seek it. Still Constable was the first, I believe, in this country who ceased to paint grass yellow ochre, although it appears to me that we are now in the other extreme. For by the non-employment of yellow, green pictures show a want of sunlight, and allowance is not made for the yellow of the frame, especially at the edge of the picture; still Constable is entitled to great praise for

having brought the art back to a truer standard. Green is the colour for trees, and the midsummer shoot gives the green in its greatest variety.

"It has been well said of photography that it strikes nature dead. Constable's great aim was to give freshness and motion. I have seen him lying at the foot of a tree watching the motion of the leaves, and pointing out its beauty. He would also stand gazing at the bottom of a ditch, and declare he could see the finest subjects for painting.

"By the French he has always been considered our best landscape-painter, and he was much admired by Louis Philippe, who purchased one of his best pictures—a waggon and three horses passing a brook, of which Constable used to tell as follows: 'That's a good picture, sir,' said the old attendant at Somerset House—'so natural, all the frost on the trees.' It was a midsummer. People always mistook his dog-days for Christmas. Fuseli used to say, 'Where is my great-coat? I am going to see Mr. Constable's pictures.' As I have heard Constable say, Do away with this crispness, and all the merit of my painting is destroyed.

"His great object was to obtain the glitter and sparkle of nature after a shower; and for this purpose, passing by the oak and elm, our two first trees, he took the white poplar and the ash—the one for the leaf, the other for the bark. This I had from himself, and it is a key to his pictures. A French *paysagiste* once came from Paris to request him to show him his method of painting. Constable said he should have been most happy to meet his wishes, but

that unfortunately he had no method, and got his pictures up he did not know how. This I had from Mr. Field, who was present. Yet certainly a method he had, and very unlike other people, which was to dead colour in white and black, or vermilion and Prussian blue. He used the spatula freely, and the vehicle he employed enabled him to plaster. This was copal varnish and linseed oil diluted in turpentine. He made a sketch of equal size with his picture, and some of these sketches are more spirited than his pictures from them. His fault was working too much, and like many another not appreciated by the public, mistaking alteration for improvement.

"He had his colours from Field, who was celebrated for his madders, which he used freely, as well as ultramarine. The madder and blue form a purple, and his clouds are purple instead of grey; but time may improve them in this respect. In his early pictures, where I consider he is true to nature as regards colour, he employed vermilion and light red.

"When at work he was life and soul in his subject, and the last time I saw him he told me he once put on his great-coat, and sallied forth in a snow-storm to Hampstead Heath to sketch an ash for some picture he was about.

"He was acquainted with Archdeacon Fisher, and painted for him Salisbury Cathedral, and several views in that neighbourhood. I have stood on the exact spot from which he took the cathedral, which is very like, though not sufficiently confined for his style of painting. Old Sarum, too, is among his most interesting productions.

"I knew David Lucas, the engraver, well; he was almost exclusively engraver to Constable; at least, Constable was always out of temper if he took a plate from elsewhere. While Constable lived this was well enough, but at his death Lucas had to make fresh connexions.

"Always soaring to the unattainable, Constable was never satisfied with the plates; and having once kept Lucas at alterations on a large plate, I think, Salisbury Cathedral, he said at last, 'Lucas, I only wish you could bring it to the state it was nine months ago.'

"Of the plates by Lucas, two small ones are the best, and of these one of the most successful is 'Clearing up of a Storm.' Though admirable chiaroscuro, in which he excelled, they are all on too dark a scale; but this was much against the better judgment of the engraver. He did one etching, of which I have an impression, but in his work there is a want of lightness of touch, and it is simply a curiosity.

"It must be conceded that these plates, though somewhat dull, are most original, and must always stand high in the estimation of the lovers of English landscape. Constable lost a large sum by them. I doubt if he ever supported himself by his profession; but he painted simply for fame, and not for remuneration. He has left some half-finished lectures on landscape-painting, but they contain little new matter, and do not exceed mediocrity.

"Constable was born at East Bergholt, Essex, and, like Rembrandt, was the son of a miller, but in easy

circumstances. He was highly respectable, and a most agreeable person, by far the most agreeable artist I ever knew. He had a great flow of words, and was well informed. He was devotedly attached to his wife, who married him, I have heard, against her father's approval. She died of consumption, which threw a gloom over Constable's after-life, from which he never rallied. He died suddenly, much respected by all who knew him. In height he was above the average; dark hair and eyes, and pleasing expression; Roman nose. His likeness was taken after death by his friend, Mr. Leslie; it is not unlike, but there is a death expression about it which makes it unpleasing. As I write, June 10th, 1861, John Constable stands next to Gainsborough as a painter of English landscape. Whoever passes him will paint well indeed.

"SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

"I knew a Devonshire lady, years ago, who knew Sir Joshua. I said, 'He must have been a very interesting person.' She seemed to differ; she said his deafness made him unfit for society; and she seemed to describe him as a bore."

One of Turner's oldest and dearest friends was — Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley Hall, near Otley, in Yorkshire. With this kind and hospitable squire Turner became acquainted about 1802, on one of his early topographical tours in Yorkshire, either to visit Richmond for Whittaker, or to sketch for Lord Harewood, who lives not far from Farnley.

Some ten thousand pounds' worth of his water-colour drawings and oil-pictures still adorn the walls

of the house; in the drawing-room, shining yet like a sun, is the great picture of "Dort," while on the surrounding walls are the "Red Cap," "Rembrandt's Daughter," a most poetical figure-picture, and an oil-painting representing the Victory, with the body of Nelson on board, in three positions, as she was seen approaching Portsmouth.

Farnley Hall looks down on the Wharfe, the river that flows beneath the walls of Bolton Abbey, one of Turner's favourite scenes. Those rounded scaurs that he all his life delighted in, and to some semblance of which he even moulded the eternal Alps, stretch in a misty and sun-barred line opposite the peacock-guarded terraces of the fine old Carolan hall.

At Farnley he delighted to be; there he shot and fished, and was as merry and playful as a child. There is still extant an exquisite water-colour drawing by him of a grouse that he himself shot and then immortalized. There is also a drawing by him of Mr. Fawkes' tent on the moors, some six miles off; the servant is drawing corks, and the luncheon is being prepared. It was on one of these occasions that, returning from shooting, nothing would satisfy Turner but driving the present Mr. Fawkes home a rough way, partly through fields, and in a tandem. Need I say that this precarious vehicle was soon capsized, amid shouts of good-humoured laughter? and henceforward, for that reason, Turner was known at Farnley by the nickname of "Over-Turner." A caricature of him by Mr. Fawkes still exists at Farnley. It is thought by old friends very like. It shows us a little Jewish-nosed man in an ill-cut brown tail-coat,

striped waistcoat, and enormous frilled shirt; his feet and hands are notably small. He sketches on a small piece of paper held down almost level with his waist.

The Farnley portfolios abound with his sketches of the house and estate, all rapidly but beautifully wrought; some are rough, some are *chef-d'œuvres*, particularly a brook-side with wood-flowers, and a water-scene. He drew the oak-panelled study and the white drawing-room, the Cromwell relics, and the staircase; the porches (one designed by himself), and the conservatory: the latter a beautiful fairy-like drawing of a greenhouse studded with grapes, hung with gay Chinese lanterns, crossed with errant sunbeams, and wonderfully elaborate in execution.

The Farnley collection also includes a matchless series of drawings, forming a complete Rhenish tour. There are, I think, fifty-three; they were done at the prodigious rate of three a day, and are miracles of skill, genius, and industry.

On his return from this particular tour, Turner landed at Hull, and came straight to Farnley. Before he had even taken off his great-coat he produced these drawings, rolled up slovenly and anyhow, from his breast-pocket. Mr. Fawkes, for some 500*l.*, bought them all, much, I have no doubt, to Turner's delight, for he could not bear that any series of his should be broken. He then said that Mr. Fawkes should have no expense in mounting them, and he stuck them rudely on cardboard with wafers, to the infinite detriment of the drawings, as it was found when they came to be re-mounted.

These Rhenish drawings are most exquisite for sad tenderness, for purity, twilight poetry, truth, and perfection of harmony. They are to the eye what the finest verses of Tennyson are to the ear. They do what so few things on earth do: *completely satisfy* the mind. Few of them are gorgeous in colour; most are in a minor key, somewhat subdued and regretful, as if the present Rhine were not quite the Rhine of his earlier days. There is one, I remember, I christened "The Primrose," from the pale, tender yellow atmosphere that wraps the whole scene. Perhaps one of the most matchless is the saddest of all: "Twilight in the Lorelei," all grey and dim, but just a speck of light here and there from boats on the river.

Turner was so sensitive that he could never make up his mind to visit Farnley after his old friend's death; but when Mr. Fawkes went to London on one occasion, he took the Rhine drawings to show Turner. When they came to the grey Lorelei, tears sprang out of the old man's eyes, and glancing his hand over the faint light in the sky and water, as if he were working, he groaned, "But Hawkey—but Hawkey!" as much as to say:

"When, ah! woful *when*,
How far unlike the now and then."

"One stormy day at Farnley," says Mr. Fawkes, Turner called to me loudly from the doorway, "Hawkey—Hawkey!—come here—come here! Look at this thunder-storm! Isn't it grand?—isn't it wonderful?—isn't it sublime?

"All this time he was making notes of its form and colour on the back of a letter. I proposed some

better drawing-block, but he said it did very well. He was absorbed—he was entranced. There was the storm rolling and sweeping and shafting out its lightning over the Yorkshire hills. Presently the storm passed, and he finished. 'There,' said he, 'Hawkey; in two years you will see this again, and call it 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps.'"

At Farnley there is a drawing of a man-of-war, complete, elaborate, and intricate, with a fine frothy troubled sea in the foreground. Mr. Fawkes saw Turner do it in three hours. He tore up the sea with his eagle-claw of a thumb-nail, and worked like a madman, yet the detail is full and delicate, and there is no sign of hurry. There is also a large fir in one of the Farnley drawings, that is so true, so vigorous, so matchless, that it not only shows that Turner could draw the fir when he chose, but that he might have been one of the finest painters of trees the world ever saw.

When Mr. Fawkes went to London, he would go and sit in the Queen Anne-street Gallery for hours, but he was never shown the painting-room. On one occasion he invited Turner to dinner at a London hotel, and Turner took, as usual latterly, a great deal too much wine. For once he became vain, and staggering about, said, "Hawkey, I am the real lion—I am the great lion of the day, Hawkey."

In one of his foreign tours, Mr. Fawkes, in his travelling carriage circling round the Simplon, past those blessed hospices and through those wonderful rock-galleries, suddenly met a well-known little thickset man, walking, with no luggage except a large faded

umbrella. It was Turner—truly this was a self-supporting man.

The Farnley collection of Turners, valuable, not only intrinsically, but specially, as consisting of unengraved pictures, has for its sun the luminous "Dort," a favourite picture of the painter's. There are some almost monochrome but powerful water-colour Swiss scenes of 1804. One of a jagged glacier, shattered pine, and goats, is especially fine. There are sketches also of the Colosseum and St. Peter's, somewhat wanting in solidity; a fine fancy sketch of the Pyramids, and a poetical but rather flimsy one of Stonehenge.

A very beautiful cold bright frosty morning scene, "Flounder-Fishing off Battersea," is remarkable for two large and very humorous figures of old boatmen, excellent for character. The name of the boat is The Owner's Delight—one little triangular white flounder glitters in the net; the frost is white on the rueful old man's beard.

For poetry of time and place, and graceful appropriateness, the "Ulverstone Sands" delights me; the water on the sands is so transparent—the distance is so truly admirable. The accident to the diligence on Mont Cenis is equally wonderful for local effect, for the dazzle and glimmer of snow. The Scarborough is radiant with golden colour—the Swiss scenes are full of graceful figures. The sea in the "Red Cap" (oil picture) is perfect for motion and sweep.

The "Rembrandt's Daughter" is a beautiful day-dream, and there is a comely, plump prettiness and poetry about the Dutch girl as she stands by her

bedside, blanched in the sunshine, and reading the love-letter, which her majestic father, coming in behind, is about to detect.

Twenty-four years running one of those wonders of the North, a goose-pie, was sent to Turner from Yorkshire. The twenty-fifth pie was already packed when news reached Farnley that Turner was dead.

One of the letters acknowledging the annual present, I am enabled to give, through the kindness of Mr. Fawkes. It is dated December 24, 1849, two years before his death. It is curious, as an intelligent friend of mine remarks, to observe the quaint and somewhat contradictory ceremoniousness of the letter that begins "Dear Hawkesworth," and ends with "your obliged servant," a conventional deference that is almost royal. The letter runs thus. The postmark is "Queen's Road, Chelsea":—

"Dear Hawkesworth,—Mother Goose came to a rehearsal before Christmas day, having arrived on Saturday for the knife, and could not be resisted in my drinking your good health in a glass of wine to all friends at Farnley Hall, also wishing happiness and the *compts of the season to all.* The pie is in most excellent taste, and shall drink the same *thanks* on Christmas day. Many thanks for the brace of pheasants and hares—by the same train—indeed, I think it fortunate, for with all the strife and strike of pokers and stokers for the railroads—their commons every day growing worse—in shareholders and directors squabbling about the winding up the last Bill,

to come to some end for those lines known or supposed to be in difficulty.

"Ruskin has been in Switzerland with his whife this summer, and now said to be in Venice. Since the revolution shows not any damage to the works of high art it contains, in Rome not so much as might have been expected. Had the 'Transfiguration' occupied its old situation, the St. Pietro Montoreo, it most possibly must have suffered, for the church is completely riddled with shot and balls. The convent on Mount Aventine much battered with cannon balls, and Casino Magdalene, near the Porto Angelino, nearly destroyed, occurred by taking and storming the Bastion No. 8.

"This is from an eye-witness who has returned to London since the siege by Gen. Oudinot.

"I am sorry to say my health is much on the wain. I cannot bear the same fatigue, or have the same bearing against it, I formerly had—but time and tide stop not—but I must stop writing for to-day, and so I again beg to thank you for the Christmas present.

"Believe me most truly,

"Your oblidged servant,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"W. H. Fawkes, Esq., Farnley Hall."

The letter is curious as showing that an involved and confused style, and uncertain spelling, were characteristics of Turner's letters up to the very close of his days.

But amongst the wonderful proofs at Farnley of

the versatility of Turner's genius, I should not forget the Civil War illustrations—elaborate vignettes, full of thought and poetry; and the drawings of birds, wonderful for minute truth and gorgeously delicate in colour. There is a heron's head ludicrously strong, a peacock that is all green velvet and amethyst, a game-cock that is a perfect constellation of warm colour, doves all opaline and mother-of-pearl, with varying green, glances of rose and glimmers of purple.

Another old friend of Turner's, Mr. Rose, of Jersey, furnishes me with the following reminiscences of Turner *en famille*, memories undimmed by the flight of twenty-six years:—

"I fancy I can see him trudging down the avenue something after the manner of Paul Pry, by which I mean that an umbrella invariably accompanied him; rain or sunshine, storm or calm, there was that old faded article tucked under his arm. Now, the umbrella answered a double purpose, for by some contrivance the stick could be separated from the other parts; this then formed a fishing-rod, being hollow, with several joints running one into the other. I have seen him sitting patiently for hours by the side of a piece of water belonging to the property; his piscatory propensities keeping up his excitement, though perhaps without even a single nibble; yet it must not be understood that he was always unlucky, for when fortune favoured him in securing any of the finny tribe, it was not long before we were made acquainted with his success, at which he appeared as much pleased as a boy from school.

"Cowley Hall is about fifteen miles from London. This distance he generally walked, coming in heated and tired, carrying a small carpet-bag, which was kept like a sealed book, never allowing the key to go out of his possession. The ladies tried various means to induce him to give up its possession, ostensibly to arrange his articles of clothing which they presumed it contained, though it must be confessed that female curiosity was the predominating cause; but he clung as tenaciously to his key as a miser to his gold. On one occasion, on his returning from fishing, he came in wet and tired—a sudden shower of rain having fallen, his umbrella having been metamorphosed into a fishing-rod—the servant was sent to the bedroom for his slippers; only one was to be found. Here was an opportunity not to be missed; the ladies ordered the servant to bring down the carpet-bag, hoping, doubtless, to obtain a glimpse of its contents; but a sly look from our friend, with a peculiar shrug of his shoulders, and the two monosyllables 'No, no,' effectually put to flight their hopes; as a *dernier ressort*, one then offered to take his key and bring down the slipper. To that he replied, 'I never give it up;' and they never learnt its contents. 'The man with the carpet-bag' was not then known, or doubtless he would have obtained that *sobriquet*. The name, however, by which he was known at our house was certainly not very euphonious; how it was obtained I can scarcely surmise, unless it was his manner and figure, which was short and thick; but it was a common expression on seeing him approach the entrance, to cry 'Here comes Old Pogey.'

"Mrs. R—— had a pet spaniel, which was one day lying in her lap; Turner was seated close by, reading; a sudden impulse induced her to ask him to make a drawing of her favourite. The R.A. opened his eyes with astonishment, at the same time replying, 'My dear madam, you do not know what you ask.' The lady afterwards went by the name of 'My dear Madam,' by the friends who were present at the time.

"On one occasion, after the ladies had retired, Turner and myself were left alone; there was on the table a large jug of water and a bottle of Cognac. Turner had never been very communicative, and I little anticipated what was going to take place, and here I must express my regret at not noting what would have been highly interesting—he gave me a slight sketch of his travels, related during the course of the evening, but of which, from the lapse of time, I have but a very faint recollection. He took me up and down the Pyrenees, describing various scenes. I recollect asking him if he had seen the Falls of Gavarnie, to which he replied in the negative. He then branched off to various places, one was the Fall of Foyers, in Scotland; this is brought to my mind by the umbrella, for I recollect his stating that he had one blown out of his hand by a sudden gust of wind, and whirled down some great depth. During the evening I mentioned my intention of spending a few months in Jersey the ensuing summer. He remarked that, should I cross over to St. Malo, I was to be sure to proceed by the Rance to Dinan, as that river afforded many picturesque scenes, and the views were the most pleasant in that neighbourhood.

During the course of the evening his tumbler had never been emptied; first a dash of brandy, then an addition of water, and thus he continued, never entirely exhausting its contents, until it struck two in the morning, when, quietly remarking it was getting rather late, we separated each to our domiciles.

"On one occasion I had the audacity to ask him if he painted his clouds from nature. One has heard of 'calling up a look.' The words had hardly passed my lips when I saw my *gaucherie*. I was afraid I had roused a thunderstorm; however, my lucky star predominated, for, after having eyed me for a few moments with a slight frown, he growled out, 'How would you have me paint them?' Then seizing upon his fishing-rod, and turning upon his heel, he marched indignantly out of the house to the water's-edge. Two ladies, Mrs. R—— and Mrs. H——, once paid him a visit in Harley-street, an extremely rare (in fact, if not the only) occasion of such an occurrence, for it must be known he was not fond of parties prying, as he fancied, into the secrets of his *ménage*. On sending in their names, after having ascertained he was at home, they were politely requested to walk in, and were shown into a large sitting-room without a fire; this was in the depth of winter; lying about in various places were several cats without tails. In a short time our talented friend made his appearance, asking the ladies if they felt cold. The youngest replied in the negative; her companion, more curious, wished she had stated otherwise, as she hoped they might have been shown into his sanctum or studio. After a little conversa-

tion, he offered them wine and biscuits, which they partook of for the novelty, such an event being almost unprecedented at his house. During the time the ladies were present, one began to notice his cats, which caused him to remark that he had seven, and that they came from the Isle of Man.

"On the first occasion of Turner visiting at Cowley Hall, on the morning after he had left, one of the servants came to Mrs. R—— with several shillings in her hand, stating she had found the silver under the pillow where Mr. Turner had slept, and asking her mistress what she should do with it. She was told it was doubtless intended for herself, but on his next visit she would soon learn if it had been left in mistake. Such, however, did not appear to be the case, for under the pillow was always a little mine of the *argentum vivum*, or silver that will slip through the fingers."

I here append several extracts from the letters of a lady in Jersey referring to Turner:—

"Sept. 23, 1831.—Mr. Turner is returned from Scotland, where the weather has been very boisterous, and his health not improved by the excursion. He is building in the neighbourhood of Rickmansworth, and I believe he will be there before we leave.

"Jan. 10, 1840.—The Maws are at Hastings. They invited Turner down, but he did not go to pass the Christmas. He always inquires after you, and desires his kind regards.

"April 18, 1840.—I have not seen Mr. Turner lately; he has been fully occupied preparing for the opening of the Academy.

"Jan. 7, 1842.—J. M. W. T. is very well. He was very much shocked at the demise of his old friend, Sir F. Chantrey; but grief will not long hang upon his *mind*, and so much the better, as it answers but little purpose.

"April 14, 1842.—I think I wrote you Turner had been very ill; he is now better, but it has shook him a great deal. He is living by rule.

"October 6, 1843. Brighton.—J. W. T. did not go with us or join us this year, but I hear he is safely landed on this side the water again."

CHAPTER IV.

TURNER AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

TURNER was devoted to the Academy, with all its faults. It had been quick to see his genius, and to confer on him honours. He had been a student at the Academy, and was now an Academician. He felt for it the affection a child does for its mother, for his great heart was very susceptible of gratitude. There is a singular story that bears on this subject. The day poor wrong-headed Haydon ended his untoward life, Mr. Maclise called upon Turner to tell him of the horrible catastrophe. The narrator's imagination was roused to the uttermost by the suddenness and ghastliness of the event. To his astonishment Turner scarcely stopped painting, and merely growled out between his teeth,

"He stabbed his mother, he stabbed his mother."

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Maclise, so excited that he was prepared for any new terror. "You don't mean to say, Turner, that Haydon ever committed a crime so horrible?"

Still Turner made no other reply, but slowly chanted in a deep, slow voice,

"He stabbed his mother, he stabbed his mother."

Nothing but this could his startled friend wring from him, and as he left the house, "He stabbed his mother, he stabbed his mother," still pursued Maclise down the passage. It was not till he reached home, and before spreading the story sat down quietly to think over what Turner could mean by such a horrid charge, that he came to the true conclusion that Turner had merely figuratively alluded to the ingratitude of Haydon's attacks on the Academy that had educated him.

Turner, in Academic matters, was essentially conservative.

It is not for me to impugn the motives of Turner's steady fidelity to the Royal Academy. He was one of the most generous and grateful of men, and essentially conservative in feeling. The Academy had early recognised his genius; he was nearly half a century an Academician. He had received no check or injury from the R.A.'s, and was grateful to a body that had always been his friend. In art he owed nothing to them—but his bad drawing of the figure.

With the Royal Academy I myself have little sympathy. It was founded by intrigue. It was always servile to royalty; it gains its useless heaps of money by exhibiting the pictures of non-members, who share no profits of such exhibition. The R.A.'s pretend to teach art, and they teach nothing. They are the antagonists of all growth and improvement. They too often use their power to insult and injure their opponents, to exalt and unduly puff their friends. They encourage no large-minded

genius; they detest originality; they have enrolled in their body some of the worst painters of this or of any other age; their schools are useless, their lectures profitless, their library is a monopoly, and their titles are shams. Let us review their origin.

In 1711, Sir Godfrey Kneller instituted a private academy; and in 1724, Sir James Thornhill built one at the back of his own house, in Covent-garden, giving tickets to all who applied for them. The artists disliking, however, this sense of obligation, turned an old meeting-house into a school of art, but it lasted only a few years. In 1734, on Sir James's death, Hogarth bought the apparatus of the abandoned academy, and founded a school of thirty or forty persons, first in Arundel-street, then in Peter's-court, St. Martin's-lane. A committee of sixteen members, chosen annually, collected the subscriptions and managed the affairs. The Turk's Head, Gerrard-street, Soho, became then a rendezvous for artists and a nucleus for future union.

As early as 1753, an attempt was made by the St. Martin's-lane Society to found an Academy, but the scheme failed. In 1755, the plan was renewed, and a pamphlet published, signed by the following artists and amateurs:

Hayman, Moser, Roubiliac, Hudson, Lambert, Scot, Strange, Shackleton, Hoare, Grignon, Ellys, Ware, Dalton, Payne, Reynolds, Wale, Hamilton, Sandby, Geo. Carter, Astley, Pine, and Newton.

The Dilettanti Society were then negotiated with, but the members being refused all share in the government of the new Academy, withdrew their

aid., and so the affair again dropped to the ground.

In 1759, the artists, at a meeting at the Turk's Head, agreed to institute an Annual Exhibition, the funds obtained by which were to be devoted to relieve aged or infirm brothers of the same profession. In 1760, the first exhibition was held at a room in the Strand, opposite Beaufort-buildings, belonging to the Society of Arts. To this exhibition sixty-nine artists contributed a hundred and fifty works.

Some disagreement ensuing in 1761 between the artists, some of them exhibited at an auction-room in Spring-gardens, and others in the room of the Society of Arts. The Spring-gardens faction called themselves the "Society of Artists of Great Britain;" Hogarth aiding them, exhibiting with them, and illustrating two of their catalogues.

In 1767, Mr. Dalton, a librarian to the King, obtained the King's name for the Spring-gardens Society, took premises in Pall Mall in the name of the Royal Academy, and removed all the figures from St. Martin's-lane.

In 1765, the Strand Society, enrolled as the "Free Society of Artists," exhibited in a large room in Maiden-lane; and in 1767, exhibited at the bottom of the Haymarket. It lingered till 1779, exhibiting first at Cumberland House, Pall-Mall, then in St. Alban's-street.

The other society lingered on at the Lyceum, and died out in 1791.

The quarrels of the artists continuing, in November, 1768, eight directors sent in their resignation, and

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co-operated with sixteen others who had been ejected. These eight were:

J. Wilton.	W. Chambers.
E. Penny.	G. M. Moser.
R. Wilson.	P. Sandby.
B. West.	F. M. Newton.

The King promising his support, intrigued for by West, a meeting was called, laws drawn up, and on December 10th, 1768, the Royal Academy of London was founded. Reynolds, president; Chambers, treasurer; Newton, secretary; Moser, keeper; Penny, professor of painting; and Dr. William Hunter, professor of anatomy.

The incorporated society instantly started a studio over the famous Cyder Cellar, Maiden-lane. Mr. Woollett, the engraver, was their secretary till 1773; he was succeeded by Mr. John Hamilton, landscape-painter; and in 1774, by Mr. Isaac Taylor.

The British Institution for Promoting the Fine Arts was established 1805, the year that the Society of Painters in Water-Colours started, in 20, Lower Brook-street, Bond-street. The Associated Artists in Water-Colours originated in 1808.

The St. Martin's-lane Academy, held in Peter's-court, Roubiliac's old room, had consisted of the following members:

G. F. Moser, first keeper to the Royal Academy; Francis Hayman, Hogarth's friend and boon companion; Samuel Wale, a book illustrator; C. B. Cipriani; Allan Ramsay; F. M. Newton; Charles Cotton, the best of coach-painters; J. Zoffany, theatrical portrait-painter; Collins, a sculptor; Jeremy

Meyer; William Woollett, the celebrated engraver; Anthony Walker, also an engraver; Linnel, a wood-carver; the well-known John Mortimer; Rubensten, a drapery drudge to portrait painters; James Paine, son of the architect who built the Lyceum; Tilly Kettle, who went to the East, and got rich and bilious painting nabobs; William Pars, sent for three years to Greece by the Dilettanti Society to draw antiquities; Vandergucht, a painter, afterwards a picture-dealer; Charles Grignon, the engraver; C. Norton, Charles Sherlocks, and Charles Bilt, all engravers; Richmond Keeble, Evans, and Black; Russell, the crayon painter; Roper and Parsons; Richard Cosway, the little miniature painter; W. Marlowe, a respectable landscape painter; Messrs. Griggs, Rowe, Dubourg, J. Taylor, T. S. Dance, J. Seton, and T. Ratcliffe, all pupils of the gay Frank Hayman; Richard Earlom, the engraver of the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude; J. A. Gresse, who taught George III.'s queen drawing; Giuseppe Marchi, one of Reynolds's assistants; Thomas Beech, Lambert, and Reid, pupils of Roubiliac; Biagio Rebecca, a decorator; Richard Wilson; William Hogarth; Terry; Lewis Lattifere; David Martin; Burgess; Burch, the medallist; John Collett, an imitator of Hogarth; and Joseph Nollekens, the sculptor.

There is a picture, painted for George III. by Zoffany, at Buckingham Palace, which contains portraits of all the early academicians. It was engraved in mezzotinto by Earlom, in 1773. In the centre is Reynolds, with his speaking-trumpet, talking to J. M. Newton, the secretary, and between them is Sir William

Chambers, listening. Behind Newton are John Richards, William Tyler, and Thomas Sandby, the last of whom is talking to Paul Sandby. Behind him are Dominic Serres, Jeremiah Meyer, and Tan-Chet-Gua, a Chinese artist. In front of these are Wilton the sculptor, and George Barret. In the left corner are Benjamin West, John Gwynn, and J. B. Cipriani. In the front is Zoffany; to the right, leaning on a drawing-board, is Mason Chamberlin, and next him, Francis Hayman, Hogarth's friend, looking at the model. On the right from Reynolds are Dr. W. M. Hunter, Bartolozzi, and Carlini; and above them is Wilson. In front are Charles Cotton, the carriage-painter; Richard Geo. Samuel Wale, the sign-painter; Edward Penny, the drawing-master; and Peter Toms, Reynolds's drapery painter. Moser is placing the model. There are also Zuccarelli, Hone, Cosway, William Hoare, and Nollekens. On the wall are the portraits of Angelica Kauffman and Mrs. Moser.

There is a picture by Ramberg, representing the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1789; the size of the room was about 60 by 48. In the centre is George III., attended by Reynolds and West, and beside him is some bishop or archbishop; on the left-hand wall is Opie's "Death of Rizzio," and facing it, Northcote's "Death of Wat Tyler," both now in the Council-room, Guild-hall. Beneath the Opie, is Reynolds's picture of the "Heads of Angels," now in the National Gallery. In the middle wall, high up, is Black's portrait of Tattersall, the horse-dealer; and beneath is Lady St. Asaph, by Reynolds. In the centre is West's "Shipwreck of St. Paul;" afterwards painted larger

for the altar-piece of the chapel at Greenwich Hospital.

In Brandoin's picture of the Exhibition of 1771, the chief centre picture is Barry's "Adam and Eve;" and Dr. Johnson and the King are again introduced.

Turner objected to leaving Somerset House, and hoped to see the day when the Royal Academy would be rich enough to construct a building for itself. This feeling made him careful in the extreme as to the expenditure in the establishment, excepting for benevolence, to which he never shut his ear or his heart; he was long one of the auditors of the accounts, and as zealous as useful in his duty. His desire to honour and reward meritorious officers in the establishment was evinced when Sir Robert Smirke, the late treasurer, first offered his resignation. Turner rose in the general meeting, and would not sit down until he had induced the members not to accept the tender, but to beg the worthy treasurer to continue in office, which offer was gratefully acceded to by Sir R. Smirke, who retained the office for many years after.

Turner liked much to be in temporary office as visitor to the Royal Academy; he liked the authority, as he liked the companionship; yet it was always difficult to get him to receive the usual pecuniary remuneration. He took it, it is true; but he took it with a protest, for money had not in this instance been his object.

Mr. Leslie says Turner's speeches were "confused and tedious." Mr. Jones describes him as irresolute

in business details. There is no doubt that his speeches at the Academy councils were extremely difficult to listen to. He spoke in a deep and latterly indistinct voice. You saw the great man's mouth move, and certain sounds proceed therefrom, out of which you seldom picked more than "Mr. President" and "namely," the words which Turner used to return to when he had hopelessly entangled himself in the subtleties of his own rhetoric; and through all this mumbling confusion the bells of St. Martin's broke in, merrily and mischievously, with their

ONE TWO—THREE FOUR — FIVE SIX—SEVEN EIGHT
ONE THREE TWO FOUR
FIVE SEVEN SIX EIGHT

then came a lull, through which again you heard "Mr. President," and "namely."

Of Turner's academic speeches, opaque as they were, little can be said. Most impartial people thought that, though undeveloped and obscure, they nearly always tended to the right thing. His opinions on art were listened to with respect, but his judgment on business matters secured little attention. Sometimes it was really difficult to know what he did mean; but the haze, as in his pictures, generally indicated some great or beautiful thought, grotesque and painful as were the utterances. His thoughts were always deeper than he could find words to express, for the faculty of expression was entirely absent in this dumb poet. Chantrey used to say that both Turner and Wilkie had great thoughts, if they could only express them.

When Turner lectured on Perspective he was often at a loss to find words to express the ideas he wished to communicate. To aid his memory, he would now and then copy out passages, which, when referred to, he could not clearly read. Sometimes he would not make his appearance at all, and the disappointed students were sent away with the excuse that he was either ill or came from home without his lecture. But when the spirit did stir within him, and he could find utterance to his thoughts, he soared as high above the common order of lecturers as he did in the regions of art. His language was often elegant, his ideas original and most attractive; and it is to be regretted that copies of his graphic diagrams, as sketched on the lecture-boards, were not preserved with his notes.

Turner's want of expression rendered him almost useless as a Professor of Perspective, though he took great pains to prepare the most learned diagrams. He confessed that he knew much more of the art than he could explain. His sketch-books contain many drawings evidently made in preparation for these lectures. On one memorable occasion the hour had come for his lecture. The Professor arrived—the buzz of the students subsided. The Professor mounts his desk—every eye is fixed on him and on his black board. But the Professor is uneasy—he is perturbed... He dives now into one pocket—now into the other—no! Now he begins, but what he says is, "Gentlemen, I've been and left my lecture in the hackney-coach." I have no doubt the Professor would rather have painted five epical pictures

than have had to deliver one lecture on Perspective.

Talking of Turner as a teacher, Mr. Ruskin says of his perspective lectures, "The zealous care with which Turner endeavoured to do his duty, is proved by a large existing series of drawings, exquisitely tinted, and often completely coloured, all by his own hand, of the most difficult perspective subjects—illustrating not only directions of line, but effects of light—with a care and completion which would put the work of any ordinary teacher to utter shame. In teaching generally—he would neither waste time nor spare it—he would look over a student's drawing at the Academy, point to a defective part, make a scratch on the paper at the side, say nothing. If the student saw what was wanted, and did it, Turner was delighted; but if the student could not follow, Turner left him."

Turner himself used Hamilton's Perspective. He was fond of puzzling over problems in this science, one special difficulty with some domes he never surmounted; but he used to say to a friend, in his dogged unconquerable way, "I think somehow I could do that yet."

"Turner," says one of his academic friends, speaking of the council meetings, "was ever anxious to allay anger and bitter controversy; often I have heard him, in subdued tones, try to persuade the excited to moderation; he would do this by going behind the speaker, and by a touch or word soothe an acrimonious tone by his gentleness. He was unable to speak, but would by his attempt to express himself delay a question until it received more serious and calm consideration."

When George III. sold Somerset House to the Government, he did so on the condition that his pet chicken—the infant Royal Academy, which he had hatched under his own wings—should not be disturbed; no cast was to be removed, no picture taken away.

Years went on, in due rotation the schools opened, and the annual exhibitions flung wide their doors. By-and-bye the exhibitors increased, says an old Academician, who furnishes me with particulars of Turner's academic habits.

Space was required for displaying the works of art, and the steep ascent to the upper rooms was found to be an inconvenience. At length the Government saw the difficulty in which the Academy was placed, and wishing to appropriate the rooms at Somerset House to public offices, suggested the building a National Gallery; and offering the Royal Academy a location in the same building, which was a most rational project, for the schools should be where the best examples for study and imitation could be found, therefore the proposal was readily received by the greater number of the Academicians; a few dreaded the interference of the Government or the House of Commons if the Academy were established in a building erected at the cost of the public. Long before this period Turner and many other members wished for an Academic home that should be the property of the Institution, and to accomplish this desire endeavoured to amass a sum that might be sufficient for the purpose. However, new members brought with them fresh opinions, and dependence was finally preferred to independence.

Turner, like Chantrey, for whom he had a great affection, was exemplary in his duties as councillor, visitor, or auditor; he was always zealous and attentive; he attended all the general meetings, and never made his excursions abroad until the business of the Academy was suspended by vacation.

At the social meetings of the members, unfrequent as they were, he never failed to appear. At the great dinner before the opening of the exhibition, and at the exhibitors' dinner at its close, he invariably attended, deeming the latter a most important opportunity of getting acquainted with the artists likely to become members of the Institution.

This dinner, unfortunately, is discontinued, and a *soirée* adopted, which fulfils none of the objects proposed by the meeting at a friendly table.

CHAPTER V.

TURNER'S CHARACTER.

When Bird, the son of a Wolverhampton clothier, about 1811, first sent a picture to the Royal Academy —it might have been "Good News," or "Choristers Rehearsing," or some other of those early anticipations of Wilkie and Webster—Turner was one of the "Hanging Committee," as it was opprobriously called. Every one said the picture of the new man had great merit, but there was no place fit for it left unoccupied. Here was a desirable guest, but the inn was full. The R. A.'s looked stolidly content, as people inside an omnibus on a wet day do when the conductor looks in at the window and begs to know "if any jintleman would like to go outside and make room for a lady." The R. A.'s joke and talk. The days of chivalry are past. Turner growls, and is disturbed; he up and says, "that come what may, the young man's picture must have a place." All the others cry "impossible," and go on talking about other things.

But can you stop the lion in mid-leap? Can you drive off a shark by shouting when his teeth have closed on your flesh. This is not a doll man of wax

and sawdust. This is not one of those committee creatures whom lords and ministers pull with a red-tape string, so that it says "yes" and "no," and rolls its eyes at the required moment. This is a Nemean man, a real, stern, honest man, stanch as an English bull-dog, and almost as pertinacious and indomitable.

All this time he is examining the picture, right, left, surface, clear-obscure, touch, colour, character, carefully; he sees it is good, he cries out again and hushes the buzz of voices,—

"We must find a good place for this young man's picture."

"Impossible—impossible," says the gold spectacles again, and more oracularly this time than before.

Turner said no more, but quietly removed one of his own pictures and hung up Bird's.

The last time I went to South Kensington, I stood before that swarthy crimson picture of Turner's, the "Fiery Furnace," the heat of which is so blinding, the black luridness of which is so intense, thinking of how, one April, the painter wished to generously remove this picture, which was hung in a good place, and substitute for it a little picture by his friend Mr. G. Jones, also in the same collection, which was placed far less desirably. But the laws of the Medes and Persians are severe, they would not allow the removal; so the self-sacrifice did not take place.

Turner, who never depreciated a contemporary, never lost an opportunity of doing a kindness. Unlike Dr. Johnson's noble patron, it was the drowning man he leaped in to help; he did not wait till he got

ashore, and then cumbered him with assistance. Turner had the brave self-confidence that genius always has; he never flattered, and he never liked to be flattered. But he was often generous with hints and friendly counsel even to the young and unknown.

Of this generous kindness my friend Mr. Hart, R.A., gives an excellent example. Mr. Hart, as a young man, had sent to the Academy a clever picture of "Galileo in the Dungeon of the Inquisition." It was a thoughtful picture, telling a fine moral of the ingratitude and blindness of his generation to that great benefactor of mankind. Turner evidently liked it much, for he was always too large-hearted for envy. He looked at the picture for a moment, then swept in with a twirl or two of the brush some concentric spheres upon the prison wall. Those simple circles were worth twenty guineas to the young aspirant.

Turner, however fond of money, and the happy independence of the world that it brings, never expressed envy of the wealth of other artists, or ever sought to supersede them in obtaining commissions. When he met them in the public lists, he met them smiling and with open face.

When Turner's picture of "Cologne" was exhibited, in the year 1826, it was hung between two portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of Lady Wallscourt and Lady Robert Manners.

The sky of Turner's picture was exceedingly bright, and it had a most injurious effect on the colour of the two portraits. Lawrence naturally felt mortified, and complained openly at the position of his pictures.

Artists were at that time permitted to retouch their pictures on the walls of the Academy. On the morning of the opening of the Exhibition, at the private view, a friend of Turner's who had seen the "Cologne" in all its splendour, led a group of expectant critics up to the picture. He started back from it in consternation. The golden sky had changed to a dun colour. He ran up to Turner, who was in another part of the room—"Turner, Turner, what have you been doing to your picture?" "Oh!" muttered Turner, in a low voice; "poor Lawrence was so unhappy! It's only lampblack. It'll all wash off after the Exhibition!" He had actually passed a wash of lampblack in water-colour over the sky, and utterly spoiled his picture for the time, and so left it through the Exhibition, lest it should hurt Lawrence's.

Turner for many years, during the Exhibition at Somerset House, was daily indebted to groups of admiring artists, generously occupied in teaching the public to feel the poetry of his original style: whilst he, too great to dread a rival, on being told that Calcott had painted one of his finest scenes on the Thames on commission for two hundred pounds, observed, in the presence of several patrons of the fine arts, "Had I been deputed to set a value upon that picture, I should have awarded a thousand guineas."*

I cannot find it in my heart to alter one word of the following narrative, communicated to me by Mr. Hammersley, the well-known painter. It is so naturally written, so full of generous humility, poetry,

* "Wine and Walnuts," p. 295 (1823).

and feeling, and does so much credit to the writer's heart, that I should think it quite sacrilege to paraphrase in any way facts so admirably related.

Mr. Hammersley says:—

"Many years ago, I should certainly hesitate saying how long, did not the following letter from Turner to my father betray the date, I was supposed to have obtained all the instruction that local artists could give me. My father, with more affection for me—more warmth of hope for me than perception of the audacity of his proceedings—wrote to ask Turner to give me further instructions! I knew nothing of this at the time, nothing for years; indeed, absolutely nothing until I lost a parent whose every thought, word, act, and feeling evidenced perpetual self-sacrifice for my advantage. However little I may have attained towards the ideal he had pictured for me, this much I have obtained—an undying reverence for his truth and love.

"The following is Turner's answer, which I copy verbatim:—

"'47, Queen Ann-street, West, London,
'Dec. 4th, 1848.

"'DEAR SIR,—I have truly, I must say, written three times, and now hesitate; for did I know your son's works, or, as you say, his *gifted merit*, yet even then I would rather advise you to think well, and not be carried away by the admiration which any friendly hopes (which ardent friends to early talent) may assume: they know not the difficulties or the necessities of the culture of the *Fine Arts*, generally speaking. In regard to yourself, it is you alone can judge how

far you are inclined to support him during perhaps a long period of expense; and particularly if you look towards tuition, the more so; for it cannot insure success (however much it may facilitate practice), and therefore it behoves you to weigh well the means in your power before you embark in a profession which requires more care, assiduity, and perseverance than any person can guarantee.

"'I have the honour to be,
'Your humble servant,
'J. M. W. TURNER.'

"Directed—

"'John Hammersley, Esq.,
'Liverpool-road,
'Stoke-upon-Trent,
'Staffordshire Potteries.'

"I leave you to comment upon the latter portion of this letter, which appears to me to contain a world of thought and appreciation of the hugeness of the work Turner had always before him, and of his sense of the responsibility of the artist; contrasting this with the flippancy and self-satisfaction with which outsiders, and *some painters*, look upon the practice of art.

"Later in life, and while holding a Government situation in relation to art, I became acquainted, quite accidentally, but naturally enough, with Leitch Ritchie, the author of the text to Turner's 'Rivers of France.' From this acquaintance several incidents arose relating to Turner, which I will detail to you. It is due to myself, still more to the memory of Turner, to say at once that I am not writing from memory, with a huge interval of time between the

circumstance and its narration here. *At the time* I entered the following particulars in my journal, and you may rely upon the precise accuracy of the language. Many hard things have been said of Turner's want of feeling, of his moroseness, of his parsimony, and of his want of sympathy with others pursuing art through all its doubts and difficulties. What I am about to relate may illustrate some of these points of character; and that one of parsimony is somewhat met by the fact that he was in no hurry to accept whatever my father would have given him for lessons to me, and this would have been whatever Turner might have chosen to ask within any reasonable limits. Turner, in this matter of instruction, was right, as he was right in most other things. He knew well enough that all technical and practical matters could be taught by fifty men as well, or better, than he could have taught them; and no less certain was he that those things which evidenced thought, personal feeling, and the giving out of soul, were altogether incommunicable, and he would not lend himself to a huge imposture for lucre. He decided to advise honestly rather than gain meanly.

"I had lived something like a year in London, during which period I had heard much of Turner's Gallery in Queen Anne-street. I had heard this from persons who, from their literary or artistic position, had some right of *entrée* within its sacred precincts. I had never for a moment thought it likely that I should gain admission, and had no thought whatever of seeking the privilege, when one evening Leitch Ritchie voluntarily said that he would ask Turner if

he would permit me to see his pictures, adding the further proposal, that he would ask Turner to meet me. With my feelings then, and, I am happy to say, with my present feelings, this suggestion was received by me with a reverential awe, yet delight, which I will make no attempt to describe. Those who read and think—those who have feeling duly urging—of God's ways of manifesting Himself, will feel with me that it was like suggesting meeting Homer, Dante, or Shakspeare.

"In a few weeks after Ritchie made the proposal, I received a short note from Turner, to the following effect:—

"'DEAR SIR,—Mr. L. Ritchie intimates to me that you desire to see my pictures. The weather is fine, and if you will call here either on Thursday or Friday this week, not earlier than eleven o'clock, I shall be glad to see you.

'Your obedient servant,

'J. M. W. TURNER.'

"Thursday was not very fine, but I found it quite impossible to wait until Friday. I wrote a note to Turner, in due acknowledgment of his communication, and precisely at eleven o'clock I found myself at his door. I left the door, walked across the street, looked at the house, gained breath, for I had nearly run all the way from Somerset House, and, foolish as it *will* appear, I could have worshipped the dirty windows that let in light enough to one whose soul saw at all times the whole brilliancy of nature. After a short time I became steady enough and calm enough

to walk to the door again. I rang, and tardily enough the well-known old housekeeper opened the door to me, and I was placed in what I suppose was Turner's dining-room. I waited there for a short time, all eyes, all ears, when I heard a shambling, slippered footstep down a flight of stairs—slow, measured, yet as of one who was regardless of style or promptitude—what the world calls shambling, in fact. When the door opened, I, nobody, stood face to face with, to my thinking, the greatest man living. I shall attempt no description; you know how he looked. I saw at once his height, his breadth, his loose dress, his ragged hair, his indifferent quiet—all, indeed, that went to make his *physique* and some of his mind; but, above all, I saw, felt (and still feel) his penetrating grey eye!

"Remaining only a moment longer in the cold and cheerless room, at his request I followed him into his gallery, which you, doubtless, remember well. The room was even less tidy than the one we had left—indeed, was an art chaos, all confusion, mouldiness, and wretched litter—most of the pictures, indeed all those resting against the wall, being covered with uncleanly sheets or cloths of a like size and character. Turner removed these protections to his pictures, and disclosed, to my wondering and reverent observation many of those works which are now known so generally; among them, and the most prominent, being the 'Opening of the Walhalla.' I make no remark about any of the pictures which I found in the gallery; far abler hands than mine have given to the world a whole body of the noblest criticism, based

upon the great painter's labours; it merely rests with me to detail any traits of character presented to my observation. Turner and I walked many times from end to end of the apartment, he occasionally giving brief descriptions of the pictures, and asking after my proceedings at the institution with which I was connected. Generally, I may say, that he was taciturn, though still sufficiently chatty to remove all idea of inattention or discourtesy. After we had been so occupied for, say five minutes, he turned somewhat quickly towards me and said, 'Mr. Hammersley, this gallery is cold; pray keep your hat on." I moved in acknowledgment of his solicitude, but did not obey him; I kept it off quite involuntarily, I am sure, and, I trust, as a perfectly natural action. In a few minutes he turned to me again, reiterating his request, when, quite honestly and naturally also, I told him that I 'could not think of being covered in his presence.' He looked at me very steadily for a few seconds, and then said, 'Mr. Hammersley, I shall feel much more comfortable myself if you will comply with my wishes in this respect.' I put on my hat at once, seeing that he believed in my sincerity, and feeling how undoubtedly he was speaking his real wishes. This is but a small matter; but it seems pregnant to me of a kindly and most considerate mind, and, as so much evidence that way, is worth preservation.

"On the 26th of November, 1844, I paid my second visit to the Turner Gallery. I shall not readily forget this visit, though it began and ended in something less than ten minutes. I entered the dingy

dining-room as before, and was immediately joined by Turner, who, as before, led me up to his gallery. Our proceedings then resembled our proceedings on the former visit, distinguished from it, however, by the exceeding taciturnity, yet restlessness of my great companion, who waved about and occasionally clutched a letter which he held in his hand. I feared to break the dead silence, varied only by the slippered scrape of Turner's feet as we paced from end to end the dim and dusty apartment. At last he stood abruptly, and turning to me, said, 'Mr. Hammersley, you *must* excuse me; I cannot stay another moment; the letter I hold in my hand has just been given to me, and it announces the death of my friend Calcott.' He said no more; I saw his fine grey eyes fill as he vanished. I left at once."

There is something to me very beautiful and touching in this interview between the young and the old artist, and it is easy to see how touched the great disappointed genius was with the simple-hearted respect and veneration of his visitor.

The letter, too, of advice to the father on his son's choice of a profession is very wise and yet sad. How thoughtfully he speaks of the anxieties he had himself felt, and how modestly of "the care, assiduity, and perseverance" requisite for success.

In illness, Turner was all consideration. He was as anxious as a mother or a wife, and as careful as a nurse. His friends used in this to compare him to his patron, Lord Egremont; to be ill was to secure a visit from the owner of Petworth. In some cases, when a friend had died, Turner never could be prevailed on

to enter the house again. He never went to Farnley, I have shown, after Mr. Fawkes' death.

"I well remember," says Mr. Jones, "the morning after Chantrey's death, that he came to the house of our deceased friend; he asked for me; I went to him, he wrung my hand, tears streamed from his eyes, and he rushed from the house without uttering a word. Turner's executors discovered that the rents for houses in Harley-street had not been paid during some years; on application to the lawyer, the answer was that 'Mr. Turner would not allow him to distrain.'"

On one occasion, during a visit to Petworth, Mr. G. Jones, Turner's great friend and crony, hurt his leg. Nothing could surpass Turner's kind anxiety, and almost womanly softness and consideration. He was untiringly assiduous in obtaining everything that could tend to recovery, and he took the greatest pains to enlist every member of the household who might be useful, and that with an unselfish, hearty effectiveness that was as zealous as it was warm-hearted.

Cowper, with almost sentimental sensitiveness, declared he would renounce the friend who would willingly set his foot upon a worm. Of one thing I am certain, and that is, that a good heart often shows itself in a love and guardianship of animals, in sympathy with their wants and pity for their sufferings. Turner was very fond of animals. Even early in life, when he lived at Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, he was known to the boys of the place as "Old Blackbirdy," because he would not let them take birds' nests in his garden hedges. He was the angry

guardian of the little black choristers, and loved to hear the little scraps of heaven's music that the angels had taught them.

Even in fishing, Turner was merciful. His old angling companion, Mr. Jones, says:

"I was often with him when fishing at Petworth, and also on the banks of the Thames, when we were making our annual visit to Sir J. Wyattville at Windsor Castle. His success as an angler was great, although with the worst tackle in the world. Every fish he caught he showed to me, and appealed to me to decide whether the size justified him to keep it for the table, or to return it to the river; his hesitation was often almost touching, and he always gave the prisoner at the bar the benefit of the doubt."

Now this, I think, tells well for Turner, for fishermen are not very tender-hearted generally. Even good old Isaac Walton, who would not wantonly have hurt a fly, would, away from his shop, and on the Lea's bank, disembowel and draw and quarter, like any red-handed butcher. I have always thought the worst thing told of Caligula was his habit of spending leisure hours in pricking flies to death.

Many men are good-hearted, and yet not sensitive. They fling a poor friend a banknote, but at the same time they hurt him by making a pellet of it, and flipping it into his eye. They give a beggar a shilling, then slam the door in his face, and knock him off the doorstep. They rub oil into your wounds, and tread on your toes while they do it. I do not like this kind of hoofed angel. But Turner was full of

sensibility, all the more real, because he did not wear it on his sleeve and call it "sentiment," which is generally false metal.

A few stories will prove this as well as a thousand. Turner is down at Petworth, and hears his noble host mention a friend's name several times and in rather a hurt tone.

"I have written to ask him, but he wont come," repeated blunt but sound-hearted Lord Egremont.

Turner, as he paints, thinks over this ominous remark, and sees mischief in it. He probably will have to pen another "Fallacy of Hope," if his friend declines any more invitations. He writes directly, warning his friend, who sensibly took the kindly meant and sensible advice, and all was well. (*Aphorism.*—The only thing a man never forgives is your declining an invitation; the only thing a man never believes is a friend's excuse for not coming to dinner.) Mr. Jones came; and three weeks after, Lord Egremont died.

To his intimate friends, Turner was affectionate, and did not attempt to conceal it. One of his dearest friends he used to call "Georgey" and "Joney" alternately. But Turner, though I believe a Tory, loved liberty and those who fought for it; so when his friend's villanous namesake betrayed the Hungarians, he said to Jones, "I shall not call you Georgey any more:" the name was henceforth hateful to him.

Stumpy, slovenly, lame, often not very clean in dress, awkward and unconciliatory in manner, suspicious of feigned friends, greedy relations, selfish legacy-hunters, and concealed enemies, Turner had not the

manner of one that either could or cared to win the general world; but by his real friends he was beloved, and among friends he was ever cheerful and social, delighting in fun, and a most welcome companion at all times. How could one expect a courtly manner from Turner? He was a scantily-educated barber's son, whose early life was spent in bitter struggles for bare subsistence—whose middle life was spent without patronage in drawing for engravers, and struggling for fame with the black ghosts of the old masters, that then filled the galleries of English noblemen. His later life was spent in following different ideals, at an age when early habits of parsimony had grown inveterate, and when he could not unfreeze himself into hospitality.

No man had ever had more to turn his heart to iron or to earth than Turner. In early life by a cruel deception robbed of her he was about to make his wife; in middle life he was without patronage, toiling for and wrangling with engravers, when he knew, as certainly as if an angel had told it him, that he had outshone Cuyp, distanced Vandervelde, beaten Ruysdale, rivalled Canaletti, and transcended even Claude; that he had founded English landscape, that he had carried art further than it had before gone.

Then came old age to him, and found him rich but without hope, with no faith, no solace but his art. He had no wife, no children to unbend his heart to, to mourn with silently, to turn his thoughts from their worn channels, to wean him from self or to carry his thoughts on to a better future,—he felt no new

youth in the youth of his sons—he had no one to lead him away with soothing kisses and comfortings from carking recollections.

And did all this turn his heart from flesh to stone? No; his one great unchanging thought was how he could best consecrate all the hard earnings of a long and painful life to charity. He had met with little love in the world, yet he loved his kind deeply and silently. He might be proud to think that the poor barber's son should be entombed among the true kings of men in St. Paul's. He might truly be proud to feel that a national collection of pictures bearing his name would delight the English people for generations to come.

His sedate and sarcastic love of mystification was mistaken for wilful deception—his self-denying and sparing habits for proofs of greedy avarice. Every story raked up from the penny lives of Elwes or Guy (his real prototype) was believed, because Turner was not present to contradict them; but the moment he died, and it was found that he had left by will an enormous fortune for the benefit of his poor comrades in art, the great edifice of lies fell to dust, like the house built on sand.

Here was the cold, sullen, misanthropic miser, who had spent his miserable lonely years higgling like a Jew pedlar about the odd penny that was to be paid for his pictures, dying and leaving the whole earnings of his life to found a great charity that would last while England lasted. How many hours those black tongues had spent, and all in vain!

Turner's main undeviating thought was to benefit art, and to found almshouses near where he had once lived for the poor foot-sore common soldiers in the great army of Art. No paltry vanity hung round the neck of this great-hearted, yet I fear unhappy man. For this he had lived like the half-starved steward of a miser's property. For this he had let his house grow into a den, and had worked like a miner amid a sordid gloom. For poor broken old men of no talents, the world's failures, he had ground down insolent publishers. For weeping widows and orphans he had wrangled about additional shillings for picture-frames and cab-hire; to pay for poor artists' funerals, he had toiled and travelled; to chase the wolf from other men's doors, he had consented to men calling him "miser, Jew, and dog."

One of Turner's executors, and one of his oldest friends, one whom he loved—whom he had known for years, in private and in society at Petworth, in the murky Queen Anne Gallery, in art and at leisure, tells me solemnly and without reserve that he believes Turner's character to be entirely without stain. He says:—

"I never knew a man freer from guile or of a kinder nature, notwithstanding his occasionally rough demeanour; but envy, jealousy, and cupidity made him their victim as far as they were able."

Turner was unlucky enough to have several sorts of enemies:—

1st. Professional rivals; small and low-brained men, who hated their conqueror and monarch.

2nd. Legacy hunters, who felt that they had made no progress in his favour, and therefore hated him with a virulent hatred.

3rd. The mere loose-tongued chatterers of the clubs, who partly invent, partly alter the current malice of the day, and who love to get a typical character to hang their gossip upon. Some of these magpies' stories I may have inserted in this book, but I trust not many. Unluckily it is impossible to verify every line in a biography, however truthful.

And now, before I try and sum up Turner's character, let me bring forward some proofs of his undeviating kindness and amiability.

All his surviving friends testify with one voice to the benevolence and compassion he displayed whenever an occasion arose for charity or sympathy. Fire under snow, his heart was; the soft sap was under the rough bark. His heart looked like rock, but when the angel touched it, out burst the living waters, certain as the flame does from the black stony coal when you crush it.

Turner sometimes, but seldom, gave away pictures,* and this negative quality his enemies of course put down to avarice. But the fact arose from a principle he had laid down, from his observation of human nature, that men never valued gift pictures so much as those in which they had invested money or made some sacrifice to obtain. He wanted his work valued, because that advanced his fame; and after all, was he not hoarding his best pictures, and

* He seldom visited Mr. Griffiths without bringing him touched proofs as a present, and those, too, of a set his friend was collecting.

refusing thousands for them, that he might leave them to the people whose nobles had neglected him.

As an example of liberality where liberality was unexpected and even uncalled for, I may mention, that when Rogers, the poetical banker, wanted his bill for the artist's beautiful illustrations to the bitter little man's poems, Turner only demanded five guineas a-piece for the loan of each drawing, so delighted was he at the taste, care, and perfection with which the book was produced, and so much did he consider it had tended to advance his own fame.

Mr. Wilkie Collins tells me, as a proof of Turner's warmth of heart, that when his father, then dying of disease of the heart, attended for the last time the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, and all his friends and fellow-Academicians were pressing to offer him help, Turner was the first to tenderly give him his arm and lead him in.

Nor was he less kind in money-matters, though to most men he falsely seemed so grasping and obdurate. He once returned to Mr. Charles Heath bills to the amount of 1000*l.* advanced to him for work done for the Keepsakes, willing to be paid or not at a future time, as the state of Mr. Heath's affairs would decide.

But this is a mere grain of sand in comparison of another less known but thoroughly-proved instance of Turner's large heart and generous disposition. I tell the story, but I suppress the names. An early patron of Turner, when he was a mere industrious barber's son, working at three-shilling drawings in his murky bedroom, had seen some of them in a window in the Haymarket, and had bought them. From that time

he had gone on buying and being kind to the rising artist, and Turner could not forget it. Years after he heard that his old benefactor had become involved, and that his steward had received directions to cut down some valued trees. Instantly Turner's generous impulses were roused; his usual parsimony (all directed to one great object) was cast behind him. He at once wrote to the steward, concealing his name, and sent him the full amount: many, many thousands —as much as 20,000*l.*, I believe. The gentleman never knew who was his benefactor, but in time his affairs rallied, and he was enabled to pay Turner the whole sum back. Years again rolled on, and now the son of Turner's benefactor became involved. Again the birds of the air brought the news to the guardian angel of the family; again he sent the necessary thousands anonymously; again (so singular are the sequences of Providence) the son stopped the leak, righted himself, and returned the whole sum with thanks.

One element in Turner's success was his indifference to praise. Though proud of his works, he was not a vain man. He never suffered from the disappointments arising out of a premature desire for fame. He did not appear to be pleased with Mr. Ruskin's superlative eulogies, says Mr. P. Cunningham. "He knows a great deal more about my pictures than I do," said Turner; "he puts things into my head, and points out meanings in them that I never intended." It was not easy to draw his attention to the admiration of his own pictures. A well-known collector with whom the artist had

long been intimate, once invited him to be present at the opening of a new gallery which was hung round with his most beautiful drawings. To the disappointment of the connoisseur, Turner scarcely noticed them, but kept his eye fixed upon the ceiling. It was panelled, and neatly grained in oak. "What are you looking at so intently?" said the host. "At those boards," was the reply; "the fellow that did that must have known how to paint." And nothing would induce him to turn to the magnificent pictures that sparkled on the walls. He never talked about his own pictures, but would occasionally give hints to other artists; and when these were adopted, they were always certain improvements. We never heard of his saying anything, however, that would give pain, though he felt keenly the ignorant criticisms and ridicule with which his own pictures were sometimes treated.

Turner's was a good and kind nature; he was not the sordid hunks and miser the scandal of the time made him. He used to say to an intimate friend:

"Don't wish for money; you will not be the happier, and you know you can have any money of me you want."

There is a story which I believe to be true, that a poor woman once interrupted his day's painting by teasing him with a begging petition. He roughly chid her and sent her away; but before she got to the hall door, his conscience had goaded him, he ran after her and presented her with a 5*l.* note, a great sum for a thrifty close man to give away on a sudden impulse.

The following story speaks volumes for the much-slandered man.

When a drawing-master, an old friend of his, died, Turner was deeply afflicted, and showed all the kindness he could to the widow; he lent her money until a large amount had accumulated, and when fortune favoured the honourable and grateful relict, she waited on Turner with the amount. She offered it; he, keeping his hands resolutely in his pockets, desired her to keep it, and to send the children to school. Many debts he forgave, and some of great importance; a cruel, a rapacious act, he was never guilty of. He talked roughly, but felt tenderly; and he was careful never to wound the feelings of any one.

"Many stories," says Mr. Jones, "are told of Turner's parsimony and covetousness, but they are generally untrue; he was careful, and desired to accumulate; he acknowledged it, often added to the jokes against himself, and would say, with an arch expression of countenance, when congratulated on the successful sale of a picture, 'Yes, but there is the frame, or the carriage, or the time spent in alteration or varnishing;' but these were indulgences in the ridiculous, which always excited mirth and gave him pleasure; cruelty and unkindness he never felt, a proof of which was discovered after his death.

"The executors inquired what were the debts due to him, and learned from his lawyer, that the rent of two houses in Harley-street had not been paid for two years; this surprised the executors, but the matter

was explained by the lawyer stating that Mr. Turner would not allow him to distrain, yet pressed him to importune the tenants for the rent.

"Turner was always desirous to earn money, with one great and beneficent view constantly before him, yet he preferred painting a picture for any person to selling one.

"When he was painting on his picture formerly in St. James's Palace (now at Greenwich), he was criticized and instructed daily by the naval men about the Court, and during eleven days he altered the rigging to suit the fancy of each seaman, and did it with the greatest good-humour; yet, during his life, he always joked about having worked eleven days without any pay or other profit.

"Many persons who had employed Turner complained that he had not completed the commissions they gave as they expected; this may be true, and probably Turner could not or would not work as they desired; yet he never scrupled to retain the pictures or drawings objected to, though he often declined to make another effort to give satisfaction. The drawings he made for Mr. Rogers's work were in his possession at the time of his death, he having only received a small sum as copyright for the designs made expressly for the poet."

Turner was very fond of fishing; he seldom went to visit a country friend without binding up a rod with his pilgrim's staff.

He was an intensely persevering fisherman too, no bad weather could drive him from his post, no ill-luck tire out his imperturbable patience; and here, too, I

see reflected his greatness: the body that bore the long day's rain contained the mind that had borne the long struggle to fame. The hand that bore for hours without repining the unlucky rod, was the hand that went on for years painting great pictures, though they would not sell.

When Turner went to Petworth, he always spent much time in fishing. When he went to revisit the scenes of his childhood at Brentford, or walked over from his house at Twickenham, to visit his friend Trimmer, of Heston, he always appeared carrying his rod.

One of Mr. Trimmer's sons, still living, remembers well seeing Turner sit on the lawn at Brentford, fishing in a pond for carp. It was a raging wet dreary day, and he had a kitchen chair to sit on, and a board to put his feet on. With one hand he held his huge umbrella, and with the other his rod. Splash—drizzle —blow; there he sat all day till the dinner-bell rang, immovable, implacable, sworn to do or die, yet steady, silent, and untiring. How Wellington would have liked this man.

Perhaps it was being amid nature, after all, that made the melancholy monotony of this dull sport so delightful to Turner; all that wet day he perhaps was observing ripples and reflections, and eddies and gleams of green weed and silvery glances of sullen fish, that were all garnered up in that vast and tenacious memory, which no note-taking habits could weaken.

Rogers the poet, and Charles Fox, were one day expatiating on the delight of lying in summer deep

in warm flowers and sunny grass, and looking up at the white clouds toppling past overhead.

"Delightful,—with a book," chimed in Rogers.

"But why with a book?" said Fox, the laziest of men.

So say I, by all means; lie about on summer banks, and look into pools, whether fish-full or fish-less; but why with a rod? Yet a rod is a good excuse for a poet or a painter's idleness, and so thought Turner we may be sure.

I believe Turner sometimes ventured a little money at cards.

Leslie relates a story of a sudden thaw coming upon Turner's parsimony. Turner and a large party of brother artists were dining at Blackwall. Whitebait, champagne: no stint, we may be sure, for avarice is never in the majority at such exceptional times. The bill, a very heavy one, is brought in by a demure waiter, who hands it to Chantrey, the fat, jolly president. The sculptor, in pure mischief, shows it to Turner, who, however, instantly pays it, and will allow no one else to furnish a halfpenny.

I have in my time known men of habitual parsimony, men who have cried and fallen ill when they had to draw from their bankers' the purchase-money of an estate, who yet at their own dinner-parties were the most liberal of men. Such are the inconsistencies of human nature, such are the occasional thawings of natures, however frozen by habit.

Turner liked society, particularly that of his brother artists, and often lamented that he could not be hospitable. He was a member of the original

club of Academicians, and when that club was revived by Mr. Pickersgill, he joined it with infinite pleasure. He also set an example of friendly meetings at the Athenæum, by once defraying the expense of rather a large dinner enjoyed by his brothers of the Academy. He did so with the hope that his example would be followed, but the project failed after one or two successive meetings.

Reluctant as Turner seemed to be in parting with his money, yet, when he dined with two or three at some place of amusement, his companions often found that, when the bill was called for, Turner had already defrayed the expense.

Turner was no sour-blooded recluse. Leslie, who knew him well, says, "in careless conversation he often expressed himself happily, and he was very playful; at a dinner-table nobody more gay and joyous." He was a social man by nature, and his habit of solitude arose from the wish to have more time to devote to art.

"On the 19th December," he adds, "in this year, died the greatest painter of the time, by some thought the greatest of all the English painters. By many, however, and perhaps by the best judges, Turner will be placed in that class

"Whose genius is such,
That we can never praise it or blame it too much."

"The artists, with scarcely an exception, had from the beginning of his career done him justice; but he passed through life little noticed by the aristocracy (Lord Egremont being, as he had been in the case of Flaxman, the principal exception), and never by

Royalty. Calcott, and other painters immeasurably below him, were knighted; and whether Turner desired such a distinction or not, I think it is probable he was hurt by its not having been offered to him. Probably also he expected to fill the chair of the Academy on the death of Sir Martin Shee; but greatly as his genius would have adorned it on almost every other account, he was incapable of occupying it with credit to himself or to the institution, for he was a confused speaker, wayward and peculiar in many of his opinions, and expected a degree of deference on account of his age and high standing as a painter, which the members could not invariably pay him, consistently with the interests of the Academy and the Arts.

"Having said that he received but little notice from the nobility, with the exception of Lord Egremont, I must not omit to mention that he painted one of his largest and grandest pictures for Lord Yarborough, and another as fine for the Marquis of Stafford. Mr. Rogers, with less means of patronage, was always his great admirer, and has associated his name with that of Turner in one of the most beautifully illustrated volumes that has ever appeared.

"It is remarkable that the poet was equally the friend and admirer of Flaxman and Stothard, while the titled and wealthy of the country lost for themselves the honour of connecting themselves with names that will probably outlive their own.

"Sir George Beaumont was a sincere friend to the arts, but in many things a mistaken one. He was right in his patronage of Wilkie and Haydon, but he ridiculed Turner, whom he endeavoured to talk down,

He did the same with respect to Stothard, and though personally very friendly to Constable, he never seems to have had much perception of his extraordinary genius.

"In the year 1822, Constable thus wrote:—'The art will go out; there will be no genuine painting in thirty years.' And it is remarkable that within a few months of the date thus specified, Turner should have died, almost literally fulfilling, as some of his admirers may think, Constable's prophecy.

"It is difficult to judge of the condition of art in our own time, but I think it cannot be denied that painting is in a much lower state in this country now than in the year 1822. At that time Stothard, Fuseli, Wilkie, Turner, Lawrence, Owen, Jackson, Constable, and Etty were living, James Ward was in the full possession of his great powers, as were also most among the present eminent painters. But those who have since come forward, however they may hereafter rank, cannot, I think, at present be considered as forming anything like such an assembly."

In the original sketch of Elgin Cathedral, made by an amateur, the windows in the nave were closed or built up; but in the revised drawing by Turner he left them open. On being spoken to about this a few years after, he said, "They ought to have been open; how much better is it to see the light of day in God's house than darkness."

Turner was always quaint in giving his reasons for what he did. When Mr. John Pye engraved the plate of Wickliffe's birth-place for Whittaker's "Yorkshire," Turner, in touching the proof, introduced a

burst of light which was not in the drawing. Mr. Pye asked him his reason for so doing. He replied, "That is the place where Wickliffe was born, and there is the light of the glorious Reformation." "Well," said Mr. Pye, satisfied; "but what do you mean by these large fluttering geese in the foreground?" "Oh, those —those are the old superstitions which the genius of the Reformation is driving away."

A Mrs. Austin, who married the uncle of Mr. Layard (Nineveh), mentions that she once said to Turner, "I find, Mr. Turner, that in copying one of your works, touches of blue, red, and yellow appear all through the work." He answered, "Well, don't you see that yourself in nature, because if you don't, heaven help you!"

"Mr. Turner," says the *Times* of December 23rd, 1851, "only displayed in the closest intimacy the shrewdness of his observation and the playfulness of his wit. Everywhere he kept back much of what was in him, and while the keenest intelligence, mingled with a strong tinge of satire, animated his brisk countenance, it seemed to amuse him to be but half understood. His nearest social ties were those formed in the Royal Academy, of which he was by far the oldest member, and to whose interest he was most warmly attached."

Mr. Mulready had the audacity on a certain occasion, when joking with Turner on some pleasant bygone varnishing day, to compare a cow in the great landscape-painter's foreground to one of those little dough pigs with currants for eyes that they sell to children at country shops. Turner, who always had

a great appetite for a joke, relished this simile extremely, and kept giggling over his painting for some time, chewing the cud of Mulready's quiet humour as only a great man entirely free from vanity could do.

On these varnishing days Turner arrived very early, with his dirty chest of colours, his worn-out brushes, and an unclean palette, which would have shocked a Dutch painter. He sat on steps, or made a pile of boxes to stand on if his picture hung high.

Turner's fun was often professional. His detractors have made mischief of even the following instance of his good-humoured raillery:—

In 1826, that great ruler of the sea, Stanfield, painted a picture of a calm, which he named "Throwing the Painter." Unfortunately he was unable to get it finished in time for the Exhibition, and Calcott hearing of it, painted a picture which for fun he called "Dutch Fishing Boat missing the Painter." Turner would chuckle rarely over these studio jokes, and quietly determining to cap them all, he came out next year with a work named "Now for the Painter," with all the laughing triumph of a boy who at leapfrog takes the last and highest back.

"Seclusion was Turner's own fault," says Mr. Leslie. "No death-bed could be more surrounded by attentive friends than his might have been, had he chosen to let his friends know where he lived. He had constantly dinner invitations, which he seldom even answered, but appeared at the table of the inviter or not as it suited him. It may well be supposed that a man so rich, admired in life, and, as it was thought, without near relations, would be much courted. He

had for many years quoted in the Academy catalogues a MS. poem, 'The Fallacies of Hope;' and I believe that among his papers such a MS., though not in poetic form, was found by some of his friends to be his will."

"I met Turner," says a friend of mine, "at Sir Richard Westmacott's. One of the party was about to start for Italy, and asked Turner if he could do anything for him. 'No,' said Turner, 'unless you will bring me some Naples yellow.'"

He never would tell his birthday. One who was a fellow-student with him at the Academy, and his companion from boyhood, once said to him, "William, your birthday can't be far off; when is it? I want to drink a glass of wine to my old friend." "Ah!" growled Turner; "never mind that; leave your old friend alone."

Those who were continually, from sheer ignorance, complaining that Turner never did a generous act in his life, and showed peculiar ingratitude to engravers, by whose aid he had earned so many thousands, were always from mere stupidity imputing to Turner's avarice what was only Turner's drollery. Stories like the following are no doubt true enough; but it is the blundering reading of them of which I complain:

"Turner once refused a sum which he had lent; but that was after a sumptuous dinner to which he had been invited; while enjoying the dessert, the host, all at once remembering the transaction, said, 'Let me see, Mr. Turner, I owe you a little money.' 'What for?' said Turner, setting down the wine

which he was just raising to his lips. 'You paid sixpence for the gate when I drove you down,' answered the host. 'Oh!' said Turner, with a look of disappointment, as he again had recourse to the glass, 'never mind that *now*.'"

The animus of the story is shown in the look and gestures imputed to Turner. I have no doubt he said "never mind that, *now*," with a sly, grunting chuckle.

From none of the engravers whom Turner employed can I extract one story of wrong or injustice. Turner was hard, close, and exacting, but the terms once made, he was true, undeviating, and stanchly honest.

Under this head I give frankly, for I desire nothing but the truth, some of the most reliable stories I can gather together of Turner's parsimony.

"Once, to the amazement of the whole body of Royal Academicians, he offered to purchase cloth to re-cover the seats in the room where one of his pictures was hung. No one divined the reason for this apparently generous and most unaccountable act. He was always very particular that everything should aid the effect of his pictures, even to the hanging of those placed around them. To keep up this colour, he would continue painting on his pictures after they were hung, during the varnishing days. On one occasion, however, he was 'checkmated,' and as he could not produce the effect he wanted by paint, he set about accomplishing it by policy; he studied how it might be done by a foil, and soon found that if he got a mass of bright red in the foreground, his object would be accomplished.

'The seats are not fit to sit on,' said Turner to the hangers; 'they are very shabby; they must be recovered.' He was referred to the Council; there was no Council, so he called upon the President; but some formula was necessary, and delay did not suit Turner's purpose, though he kept his own secret: he muttered something about 'It's a disgrace to the Academy!' then said, 'I'll do it at my expense.' Lawrence laughed at his liberality, and made no objection. In about an hour he returned, and, going up to the President, said, 'Well, I've got the cloth! Suppose I may charge for the men's time and nails?' The President, seeing him so determined, got the necessary permission, and the seats were covered with the cloth Turner had selected, and which he was not allowed to pay for. When the first form was covered, he placed the foil in the foreground of his picture, and the inward chuckle of satisfaction that he gave betrayed the whole secret.

"At another time he was 'very near' giving a dinner, but fate ordained it otherwise, as the sequel will show. Turner had received many civilities from Mr. Thomson, of Duddingston, and when in Edinburgh had made that gentleman's house his home. On his departure, Turner pressed the reverend artist to return the compliment should he ever come to London, which he unexpectedly did, and, as it appeared, much to Turner's surprise, who, however, invited his Edinburgh visitor to dine with him, and was doubtless not in the least sorry to find that the gentleman had an engagement; but he promised to come on the following day. Thomson, however, had

to call upon a nobleman, who also asked him to dine. He pleaded the excuse of an engagement for the only two days he had to remain in town; and when the nobleman learnt that it was to Turner he was engaged the second day, he said, 'You bring him with you; he will not be sorry for the change; or I will call myself and invite him: I want to see his pictures.' He did so, and Turner accepted the invitation with the best air of affected disappointment he could assume, and was beginning with a 'Well, if I must, I 'spose I must; but'—— He had not time to proceed further, before his father, who, while preparing a canvas for the son, had been listening to all that transpired, and who was perhaps fearful that the 'but' might lead to the (dreaded) dinner coming off, thrust open the door, and having no motive to disguise the true state of his feelings, exclaimed, loud enough to break the drum of a deaf man's ear: 'Go, Billy! go! the mutton needn't be cooked, Billy!' A dinner cooked in Queen Anne-street would have caused an alarm in the neighbourhood; for to have seen anything beyond the feeblest curl of smoke attempting to struggle and escape from Turner's chimneys would have raised an alarm of 'Fire!'

"A friend of Sir Thomas Lawrence's, who resided at Clapham-common, commissioned the amiable President to order of Turner a picture at a most liberal price. When the picture was finished, Lawrence and Turner were invited to dinner, to see it hung; but the former was summoned to Windsor on the morning of the appointed day. Turner, however, arrived with the picture, which was greatly admired; and

when the ladies retired after dinner, the gentleman, seeing Turner fidgety, said, 'We will now to business. Excuse me a moment, while I write you out a cheque.' The cheque was written and handed to Turner, who, instead of putting it into his pocket, kept turning it over, first eyeing the gentleman, then the cheque. Seeing something was wrong, the gentleman said, 'I have made it guineas, I believe? It was to be guineas, was it not?' 'Yes, the guineas are right enough,' said Turner, in his gruff manner; 'but I paid six shillings for the coach: that's not down!' The six shillings were paid.

"When Turner erected the tablet to his father in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, there was some mason's work done to it, which came to 7*s.* 6*d.*; this amount Mr. Cribb, the churchwarden, paid, feeling certain that Turner would repay him when he came to look at the tablet. Turner called, and seemed satisfied with everything, until Mr. Cribb mentioned the 7*s.* 6*d.*, when Turner told him to call on him some day and bring a receipt for the money, and said, 'he shouldn't pay it without he did.' The money was not worth the trouble; so Turner got the mason's work without paying for it."

These stories I fully believe to be, in the main, authentic; but they are maliciously written; I think they come from a concealed enemy, and they present Turner purposely in a bad light, to gratify the pique and ill-will of the writer.

The story of the cloth, for instance, at the Academy, is, in my opinion, maliciously given, and is quite misunderstood. In the first place, the painter's anxiety

was quite justifiable; in the second place, the whole affair was a secretive bit of humour, upon which I am sure he must have founded many a joke.

The story of the mason is equally explainable.

Turner may have forgotten the small bill, for, with all his thrifty habits, he was careless about money; or he may have purposely wished to punish the insolence of an official man who would not come a few yards to ask for money due to him.

The story of Turner's asking for the coach fare is, no doubt, true, because he often asked for small extras, and even made his request the subject of a standing joke with his old friends. He would have his rights, down to the last penny, because he was sturdy even to obstinacy, and thrifty from the unchangeable habit of years; but he had too much sense and humour not to see when he had carried his love of money too far, and even to make fun of his own peculiarities.

Turner was not a wit, but he had a biting, sarcastic humour of his own, that burnt into and clung to those he disliked, with the persistent and unquenchable tenacity of Greek fire. Yet Fuseli, in his voluble, violent manner, once gave him a fall, and in the following way:—

Turner had sent a canvas to Somerset House, with a subject so undefined that it caused considerable speculation among the Royal Academicians, when they assembled on the morning of the first varnishing day, as to what he intended to represent. It was a "Moonlight" with one, and with another a "Storm;" at last, Howard suggested it might be an "Allegory." "Yes," said Fuseli, "the allegorie of blazes

at a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, wid molten lead!" Turner, who had entered in time to hear the keeper's remark, said, "No, that's Limbo; where they are going to send your 'Sin and Death'" (a celebrated picture). Fuseli threw himself into an attitude of mock terror, saying, "Gentlemen, we are ondone; we all know *Tourner* to be an imp of de old one transformed into an angel of light by his double shadow." "Yes," put in Beechey; "but Turner's shadows are only double when he sees double." "Ah!" added Fuseli, with an affected sigh, "gentlemen, it is what Turner sees dat concerns us, now he is in his fader's confidence, and he tells him all about de beesiness in his great fire-office below." The picture was altered, but Turner never again ventured on a joke with Fuseli.

And yet there was something absurd in Fuseli, who lived in a murky world of dreams, ridiculing the poetical obscurity of Turner, which, after all, was then only a temporary fault with him.

Without epigram or bon-mot, shaft or firework, Turner had his own quiet way of annoying the enemy. Even that very courtly landlord's son, Lawrence, could not escape an occasional bullet, as the following story shows:—

Turner was at first a stern opponent to engraving on steel, and had no notion of supplying plates for "the million!" He called upon Sir Thomas Lawrence one day, at a time when he had just received a proof, with which he was very much pleased. He showed it to Turner, and said, "By the way, Turner, I wonder you don't have some of your drawings en-

graved on steel." "Humph! I hate steel." "But why?" "I don't like it: besides, I don't choose to be a basket engraver!" "A basket engraver! a basket engraver, Turner! what is that?" said the President. Turner looked at Lawrence, with that malicious leer which, in his little penetrating eyes, when he meant mischief, conveyed more killing sarcasm than his words, and said, "When I got off the coach t'other day at Hastings, a woman came up with a basketful of your Mrs. Peel, and wanted to sell me one for sixpence." He disliked his works being sold cheap.

Turner was extraordinarily sensitive about his fame, and anything that should lower it. Hence his reluctance to sit for his portrait, because he thought people who saw his portrait would think less of his paintings.

Of the jealous guard he kept over his fame, there is a good story told.

A curious instance of the value he attached to the merest trifle from his own hand, and the dislike he had to any one trading by chance with it, was related by an eminent printseller, into whose shop he once walked, to purchase, if possible, an engraving made many years before from one of his pictures. His description of the subject he aided by a few rude lines, scrawled with a pen on a loose piece of paper, which blew behind the counter in turning over the portfolios to look for the print. The painter ultimately got his print, and, missing the scrap of paper, eagerly demanded it of the unconscious printseller, whose confusion redoubled Turner's anxiety, which was only appeased when the scrap of paper was recovered from

a dark corner, and carefully wrapped with the engraving.

Turner generally bought in his own works when they were put up for auction. If time pressed, and he was unable to attend in person, he would sometimes, but rarely, entrust his commission to the auctioneer; his ordinary practice was to send some agent, with written instructions, to bid in his behalf, and he was not always very fastidious in his selection. At the sale of the pictures of Mr. Green, the well-known amateur of Blackheath, two pictures by Turner were among the most attractive lots, though neither important in size nor of his best time. In those days their market value might have been about eighty guineas each. They would, however, have been knocked down for considerably less, but for the impetus given to the biddings by one of Mr. Turner's agents, whose personal appearance did not warrant the belief that he was in search of pictures of a very high order. He was, in fact, a clean, ruddy-cheeked butcher's boy, in the usual costume of his vocation, and had made several advances, in five-guinea strides, before anything belonging to him, excepting his voice, had attracted Mr. Christie's notice. No sooner, however, did the veteran auctioneer see what kind of customer he had to deal with, than he beckoned him forward, with a view, no doubt, of reproving him for his impertinence. The boy, however, nothing daunted, put a small piece of greasy paper into his hand—a credential, in fact, from the painter himself. The auctioneer smiled, and the biddings proceeded. Both pictures brought high prices, and the object of the painter was as success-

fully achieved as if Count D'Orsay had been his representative.

When the son of Charles Turner (the late eminent engraver) was dying, W. Turner went constantly to inquire the state of the youth, and of the family; he never left his name; and this constant solicitude was not known to the parents until after the son's death; the servant then reported that a little, short gentleman, of odd manners, had called every evening to know the state of the sufferer. Such was the character of this misappreciated man.

I know that in one instance he returned a bond for 500*l.*, which was never again asked for, or paid.

Turner was tenacious in not disclosing any of his secrets as to how he obtained breadth and depth in his water-colour painting. He generally painted with his door locked, if he was at a stranger's house; and if any one approached him, or idlers tried to overlook him, he covered his drawing. He had no special secrets to hide; for Turner's colours were of little use to men who had not Turner's brain. But he had been accustomed, as a boy, to paint up in his bed-room, and he could not change his solitary habits. He did not like imitators, and he did not wish absurd stories spread of his mechanical artifices. Moreover, this habit of secrecy gratified his love of mystery, and his natural fondness of concealment. Yet once at Edinburgh he communicated all he knew to a struggling artist, at a time when the secret of his modes of sponging and his bistre washings was worth 100*l.* to any one.

There is a story told of Turner's love of conceal-

ment, which connects him with Britton, the publisher of so many architectural works; a plausible, and, I fear, a very mean man; one of those bland, selfish squeezers of other men's brains that still occasionally disgrace literature.

Just about the time (1843) when Mr. Ruskin had been heralding Turner as the apostle of nature, he was seen on a Margate steamer, eating shrimps out of an immense red silk handkerchief, laid across his knees. "An apostle, surely," said a bystander, "in the strangest guise."

When some one told Turner of Mr. Knight's house having been broken into, he said, "That's the worse of being rich."

A friend of Turner's remembers his coming to see one of his water-colour drawings he had purchased; he looked at it a long time (I think it was a view of Windermere); he then pulled a box of colours out of his pocket, and set to work at it again for some hours "like a tiger."

When people came to see him, he would sometimes come down quite dizzy "with work." But I fear that latterly he drank sherry constantly while he painted.

There are men living who have seen Turner in bitter anger about the neglect shown to his exhibited pictures. He would point at a stack of them against the wall, and say, "Don't talk about 'em; all of them came back. They might have had 'em; now they shan't have 'em."

When Turner was visiting once at some grand place in Yorkshire, he paid the gardener 2*s.* 6*d.* for putting

him up a small hamper of plants for his London garden. The next time he came, he made a point of seeing the gardener, and said to him, "Those plants of yours all died." There were bystanders cruel enough to think he rather hoped that the gardener would return the bit of silver; but, *vestigia nulla*, gardeners do not return money.

Turner never would verify a picture. He told a friend he had done so once, and the result was that he was put in the witness-box at a trial. "It was the first," he said, "and it shall be the last." Among Turner's papers were found the leaves of flowers and careful notes of their times of opening. It is said that letters used to remain unopened on Turner's table for months. "They only want my autograph," he used to say.

"Turner's manners," says one of his friends, "were odd, but not bad. He was fond of talking of poetry." Those friends to whom Mr. Jones introduced him always liked him, and were delighted to have him at their tables.

"My own admiration of him," says Mr. Ruskin in his last volume, "was wild in enthusiasm; but it gave him no ray of pleasure; he could not make me, at that time, understand his main meanings. He loved me, but cared nothing for what I said, and was always trying to hinder me from writing, because it gave pain to his fellow-artists. To the praise of other persons he gave not even the acknowledgment of this sad affection."

Turner had a great dislike to *appear* kind. "Drawing," says Mr. Ruskin, "with one of his best friends

(Mr. Munro—I have told the story elsewhere, but not well, therefore I repeat it) at the bridge of St. Martin's, the friend got into great difficulty with a coloured sketch. Turner looked over him a little while, then said in a grumbling way, 'I haven't got any paper I like; let me try yours.' Receiving a block-book, he disappeared for an hour and a half. Returning, he threw the book down with a pout, saying, 'I can't make anything of your paper.' There were three sketches in it, in three distinct stages of progress, showing the process of colouring from beginning to end, clearing up every difficulty into which his friend had got."

To the same person, producing a sketch which had no special character, he said, "What are you in *search of?*"

Sometimes the advice would come with startling distinctness. A church spire having been left out in a sketch of a town, "Why did you not put that in?" "I had not time." "Then you should take a subject more suited to your capacity."

Mr. Ruskin, speaking of Turner's character, says, "Turner had a heart as intensely kind and as nobly true as God ever gave to one of his creatures. . . . . Having known Turner for ten years, and that during the period of his life when the brightest qualities of his mind were in many respects diminished, and when he was suffering most from the evil speaking of the world, I never heard him say one depreciating word of living man or man's work. I never saw him look an unkind or blameful look. I never knew him let pass, without some sorrowful remonstrance, or endea-

vour at mitigation, a blameful word spoken by another. Of no man but Turner whom I have ever known could I say this, and of this kindness and truth came, I repeat, all his highest power, and all his failure and error, deep and strange, came of his *faithlessness*."*

Turner was indifferent to praise, utterly indifferent, even when it came from the most appreciating. "In silence, with a bitter silence, Turner only indicated his purpose," says Mr. Ruskin, "or by slight words of contemptuous anger. When he heard of any one's trying to obtain this or the other separate subject, as more beautiful than the rest, 'What is the use of them,' he said, 'but together?' The only thing he would sometimes say was, 'Keep them together;' he seemed not to care how they were injured, so that they were kept in the series which would give the key to their meaning. I never saw him at my father's house look for an instant at any of his own drawings. I have watched him sitting at dinner nearly opposite one of his chief pictures; his eyes never turned to it. But the want of appreciation touched him sorely, chiefly the not understanding his meaning. He tried hard one day, for a quarter of an hour, to make me guess what he was doing in the picture of 'Napoleon,' before it had been exhibited, giving me hint after hint, in a rough way; but I could not guess, and he would not tell me."

On one occasion, at a dinner-party at Mr. Hardwick's, Turner and another guest took and wheeled his friend, who had been pertinacious in some argument, into an inner room, and locked him in, amid

* A word Mr. Ruskin uses, I suppose, for "despair."

roars of good-natured laughter. No one enjoyed a joke more than Turner when he liked his company.

Many of Turner's pictures have cracked, many are faded; others are but ghosts of what they once were. The sky of the "Bligh Sands," an artist-friend tells me, has lost its beauty. The sugar of lead used in the clouds has turned a rusty brown. The varnish, too, has suffered from time.

Turner latterly used copal (a quick dryer), I suppose to finish quickly and more at once. Some of his later pictures were half in distemper, and were sometimes washed out in cleaning.

Turner was a great observer and appreciator of the thoughts and ingenuities of other painters. On one occasion, his friend, the Rev. Mr. Judkins, an amateur artist of considerable merit, exhibited a landscape, in the foreground of which, to convey a sense of solitude, he had put a robin upon a post. The next time Turner met him, he said to Mr. Judkins slily, "I saw your robin."

Some one was once saying that Turner was ungenerous. "No," said his friend, "for he once paid the toll over Waterloo-bridge for me."

The Rev. Mr. Judkins once saw Turner in St. Paul's Churchyard, wrangling with an omnibus conductor who had promised to take him to the Bank. "If you don't do as you promised, I don't pay," said Turner, and sturdily walked off unimpeded.

Turner was not a rash man, and no fair sarcasm moved him at all. "Your 'Rome' is cracked," said Mr. Judkins to him one day at the Exhibition. "I will soon doctor that," was his laughing reply. But per-

haps he had, his revenge, for he could be sarcastic. One day, Mr. Judkins was speaking in a deprecating way of a work of his own in the Exhibition Room. "If you can paint better, why not send it?" said Turner.

At Sir Thomas Lawrence's sale, Turner stepped forward and forbade a drawing of his, which he had lent to the dead artist, being put up for auction. He bought Sir Thomas's dressing-case as a commission for a friend.

Turner's pride, when hurt, was unappeasable. When Mr. Griffith published some of his great Carthaginian pictures, and they began to sell (having at first failed), he would not allow any more to be disposed of. When the prices of the "Liber" began to improve, Turner came one day suddenly into Mr. Colnaghi's shop, and said oracularly, "I give no more discount to the trade." "Very well, Mr. Turner," was the deprecating answer, but it did not allay his wrath.

When he found that Mr. Windus sold some of his drawings again at higher prices, he refused to make him any more, though offered his own price; for Turner was as proud and sensitive as he was obstinate.

In the same way, when Mr. Allnutt had a drawing of Tivoli by him engraved, he wanted additional money for the copyright; and, on being refused, declined to sell him some sketches on the Rhine. Nothing could pacify him when he once thought himself ill-treated.

If Turner was firm, he was always tremendously obstinate. One day at Petworth, he and Lord Egre-

mont had a dispute as to the number of windows in the front of a show-house in the neighbourhood. "Seven," said the Lord. "Six," said Turner; "I counted them." Neither would give way. Lord Egremont instantly rang the bell, and ordered a post-chaise to the door. Off they went, the windows were counted; and Turner was found wrong.

Turner was rough in his manners to applicants for charity; but his manner was like Abernethy's—only assumed to conceal his true feelings. "He often," says one of his most intimate friends, "would give half-a-crown where others would only have offered a penny."

The injustice of early low prices had been deeply felt by Turner; they had hurt his pride, and checked his desire to save. He had grown suspicious of all business men, because they had pinched and ground him, and bated down the produce of his mind, to the injury of his pocket, and the lessening of his fame. The desire for revenge on these money-spiders was burnt deep in his heart. He would sell nothing but at his own rate; he would save up his money for royal deeds of posthumous charity. As to his ceaseless thoughts on charitable objects, his own friend, Mr. Jones, testifies. He says:—

"During twenty-five years, he indulged the pleasing hope that he should leave a testimony of his good will and compassion for unfortunate artists. To his intimate friends he constantly talked of the best mode of leaving property for the use of the unsuccessful; he wished his survivors to employ his property in building houses for the above-named purpose; he did

not like to call them almshouses, but had selected the denomination of 'Turner's Gift.' His benevolence was conspicuous whenever he was tried, though he often used terms of harshness in which his feelings had no part; but he hated idleness, extravagance, and presumption. He thought that artists had not time for the duties and pleasures of domestic festivity, yet believed that they should often meet to strengthen fraternal feeling without much expense; therefore was zealous in support of the Academy Club, tried to establish an artists' dinner at the Athenæum, and left 50*l.* in his will to be expended annually on a dinner for the members on the anniversary of his birthday. It is very probable that Turner's hint about leaving property for the benefit of his brother-artists suggested to Chantrey and to Mr. Vernon the desire to raise their names by their benevolence. The first has done so; the last intended to leave 70,000*l.* to secure his reputation for taste, liberality, and charity; but in the end preferred seeking his commemoration by leaving his name as a county man in Berkshire, in lieu of being immortalized by the god-like attribute of benevolence.

Turner, fond of amusement, good cheer, and fun, as his affectionate friend Chantrey often expressed his sincere regret at his not being able, from his solitary and rude life, to follow the example of the lavish hospitality of Sir Francis. He had no servants, and no appliances for large dinner-parties; but he was always ready to contribute his share to get up a professional party, and enjoy it more than any one; and even acquiesced and joined in jokes ridiculing his

own close and careful habits. He would even originate them, or carry those further that others had started: for his humour was free from all fretful or malicious vanity.

He never appeared morose and displeased but when people had been trying to cajole or defraud him, or when he observed in any one an unbecoming desire to pry into his private affairs. This he never forgave. Mr. Jones says:—

"My great intimacy with him arose from his confidence (that I had his confidence Turner proved by his appointing me his executor in 1831, without my knowledge)—that I had no desire to know his secrets, control his actions, or suggest changes in his course of life. He never interfered with nor condemned the habits of others; if he thought them incorrect, he was silent on the subject, and if any excuse or palliation could be made, he was always ready to accept, adopt, and promulgate the excuse. I never heard him speak ill of any one."

By his enemies, whether his rivals, or those detractors that swarm, small and poisonous as gnats, round all great men, the wildest exaggerations of Turner's reserve and love of solitary study were spread; yet singularly enough, of what was bad in him they were ignorant; and it was what was purely good in him that they blackened and defamed. That his love of pleasure was inordinate and unrestrained, they did not know; but they accused him of shunning mankind and avoiding society, which he did not. They did not know that in old age pleasure had still, unhappily, but too irresistible a magnetism for him;

but they accused him of being a flint-hearted miser, when his whole life was one long unchanging scheme of benevolence.

Everything he did was perverted by these men, industrious and ingenious in evil alone. His sturdy determination not to let his great works be bought at insufficient prices was exaggerated into the griping habit of habitual meanness.

Turner was intensely obstinate. I think it was during a visit to Petworth that a discussion ensued between Lord Egremont and Turner as to whether carrots could float in water. I suppose Turner had introduced some in one of the Petworth pictures.

"Carrots don't swim."

"They do."

"They don't."

"They do."

Lord Egremont rings the bell, and calls for a bucket of water and some carrots. The water is brought, the carrots are thrown in. The obstinate painter is right; they *do* swim after all.

Turner's conversation was sprightly, but desultory and disjointed. Like his works, it was eminently sketchy. He would converse in this manner for half an hour, and then be amazed at finding his companions in doubt of what he had been talking about. He knew that his ideas were original, and he could not understand that they never reached his tongue. He was like a man with a wonderful Cremona; which he cannot play. He was poetical, he was scientific, he had travelled, he had observed, he was fond of humour, and yet he could not give these thoughts and

ideas utterance. His winged soul was imprisoned in his body, and could only speak through the pencil. He felt deeply—he saw deeply—he knew deeply—yet he could find no voice to utter his dreams and oracles.

"He wrote few letters, and these were, like his conversation, abrupt, and referred little to art. The following, accepting an invitation to dine with his valued friend and patron, Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, on the occasion of his birthday, is characteristic:—

"'My dear Sir,—Yes, with very great pleasure, I will be with you on the B.D. Many of them to yourself and Mrs. Windus; and with the compliments of the season, believe me,

"'Yours faithfully,

"'J. M. W. Turner.'"

Turner did not much like the works of Copley, Fielding, or of Harding; all imitators he despised, but he thought Pyne poetical.

I think I have heard that he had a great dislike to the faces of Etty's nude studies; but he never found fault or spoke detractingly of any one.

Turner had all his life that peculiar love of mystification that is the result of suspicious reserve, when accompanied by humour. As a youth, he concealed his processes of water-colours from all but special friends, with that narrow suspicion with which a petty tradesman guards his trade secrets. Later in life, he stole backwards and forwards to the Continent with the jealous suspicion with which a detective officer effects his secret journeys. As for his "Fallacies of Hope," that imaginary and unwritten poem

was the standing joke of his life. Latterly, in the names and even the subjects of his pictures he sought to puzzle and tease the public. His charitable intentions were mysteries; his residence was a mystery; where he had been to, where he was going to, and what he intended to do, were all mysteries; and so powerful was this habit of reserve, that I have no doubt that Turner died actually rejoicing in the fact that even his best friends knew not where he lay hid.

Turner had found hope after hope fail him, as rope after rope, sail after sail, blows from a foundering vessel. Only one thing had remained unchangeable, and that was nature. On the Yorkshire fells or beside the Swiss lakes he forgot his cares in the love and gratitude he felt for the stainless beauty of God's world. Then alone he forgot all sorrows, and was once more happy as a child.

I am not sure that, apart from everything relating to the art-faculty, Turner's brain was of very great calibre, for even his thirst for scientific knowledge was remarkable chiefly in its leaning towards art. His forehead, phrenologically speaking, was full but narrow, and receding; the brain projected over the eyes, it rose round and full, but narrow at ideality, and then sloped backwards.

Either his education was scanty and imperfect, or his mind was singularly unreasoning and inaccurate, for else he would not have spelt so badly. French and Italian towns he spelt to the end of his life as they were pronounced, not as they were written. In speaking, he never seemed to get quite the right word: he would say "the internal of a cottage," for the "inte-

rior." His will is an extraordinary mash of grammar, and even his father's epitaph is very awkwardly expressed, "Under and beneath this stone lie."

Turner was a great single-facultied man.

There are two old boatmen still living at Sunbury, who well remember rowing out Turner on his sketching excursions. It is still their unspeakable wonder how "a man like that," who always took a bottle of gin out with him for inspiration, and never gave them any, could have been a great genius. Turner has many admirers, but these obstinate Sunbury boatmen are not of the chosen band.

Mr. Ruskin bears the following testimony to the general kindness and goodness of Turner's nature:

"Imagine what it was for a man to live seventy years in this hard world, with the kindest heart and the noblest intellect of his time, and never to meet with a single word or ray of sympathy, until he felt himself sinking into the grave. From the time he knew his true greatness, all the world was against him. He held his own; but it could not be without roughness of bearing and hardening of the temper, if not of the heart. No one understood him, no one trusted him, and every one cried out against him.

"Imagine, any of you, the effect upon your own minds, if every voice that you heard from the human beings around you were raised, year after year, through all your lives, only in condemnation of your efforts, and denial of your success. This may be borne, and borne easily, by men who have fixed religious principles, or supporting domestic ties. But Turner had no one to teach him in his youth,

and no one to love him in his old age. Respect and affection, if they came at all, came too late. Naturally irritable, though kind—naturally suspicious, though generous—the gold gradually became dim, and the most fine gold changed, or, if not changed, clouded and overcast. The deep heart was still beating; but it was beneath a dark and melancholy mail, between whose joints, however, sometimes the slightest arrows found entrance and power of giving pain. He received no consolation in his last years, or in his death. Cut off in great part from all society—first, by labour, and at last by sickness—hunted to his grave by the malignities of small critics and the jealousies of hopeless rivalry, he died in the house of a stranger—one companion of his life, and one only, staying with him to the last. The window of his death-chamber was turned towards the west, the sun shone upon his face in its setting, and rested there as he expired.

"Brother artists! I will tell you how jealous he was. I knew him for ten years, and during that time had much familiar intercourse with him. I never once heard him say an unkind thing of a brother artist, and I never once heard him find a fault with another man's work. I could say this of no other artist whom I have ever known.

"But I will add a piece of evidence on this matter of peculiar force. Probably many have read a book which has been lately published, to my mind one of extreme interest and value, the life of the unhappy artist, Benjamin Haydon! Whatever may have been his faults, I believe no person can read his journal

without coming to the conclusion that his heart was honest, and that he does not wilfully misrepresent any fact or any person. Even supposing otherwise, the expression I am going to quote to you would have all the more force, because, as you know, Haydon passed his whole life in war with the Royal Academy, of which Turner was one of the most influential members. Yet in the midst of one of his most violent expressions of exultation at one of his victories over the Academy, he draws back suddenly with these words — 'But Turner behaved well, and did me justice.'"

"Northcote had a dark picture in the Exhibition, and was very angry with the arrangers for putting a bright one of Turner's immediately below it. 'You might as well have opened a window under my picture,' said the painter. The compliment was as handsome as it was unintentional. But even Turner has complained of other pictures putting his down. In 1827, when he exhibited his 'Rembrandt's Daughter,' with a red robe, it happened that a portrait of a member of Dublin University was hung alongside of it, with a College gown that was still redder. Upon finding this out on varnishing day, Turner was observed to be very busy adding red lead and vermilion to his picture, in order to out-rouge his neighbour in brilliancy. 'What are you doing there, Turner?' remarked one of the arrangers. 'Why, you have checkmated me!' said the painter, pointing to the University gown.

"In a proof impression of a plate lately submitted to me, the engraver had failed to discern the distant representation of a village at the base of a hill, and

had substituted some unintelligible nothings. Turner had run a heavy pencil line into the margin of the paper to intimate that these were 'houses;' and the miniature village seemed to come into focus as if by magic. Look closely at Turner's pictures, and a few patches, and dashes, and streaks only are visible, seeming only an unintelligible chaos of colour; but retire from the canvas, and what magnificent visions grow into shape and meaning. Long avenues lengthen out far into the distance, and sun-clad cities glitter upon the mountains, while cloud-illumined space presents itself to an extent that is inconceivable, manifesting a grandeur of conception and a largeness of style that must serve to demonstrate and glorify the genius of the painter to the end of time.

"When at the Royal Academy dinner the gas was turned on, as is customary on the Sovereign's health being drunk, his pictures shone like so many suns on the walls. While other meritorious works looked flat in comparison, there was an effulgence in Turner's that seemed to grow upon the observer, making the contrast more apparent. 'They seem to represent so many holes cut in the wall,' said a veteran connoisseur, at one of these art festivals, 'through which you see Nature.' This observation was probably suggested, however, by one made some years before by Northcote. Turner's pictures were always the terror of exhibitors, from showing whatever were the defects in colour of those placed nearest them.

"'The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons' was almost entirely painted on the walls of the Exhibition. His facility at this period of his life was

astounding. He would frequently send his canvas to the British Institution with nothing upon it but a grey groundwork of vague, indistinguishable forms, and finish it upon the varnishing day into a work of great splendour. Likewise at the Academy he frequently sent his canvas imperfect and sketchy, trusting entirely to varnishing days for the completion of his picture. It was astonishing what he accomplished on those days. . . . . Turner was always the first at the Academy on those occasions, arriving there frequently as early as four o'clock, and never later than six; and he was invariably the last to quit in the evening. He might be seen standing all day before his pictures; and, though he worked so long, he appeared to be doing little or nothing. His touches were almost imperceptible; yet his pictures were seen, in the end, to have advanced wonderfully. He acquired such a mastery in early life, that he painted with a certainty that was almost miraculous. Although his effects were imperceptible on a near inspection of the picture, he knew unhesitatingly how to produce them without retiring from his work to test the result. He was never seen, like Sir Thomas Lawrence and others, to be perpetually walking about, but kept hard at work, nose to the canvas, sure of his effects."

I am sorry to own that I cannot say very much for Turner's moral character. A selfish and brooding solitary life and naturally strong passions could not be expected to lead to anything but a selfish and vicious old age. Latterly, Turner resorted to wine while he painted, to rouse his imagination; and at Chelsea I fear he gave way to even more fatal drinking.

Nor were these his only excesses. He would often, latterly, I am assured on only too good authority, paint hard all the week till Saturday night; he would then put by his work, slip a five-pound note in his pocket, button it securely up there, and set off to some low sailors' house in Wapping or Rotherhithe, to wallow till the Monday morning left him free again to drudge through another week. A blinded Samson, indeed—a fallen angel, forgetful of his lost Paradise.

Turner left four illegitimate children, and bequeathed money to the mistress with whom he had spent the later years of his life.

"I once," says a friend, "heard Mr. Crabb Robinson (the friend of Wordsworth) casually mention a remark dropped by the late Miss Maria Denman, when the two were out for an excursion with Rogers (I think), and had put up at an inn in a village near London. 'That,' said the lady, pointing to a youth who happened to pass, 'is Turner's natural son.'"

And now, gentlemen, let us retire and consider of our verdict. What do we find here? A man full of contradictions. The head gold, the feet clay. A man, like others of us, not all black, nor all white, but of a mixed colour; a divine genius, but yet a man of like passions with us: with faults in his art, as in his life. The pure gold runs here and there to schist, the dross now and then is scurfing up upon the surface. I am not going to special plead for him, like a hireling advocate, who sees only that part of the truth he is paid to see. I am going to point out the good and the bad, and not

merely the good, because my object is not to paint a sham, lying, flattering portrait of Turner, but to draw his real likeness with the unbribable fidelity of a photograph.

We find him mean, grinding, parsimonious, to the degree almost of disease. I see in this a natural innate acquisitiveness, nourished by a poor, parsimonious, narrow-minded father, and encouraged by his own painful growth of struggling ambition. The stunted faculty never recovered this early season of frost, never again put forth its leaves generously and confidingly in the sunshine. A fanatic to art, naturally shy and reserved, and cramped by early habits of contracted saving, Turner in later life, when he grew rich, became incapable of launching into a wider hospitality.

But, oh, the contradictions of humanity! Was all this retirement and penury the result of avarice? Was it avarice to refuse thousands for a single picture, and to work and pinch and fret, in order to leave 140,000*l.* to found an almshouse for decayed artists—a plan over which he had all his life been brooding?

That all the ordinary opinions of Turner are wrong; that he was neither unsociable nor a misanthrope; that he was not a cynic or an anchorite, a miser or a cheat, my book has, I think, already well completely proved. If it was necessary to clear his genius from the charge that in ordinary life he was a mere stupid, brutal man, half mad, selfish, and friendless, I think I have entirely acquitted myself of that task.

I have explained that he had a large circle of friends,* including noblemen and gentlemen of education and refinement, who loved him sincerely, and in whose memory his name still holds a dear place. I have shown that, though shy, he was most sociable—fond of children, fond of amusement, delighting in fun and good-natured humour. I have shown that he was unalterable in gratitude, obstinately attached both to persons and places, and sensitive as a child. I have shown him, too, capable of great and sudden sacrifices of money, even in his lifetime, to rescue friends from difficulty.

I have tried to show him a disappointed and unhappy man, yet still working with a giant industry to develope his genius and display his powers. I have shown that in art, so far from being false and slovenly, he was an artist of the extremest and most painful and extraordinary accuracy. I have shown him a brave friend, and a rival whose generosity was without a flaw.

I hope I have shown in a more condensed form what Mr. Ruskin has already proved with such consummate ability—the vast compass of Turner's genius, its depth, width, its elastic versatility; its great compass; its comprehension of all lesser

* Turner and Rogers got on very well together: Turner liked Rogers's taste and liberality; Rogers admired (without criticism) the genius of Turner. "Ah!" he would say, looking through his telescoped hand, "there's a beautiful thing; and the figures, too—one of them with his hand on the horse's tail—not that I can make them out, though." There was always a dash of the lemon about Rogers's sayings. The poet was once expressing his wonder at a beautiful table that adorned Turner's parlour: "But how much more wonderful it would be," he said, "to see any of his friends sitting round it."

powers, and its wide range, from the "Lambeth Palace" to the "Building of Carthage," from the Vandervelde imitations to the old Téméraire. Yet can I never hold with Mr. Ruskin that art knows any finality. I would not encourage rising genius to copy Turner, but to go and study nature with Turner's truth, industry, and love. Nor am I at all persuaded, by all Mr. Ruskin's eloquence, that England has yet seen the greatest of her landscape painters.*

* Mr. E. Goodall tells me that Turner often wrote on his touched proofs "more figures." He was glad to have his perspective improved, and would make rude marks with white chalk where he wished the engraver to introduce them, as in the "Bridge of Caligula," &c. Of Turner's quarrel with G. Cooke, Mr. Goodall gives the following conversation :—Turner met Cooke at a meeting of the *Conversazione* Society (now the Graphic, held at the Freemasons' Tavern)—words ensued about certain touched proofs in the possession of Mr. Goodall. Turner grew white with rage—Cooke red as fire. Presently Cooke came up to Mr. Goodall and said, "If you give them up, I shall call you a mean fellow." Next day Mr. Goodall went to Turner's house about a plate—the storm commenced. Turner lamented that the Conversazione should have no more pleasure for him since these quarrels, and demanded the proofs. Goodall refused to give them up, and even half thrust them into the fire, when the blaze caught them. Turner, whose chimney was never swept, afraid of fire, ran with shovel and tongs to save the house, exclaiming, "Good G——, you'll set the house on fire !"

Years after, I believe, Turner renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Goodall, and gave him fresh work to do for him. Again he came, demanded the touched proofs, in spite of his previous warning. Again Mr. Goodall resolutely refused. Turner asked to see them, and a large bundle of them was brought out and shown him. The painter eyed them wistfully. He then opened a battery of entreaties on the engraver. He threatened, he coaxed, he argued—he showed they were useless to others, uninteresting but to himself; he proved they were utterly valueless—eventually he won the day, and went off with the treasure under his arm—no doubt to throw them into a lumber-room, to rot and mildew with some thousands of others that were found half spoiled after his death.

CHAPTER VI.

TURNER AT QUEEN ANNE-STREET.

TURNER painted in Queen Anne-street in what he called his drawing-room, in which there was a good north light. Here he would be surrounded by water-colour drawings in all states of progress. Once in the presence of Mr. Trimmer's son, then a child, Turner took up a drawing and said, "I shall put in some sheep and cattle here." The quick child, with an innate love of art, replied, "Yes; but you cannot put in sheep over grass in water-colours;" upon which Turner smiled at the child's ignorance of the power he had over materials.

The sordid and unhappy-looking room in Queen Anne-street was remarkable for a dusty and dirty buffet, bought at some second-hand Jew broker's. In this Turner kept the immemorial sherry bottle with the broken cork that served him for a decanter, and which no joking of friends could get him to change. This was the identical bottle and buffet of which the old story was current at the clubs. A friend came to see Turner, and was treated with a glass of sherry from the old bottle and the old buffet—one glass. About the same time next year the artist came again, had another glass, and praised the wine. "It ought to be good," said Turner, "it's *the same bottle* you tasted before."

The "Bligh Shore," that hung in the gallery near the fireplace, was a great favourite with Turner. It served as the blind to a window that was the private entrée of the painter's favourite cat, who, one day indignant at finding such an obstinate obstacle in her way, left the autograph of her "Ten Commandments" on the picture. Did the misanthrope lose his temper and instantly flay her alive? No; all Turner did was to say to Mrs. Danby, "Oh, never mind;" and would not have her even punished. A modern critic condemns this "Bligh Shore" because it has no large object in front.

"Nobody ever seemed to enter the house," says Mr. Rippingille, "and while all the houses round it from time to time smartened themselves up, this alone remained unchanged." It looked cold, dirty, and forsaken, like a bankrupt's warehouse; "nor was anything alive," says the bitter writer, "ever seen in it, pass when and as often as you would, but an old tabby cat, lying upon a bit of ragged green baize on a table at the area window, and sometimes an old woman in a mobcap, who looked like a being of the last century, or the other world."

Now of course this is a picture darkened by the malignant spirit of the writer. He could see nothing in Turner but a sordid, repulsive miser, and therefore, to his imagination, the house seemed the abode of despair.

Turner's friends describe the house as neglected, but not sordid by any means. The doorway was Turner's own design, and his old cronies still regard it as the best in the street; but I fear we must rather

distrust their too favourable verdict in the face of such overwhelming testimony.

And here I may as well introduce a vivid picture of the house in general, communicated to me by Dr. Shaw, a relation of Turner's on the mother's side. My informant went to claim relationship with the great man, a mode of introduction that Turner regarded with peculiar abhorrence. His other relations, no doubt, had ignored him when in poverty, and now that he was rich, they buzzed round his door, like flesh flies round a carcase. The narrator was not one of these.

Dr. Shaw says:

"I once had an interview with the great artist, and once only, with a view to claim the relationship. A time was duly appointed for an interview. Accordingly I went to his residence in Queen Anne-street, when I was ushered into a dark room, where the mantelpiece was so covered with dust that I had great difficulty in ascertaining whether it was wood or marble, in the testing of which a large finger-mark remained as an evidence of careless and bad management in housekeeping. The door outside was as shabby as if it had formed part of a ruin; a circular space surrounding the knocker showed the original grain of the wood, all the paint having disappeared for many years past. This circular space was a remarkable feature of the door, being near white, and this vividly contrasted with the dingy accumulated paint and dirt which was visible on every other part of the door. The iron chain communicating with the kitchen-bell outside was as thoroughly rusted as if it had lain twenty years in a desert, without shelter

from the oxidizing influences of rain and dew. It could not have been painted for twenty years at least, perhaps not for forty. As I had to wait some ten minutes at least before Mr. Turner made his appearance, I had leisure to examine the room and its contents. I have now forgotten the kind of furniture, but I well remember the dark, dirty, murky-looking windows. They appeared to me as though they had been cleaned but once, and that must have been when they first came from the hands of the glazier. The room appeared to be less under the influence of the beautiful light of heaven than any other apartment I ever remember to have seen. It was a comparative dungeon with two dark-lanterns for windows. In the midst of various cogitations, which necessarily occupied my mind while alone in this dirty dungeon, of a sudden the great artist made his appearance. I bowed, not too obsequiously nor too low, putting a question to him immediately after the salutation as follows: 'May I ask you if you are the Mr. Turner who visited at Shelford Manor, in the County of Nottingham, in your youth?' 'I am,' he answered in a tone and manner full of dignity, evidently evincing feelings of an untoward nature. He was clearly paving the way for a magnificent outburst of passion. The thunderstorm was gathering. To appease him I became somewhat bland in manner. I tried to throw oil upon the troubled waters. Assuming a manner which perhaps might be denominated one of a more winning kind, I said, 'May I take the liberty of asking you whether your mother's name was Marshall?' He replied in a tone of voice, accompanied with the look of a fury,

clearly showing that the flash of lightning had appeared to warn me that the storm was about to break. After this I began to feel uneasy. I felt half-inclined to say something monstrously uncivil to him for his bearish manners. I wanted, however, for him to begin the attack, which soon followed. He drew himself suddenly into the most dignified attitude I ever beheld even from a clever actor or an infuriated duke. His manner was full of majesty, accompanied with a diabolical look. He said, 'I consider, Sir, that you have taken a most unwarrantable liberty with me by the manner in which you have obtruded yourself upon me.' I immediately apologized; to which he replied (by one of the most dignified and elegant bows I ever remember to have seen from duke, lord, dancing-master, or actor), 'I accept the apology.' After humbling myself, I then felt that it was my turn, in justice to myself, to confront the great artist in a very bold and independent manner, accompanied with resentment. 'I beg leave, Sir, to state to you,' I said (at the same time assuming all the dignity of manner at my command), then marching to within a yard of him, and eyeing him as a warrior would look at the man he was about to bayonet, I addressed him as follows, 'I am independent, Sir, both in spirit and in pocket, and be assured that my whole and sole object in calling upon you was to connect myself with the distinguished name of Turner.' The smile that he gave me at this moment I can only compare to the rays of the sun suddenly breaking through dark and stormy clouds. He said, 'I hope, Sir, whenever you come to

town, that you will give me the favour of a visit; I shall always be glad to see you.' He then preceded me to the door, which he opened, politely bowing. I frequently went to lounge away half an hour in his gallery, without ever obtruding myself upon him; I had also the privilege of taking any other person. This was our first and last interview."

Turner almost entirely rebuilt his house in Queen Anne-street, and took great care to cut down the architect's bill. He himself designed the doorway; but neither doorway nor building has any merit or originality. There are several designs for houses in Turner's sketch-books; and he planned a porch in his friend Mr. Fawkes's house at Farnley, in Yorkshire. Had he attempted architecture, Turner would of course have followed the classical school, the Gothic never having much charm for him.

Everything about the Gallery in Queen Anne-street seemed of a piece to those who went with a scornful and Pharisaical determination to find there the miser and the misanthropist. The drugget, once red, was grey and threadbare. The screen was made of the black strips of some refuse or "remainder." The red cloth on the walls, marked all over with tack holes, had been bought by Turner as a bargain, after having been used at the Abbey for the Queen's coronation. Against the wall there were heaps of dirty frames, and stacks of dusty pictures with their faces turned inward. As for the sofa, it seemed dangerous to your future peace to rest on it. The drawing-room was peopled by filthy tailless cats—pets, I suppose, of the old housekeeper

—its chief furniture was a common oak-grained table, once, I believe, Lawrence's; a huge paint-box, sheafs of uncleaned short brushes in a tin case, and a palette, also once the property of Sir Thomas.

Those who knew well Turner's secretive and suspicious habits, the result of so many disappointments, took care to never express any of their opinions in a loud voice when left alone in the gallery. I do not say Turner was an intentional, but he certainly was often an accidental eaves-dropper; and he has been known to go the next day and stormily accuse his acquaintance, sometimes, too, mistakingly, of opinions uttered in the Gallery.

The Gallery latterly got most dilapidated; the oiled paper of the skylight hung down in black, sooty, furred slips. The damp here and there had free access; and it is certain that while many of the pictures ripened and improved, others were cracked, warped, chilled, and seriously injured. Both the "Hero and Leander," and "The Building of Carthage," suffered. Mr. E. Goodall tells me that in one picture particularly, a great white button of paint that had stood for the sun had dropped off.

"I think some one has picked it off intentionally," he could not help saying.

"I think he has," replied Turner, quite unmoved.

The Gallery had a fire in winter; but there were times when it wanted supervision more than mere heat. And in this sordid den were all the thirty thousand proofs of engravings rotting and mouldering, uncared for by any one but the cats, who hid behind them.

The *Times* of November 10th, 1856, gives a clever description of the Queen Anne-street house. I give it, not that it is entirely free from exaggeration, but because it conveys a good idea of the public opinion of 1856, as to the gloomy and misanthropic way in which Turner had lived towards the end of his career. The writer says:—

"In that region of dull and decorous streets which radiates to the north and west from Cavendish-square, Queen Anne-street is one of the dullest and dingiest: and of that dreary Queen Anne-street the dreariest house any thirty years before 1851 was No. 48. Judging from its weather-stained and soot-grimed walls, its patched windows, dark with dust and foul with cobwebs, its wood-work unfreshened by paint, its chimneys from which curled no smoke, its unsound threshold, it might have been in Chancery, it might have been haunted, it might have been the scene of a murder. Yet it was not uninhabited. Not unfrequently a visitor might be seen to knock, and, after long waiting, the door would be half-opened by a withered and sluttish old woman, or, before 1830, by a little, shabby, lean old man. Nay, repulsive as the house might be, and grim as might be its guardians, carriages would sometimes be seen drawn up before its door for hours, while their gay and elegant freight found occupation inside. Could they be prying into the laboratory of an adept, or consulting a wizard, or driving a hard bargain with some sordid old hunks of a money-lender? Truly, neither deep alchemy, nor potent witchcraft, nor hard-fisted meanness was

wanting inside that dreary door. But it was the alchemy that coins sunlight from pigments—the witchcraft that evokes beauty out of the brain—the nearness that is capable of life-long self-sacrifice to consummate an intention of noblest patriotism.

"In that desolate house—48, Queen Anne-street West,—from 1812 to 1851, lived Joseph Mallord William Turner, the greatest landscape-painter of the English school. Hanging along a bare and chilly gallery on the first-floor of that gloomy house, stacked against the walls, rolled up in dark closets, flung aside into damp cellars, the rain streaming down the canvasses, from the warped sashes and paper-patched frames of the ill-fitting skylights, were collected some hundreds of the noblest landscapes that were ever painted, while piles of drawings even more masterly, and reams of sketches, the rudiments and first thoughts of finished works, were piled away in portfolios, and presses, and boxes, in every nook and corner of the dark and dusty dwelling. Notes for hundreds, cheques for thousands, had been offered again and again in that gallery to the painter of these pictures. He was said to adore money, and yet he refused both notes and cheques—scornfully often, sometimes regretfully, and as if by an effort, but always persistingly. Dealers wondered; patrons were in despair; artists scoffed, or sneered, or doubted.—'Turner was mad; he meant to be buried with his "Carthage" for a winding-sheet.'"

The writer is correct—the house was indeed dull and dingy, soot-stained and weather-stained, its

chimneys breathed up no smoke. The door was paintless. The area rails were orange-red with rust. It might have been the house of Despair. Death's door could scarcely have been less inviting to knock at.

A bitter and malicious man, now dead, and whose name I suppress, for I would not grind my heel on his tombstone, sketches Turner's domicile in much the same way.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ORIGIN OF SEVERAL PICTURES.

Two of the best stories extant about the motives which led Turner to paint particular pictures are the following, which were kindly communicated to me by Mr. G. Jones, the painter's special crony and comrade. The first relates to Turner's picture of "The Burial of Wilkie," that funeral picture in which every tone and tint is so attuned to the subject that the whole seems as if it were painted on crape. The story dates the time back to when Wilkie, on his return to England, died near Gibraltar, and was buried in the sacred blue water close to Trafalgar. It strikingly shows Turner's depth of feeling, and his desire, without regard to buying or selling, to paint a monumental picture that might record his esteem for Wilkie's talent.

"Shortly after Wilkie's death and burial at sea, the following conversation took place between Turner and his friend Jones.

"*T.* I suppose nobody will do anything to commemorate Wilkie.

"*J.* I shall pay a humble tribute by making a drawing representing his funeral.

"*T.* How will you do it?

"*J.* On the deck of the vessel, as it has been described to me by persons present, and at the time that Wilkie's body was lowered into the sea.

"*T.* Well, I will do it as it must have appeared off the coast.

"The picture by Turner and the drawing by Jones appeared in the ensuing Exhibition; the former under the title of 'Peace—Burial at Sea.'

"Turner painted the sails in the steamer as black as he could make them, which occasioned a remonstrance from Stanfield, who justly thought the colour and effect untrue, upon which Turner said, 'I only wish I had any colour to make them blacker.' It is very like Turner, to have indicated mourning by this means, probably retaining some confused notions of the death of Ægeus and the black sails of the returning Theseus."

The second story relates to that swarthy crimson picture "The Fiery Furnace."

"The dialogue between the same persons is worthy of notice, as proving Turner's willingness to be on the most social terms with his brethren.

"Turner asked his friend what he intended to paint for the ensuing Exhibition of 1832.

"*J.* The fiery furnace, with Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

"*T.* A good subject; I'll do it also; what size will you do it?

"*J.* Kit-cat.

"*T.* I'll paint it Kit-cat size too. Will you have an upright or a long picture?

"*J.* Upright.

"*T.* I'll paint it upright. What will you paint it on?

"*J.* On panel.

"*T.* I'll paint it on panel. Have you ordered a panel?

"*J.* No.

"*T.* Then order two, and tell the maker to send one of them to me, but remember that if I come into your room while you are painting that subject, you hide it instantly.

"The pictures were painted and exhibited in 1832. The members of the Academy were surprised to find that they had been executed with the most perfect sympathy."

These stories show that Turner was too great a man, and too original a one, to be afraid of, sometimes from idleness or caprice, borrowing from a friend. The humorous suddenness with which he seized, in the one instance, the notion of painting a picture in remembrance of Wilkie, and in the other, the quickness with which he made up his mind to ape his old crony, are eminently characteristic of the man. So is the obstinacy with which he resisted Stanfield's advice to make the sails of the funeral vessel lighter. He knew what he wanted; who should know better? He had the idea of grief to express, and the expression of that idea was more important to him than the trivial technicalities of art.

The picture in the Ellesmere Gallery was painted for the Marquis of Stafford as a rival to a Vandervelde. The same evening he received the order, he went home, stretched a canvas, and had it all in dead colour before he left it; he worked with the greatest

rapidity, commencing at four o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Danby told Mr. Trimmer she never saw Turner idle.

Mr. Burnet, the celebrated engraver of Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler," gives the following instance of the strength of Turner's memory of natural effects.

As Turner was once driving down with Mr. Woodburn to the latter gentleman's house at Hendon, a beautiful sunset burst forth in all its gorgeous but transitory pageantry. Turner asked if the carriage might be stopped, and remained some time in intense and silent contemplation of the sky. Some weeks afterwards, Mr. Woodburn called at the Queen Anne-street Gallery, and saw the identical sky fixed on canvas. He instantly begged to have a landscape added to it. Turner refused the commission; he would not part with it. Wilkie used to call these studies his "stock-in-trade."

One day, Turner entered the shop of Cobalt, the picture-cleaner, when he had a fine Cuyp under his treatment. There was one corner where the golden brown, the sherry colour, was so transparent and luminous that you seemed to see deep down into it. Turner exclaimed, "I would give a thousand pounds to have painted that!" This transparency, it is thought, can only be obtained on panel.

CHAPTER VIII.

TURNER ON VARNISHING DAYS.

My kind friend, Mr. Wilkie Collins, sends to me his boyish recollections of Turner. He (Mr. W. C.) used to go with his father to carry his paint-box, and make himself generally useful. On one of these occasions he remembers seeing Turner (not the more perfect in his balance for the brown sherry at the Academy lunch), seated on the top of a flight of steps, astride a box. There he sat a shabby Bacchus, nodding like a mandarin at his picture, which he, with a pendulum motion, now touched with his brush, and now receded from. Yet in spite of sherry, precarious seat, and old age, Turner went on shaping in some wonderful dream of colour, every touch meaning something, every pin's head of colour being a note in the chromatic scale.

That admirable, frank, and simple writer on art, the late Mr. Leslie, also sketches Turner on these pleasant days. He says:—

"Turner was very amusing on the varnishing, or rather the painting days, at the Academy. Singular as were his habits—for nobody knew where or how

he lived—his nature was social, and at our lunch on those anniversaries he was the life of the table. The Academy has relinquished, very justly, a privilege for its own members which it could not extend to all exhibitors. But I believe, had the varnishing days been abolished while Turner lived, it would almost have broken his heart. When such a measure was hinted to him, he said, 'Then you will do away with the only social meetings we have, the only occasion on which we all come together in an easy, unrestrained manner. When we have no varnishing days, we shall not know one another.'"

In 1822, when Constable exhibited his "Opening of Waterloo Bridge," it was placed in the School of Painting, one of the small rooms at Somerset House. A sea piece by Turner was next to it—a grey picture, beautiful and true, but with no positive colour in any part of it. Constable's picture seemed as if painted with liquid gold and silver, and Turner came several times into the room while he was heightening with vermilion and lake the decorations and flags of the city barges. Turner stood behind him, looking from the "Waterloo" to his own picture; and putting a round daub of red lead, somewhat bigger than a shilling, on his grey sea, went away without a word. The intensity of the red lead, made more vivid by the coolness of his picture, caused even the vermilion and lake of Constable to look weak. I came into the room just as Turner left it. "He has been here," said Constable, "and fired off a gun." On the opposite wall was a picture, by Jones, of "Shadrach, Meshach, and

Abednego in the Furnace." "A coal," said Cooper, "has bounced across the room from Jones's picture, and set fire to Turner's sea." The great man did not come again into the room for a day and a half; and then, in the last moments that were allowed for painting, he glazed the scarlet seal he had put on his picture, and shaped it into a buoy.

In finishing the "Waterloo Bridge," Constable used the palette knife more than the pencil. He found it the only instrument by which he could express, as he wished, the sparkle of the water.

This is a matchless story. The fact was, Turner did not much like Constable, and was not going to let himself be checkmated. What knowledge, too, it showed to suddenly alter the whole plan of his picture, and yet not to spoil it. Constable was secretly very severe on Turner's pictures, and in his violent sarcastic way would sometimes pretend to spit in disgust when they were mentioned. Leslie, his worshipper, acquired somewhat of the same prejudice; but his strong good sense soon mastered it. Once, Constable was pacing impatiently before a picture, the effect of which somehow or other did not please him. It was true to rules, but still there was something wanting (perhaps a mere red cap, a blue apron, or a tree stem); yet what it was he could not for the life of him tell. There was a line too much or too little in the composition, that was certain. A speck of colour redundant or deficient, that was evident. At that moment Turner entered.

"I say, Turner," cried Constable, "there is some-

thing wrong in this picture, and I cannot for the life of me tell what it is. You give it a look."

Turner looked at the picture steadily for a few moments, then seized a brush, and struck in a ripple of water in the foreground.

That was the secret—the picture was now perfect, the spell was completed. The fresh, untired eye of the great magician had seen the want at a glance.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. RUSKIN AND THE TURNER CRITICS.

Mr. Ruskin has laid about him, among Turner's detractors, with the true club of Alcides; but Hydra has many heads, and it takes a long time to brain and brand each particular head.

I, not having the matchless weapons of that truly great writer, shall dismiss these critics very briefly. Those who find Turner's works repulsively monotonous, or see nothing in them but central splashes of light, with surrounding groups of dark, I care not to answer. Those who find his figures more slovenly than Claude's, and evincing "a coarse, unscrupulous mind and hand," I can only point to the admirable figures scattered through his engraved works, and to the fine picture of the "Departure of Adonis," at Mr. Munro's, painted in direct rivalry of Titian.

Fuseli was an early admirer of Turner, and so was Calcott. Hazlitt, too, in his "Round Table," in an essay on "Imitation and Pedantry," condemns the vagueness of his later pictures, while thus praising his general breadth of genius:—

"We here allude particularly to Turner, the ablest landscape-painter now living, whose pictures are,

however, too much abstractions of aërial perspective, and representations not so properly of the objects of nature as of the medium through which they are seen. They are the triumph of the knowledge of the artist, and of the power of the pencil over the barrenness of the subject. They are pictures of the elements of air, earth, and water. The artist delights to go back to the first chaos of the world, and to that state of things when the waters were separated from the dry land, and light from darkness, but as yet no living thing, nor tree bearing fruit, was seen upon the face of the earth. All is 'without form and void.' Some one said of his landscapes, that they were 'pictures of nothing and very like.'"

Among the German critics, Dr. Waagen stands pre-eminent for pompous blundering. He has one of those routine minds, unoriginal, bound by precedent and convention, and holding to the old and safe. Here is his dictum, which is evidently founded on a very scanty knowledge of Turner's works, especially of his divine water-colour drawings, without which no one can judge of his greatness. Dr. Waagen is no Solomon in his utterances, as the following will show:—

"Of all the English painters at the period of my first visit to England, I knew least of Turner, having seen very few of his works, and those almost entirely of his later time. In my two last visits (1850 and 1851) I endeavoured to repair this omission, and having succeeded in examining a number of his pictures and drawings of the most various periods, I feel myself qualified to give my deliberate opinion

upon them. It appears to me that Turner was a man of marvellous genius, occupying some such place among the English landscape-painters of our day as Lord Byron among the modern English poets. In point of fact, no landscape-painter has yet appeared with such versatility of talent. His historical landscapes exhibit the most exquisite feeling for beauty of lines and effect of lighting; at the same time he has the power of making them express the most varied moods of nature—a lofty grandeur, a deep and gloomy melancholy, a sunny cheerfulness and peace, or an uproar of all the elements. Buildings he also treats with peculiar felicity; while the sea, in its most varied aspect, is equally subservient to his magic brush. His views of certain cities and localities inspire the spectator with poetic feelings such as no other painter ever excited in the same degree, and which is chiefly attributable to the exceeding picturesqueness of the point of view chosen, and to the beauty of the lighting. Finally, he treats the most common little subjects, such as a group of trees, a meadow, a shaded stream, with such art as to impart to them the most picturesque charm. I should therefore not hesitate to recognise Turner as the greatest landscape-painter of all times; but for his deficiency in one indispensable element in every perfect work of art—namely, a sound technical basis. It is true that the pictures and drawings of his earlier and middle period overflow with an abundance of versatile and beautiful thoughts, rendered with great truth of nature; but at the same time his historical landscapes never possess the delicacy of

gradation and the magical atmosphere of Claude, nor his realistic works the juicy transparency and freshness of a Ruysdael; while many of his best pictures have lost their keeping by subsequent darkening, and with it a great portion of their value. In his later time, however, he may be said to have aimed gradually rather at a mere indication than a representation of his thoughts, which in the last twenty years of his life became so superficial and arbitrary, that it is sometimes difficult to say what he really did intend. Not that I overlook even in these pictures the frequent extraordinary beauty of composition and lighting, which render them what I should rather call the beautiful souls of pictures. The raptures, therefore, of many of Turner's countrymen, who prefer these pictures to those of his early period, I am not able to share, but must adhere to the sober conviction that a work of art executed in this material world of ours must, in order to be quite satisfactory, have a complete and natural body, as well as a beautiful soul. Of the earlier period of this great master the gallery has no specimen. To his later time belongs 'Lake Avernus, the Sibyl, and the Golden Bough' (No. 7), an historical composition; while the two views of 'Venice' (Nos. 51 and 57, the last of which, though somewhat glassy, is most attractive for effect of light) show his realistic tendency. In the picture, 'The Prince of Orange landing at Torbay' (No. 75), he appears as a very spirited marine painter, though he is somewhat superficial in detail."

About 1844 the wits (wits are ever cruel) began to be very severe on the poor old painter, of whose

greatness they were ignorant, and whose nobler works had pleased a previous generation. Turner felt terribly their cruelty and ingratitude.

I append some of the cleverest of these attacks on the dying lion, to show how clever and how cruel they were:—

"Trundler, R.A., treats us with some magnificent pieces.

"34. A Typhoon bursting in a Simoom over the Whirlpool of Maelstrom, Norway; with a ship on fire, an eclipse, and the effect of a lunar rainbow.

> "O Art, how vast thy mighty wonders are,
> To those who roam upon the extraordinary deep;
> Maelstrom, thy hand is here.
>
> *From an unpublished poem.*

"4. (Great Room.) Hippopotamuses at play in the River Scamander.

"1311. The Duke of Wellington and the Shrimp. (Seringapatam, early morning).

> "And can it be, thou hideous imp,
> That life is, ah! how brief, and glory but a shrimp!
>
> *From an unpublished poem.*

"We must protest against the Duke's likeness here; for though his Grace is short, his face is not of an emerald green colour; and it is his coat, not his boots, which are vermilion; nor is it fair to make the shrimp (a blue one) taller than the conqueror of Assaye. With this trifling difference of opinion, we are bound to express our highest admiration of the work. It is the greatest that the English school of quiet landscape has produced. The comet just rising above the cataract in the foreground, and the

conflagration of Tippoo's widow in the Banyan forest by the sea-shore, are in the great artist's happiest manner."*

"No. 77 is called *Whalers* by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and embodies one of those singular effects which are only met with in lobster salads and in this artist's pictures. Whether he calls his picture *Whalers*, or *Venice*, or *Morning*, or *Noon*, or *Night*, it is all the same; for it is quite as easy to fancy it one thing as another."

"We had almost forgotten Mr. J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and his celebrated MS. poem, the *Fallacies of Hope*, to which he constantly refers us, as 'in former years;' but on this occasion he has obliged us by simply mentioning the title of the poem, without troubling us with an extract. We will, however, supply a motto to his *Morning—Returning from the Ball*, which really seems to need a little explanation; and as he is too modest to quote the *Fallacies of Hope*, we will quote for him:—

"Oh, what a scene! Can this be Venice? No.
And yet methinks it is—because I see
Amid the lumps of yellow, red, and blue,
Something which looks like a Venetian spire.
That dash of orange in the background there
Bespeaks 'tis morning. And that little boat
(Almost the colour of Tomata sauce)
Proclaims them now returning from the ball:
This in my picture I would fain convey.
I hope I do. Alas! *what* FALLACY!"†

Mr. Gilbert à Beckett, who laughed at everything, sacred or profane, laughed at Turner in his "Al-

* "Punch," vol. vi. p. 200. 1844.
† Ibid., vol. viii. pp. 233, 236. 1845.

manac of the Month" (1846). Mr. Thackeray had laughed in "Ainsworth's Magazine," at "The Napoleon and Rock Limpet." Mr. à Beckett laughed at the "Undine and Masaniello." He calls it a "lobster salad," and says Turner mixes his colours on the canvas, or pelts it with eggs. He calls it a "fair specimen of this slap-dash school." The drawing represents him painting with a mop and a bucket.

The fact was, that these small-strained jokes were chiefly written by young men, who were totally ignorant of art in general, and of Turner's antecedents in particular. It was as if an ape of St. Helena had sat down to write a Life of Napoleon, judging him only from his daily observations of him in that island.

I am afraid the tradition is too true, that that great and bitter satirist of poor humanity's weaknesses, Mr. Thackeray, had more than a finger in thus lashing the dotage of a great man's genius. Long after, I have heard that Mr. Thackeray was shown some of Turner's finest water-colour drawings, upon which he exclaimed: "I will never run down Turner again." But the blows had already gone to the old man's heart, and it did no good to lament them then.

Of Turner's sensitiveness to criticism, Mr. Ruskin says, with deep feeling, "To censure, Turner was acutely sensitive; owing to his own natural kindness, he felt it for himself or for others, not as criticism, but as cruelty. He knew that however little his higher power could be seen, he had at least done as much as ought to have saved him from wanton insult, and the attacks upon him in his later years were to

him not merely contemptible in their ignorance, but amazing in their ingratitude. '*A man may be weak in his age*,' he said to me once, at the time when he felt he was dying, '*but you should not tell him so.*' What Turner might have done for us, had he received help and love instead of disdain, I can hardly trust myself to imagine."

I here condense a few of Mr. Burnet's (Wilkie's engraver) excellent remarks on Turner's genius; they are as remarkable for their severe common sense as for the study, learning, and insight they display.

"Objects with distinct outline have a tendency to advance. Wilson's idea was, that no foreground ought to be painted nearer than thirty feet, for this reason the plants in his foreground are broad and blunt; where Turner makes foreground objects sharp and clear they are generally too small to interfere with the general breadth of his light and shade.

"A multiplicity of objects prevents repose and breadth of shadow. The later works of Turner were treated in a lighter key to avoid spottiness. In the composition of skies, he is more original than any other painter. If the scene is bald, he breaks his skies into beautiful forms. If the piece is multitudinous, he used the sky for repose; he used the skies too for contrast of cool or warm colour. Objectionable lines he loses in the darks of his clouds; agreeable or characteristic lines he brings into notice by opposition of light.

"The skies are admirable, too, for perspective; the clouds duly diminish in size towards the horizon.

"Turner's figures are not true as Raphael's, or

correct as Paul Potter's, but 'they have a broad general look of nature.' We must not overlook the truth of character and bluff forms of Turner's fishermen and English sailors; they are true transcripts of the men they represent—they are portraits. Keeping the foreground light and warm makes the distance retire. Turner (unlike Wilson) does this.

"Turner's earlier pictures are heavy; these he gradually relieved by scumbling; nor even in his later works did he adopt rich glazings, but perfected his effects by washes of delicate opaque colours, that counteracted heaviness, but likewise destroyed richness and depth; this habit grew upon him till his lighter tints at last acquired a milky whiteness. The pictures of Claude, put beside those of Turner, look dirty and dingy. He never seems to have imitated Hobbima or Ruysdael, but to have extracted the essence of their pictures. The landscapes of Rubens and Rembrandt contain many of his principles.

"Space seems to have been the guiding principle with Turner, while the pictures of many artists stretch merely from left to right of the canvas. His works lead the eye from the foreground to the distance; the light key of colour of the modern school owes its origin to Turner. Wilson, Gainsborough, and the dark Dutch school were henceforward laid on the shelf.

"His light tints, the result of pearly scumblings, make his light pictures as luminous as his water-colour drawings. No one but Turner has represented the tremulous, dewy mist stealing along the ground in fading sunset shadows.

"The American and French war left the country too much excited for any encouragement to painting. Hence the Academicians painted too many pictures, and in too slight a manner; the early works of Turner have a look of slightness in the execution.

"Turner's style influenced Calcott, Etty, and Wilkie. Lawrence, except in his lighter pictures, seldom relinquished his cool shadows. Owen's backgrounds have an affinity with Turner.

"The theory is false that would make objects less visible as they recede from the centre to the sides of a picture. We certainly see this treatment in Rembrandt, but then these pictures were placed in broad black frames that gave greater force to the contiguous light. Now that we have gold ornamented frames, Lawrence and Turner carry out light and colour to the borders of their gorgeous works.

"Turner cannot be said to have fallen on evil days. The British Institution and the Academy Exhibitions gave an impetus to British art, and still more so did the formation of the National Gallery. He lived in a time of great poets, whose works he illustrated; he influenced the style of theatrical scenery and of panoramic exhibitions. He was born, too, in a time of much chemical change in the manufacture of pigments, and all new colours he daringly used (whether chrome yellow, emerald green, or cobalt blue).

"In other respects, he was before his age; his large engravings did not succeed. They had to compete with Landseer's figure-subjects, and Wilkie's *genre* pictures. Steel engraving did justice to the latter,

while landscape requires a slower and more expensive process. The innumerable small prints after his designs satisfied curiosity and sated the public.

"Turner used white grounds; his later pictures are too ethereal, prismatic, and poetic for the million; and thirst for novelty led Turner to the dreamy grandeur which he attained by light, and Rembrandt by dark. He was amazed by the later imitations of him, and by the want of encouragement of his early style. Water-colours led him partly to this manner. The most evanescent of Turner's pictures will acquire a greater solidity as they grow older.

"Latterly, his chief aim was breadth of light and strong contrast of hot and cold colour. His unfinished pictures are all cold blue sky, and warm orange brown foreground."

In his "Handbook for Young Painters," p. 266, Mr. Leslie, with great coolness of temper and some severity of reasoning, vindicates Canaletti from some of Mr. Ruskin's attacks, and points out, but not invidiously, how open Turner occasionally was to censure. The extract is long, but I do not grudge it:—

"Turner began with water-colours, a mode of painting which he practised at later periods of his life with wonderful power. In his earliest works a resemblance may be noticed to Cozens (to whom he always acknowledged great obligations), and still more to Girtin, but with inferior power to either. Contemporary with both, and of about the same age with Girtin, had Turner died as young, his name would only have survived as that of a second-rate painter.

His genius was of later development, and first appeared in those grand classic and marine subjects which he painted in the early part of the century. The sea pieces were his own, the others were made up from various sources in art, and though noble works, yet not generally those on which his fame will ultimately rest. His 'Snowstorm in the Alps,' however, with 'Hannibal and his Army,' would alone justify the highest praises of his friends; and his 'Ulysses,' painted at a much later period, is a poem of matchless splendour and beauty. Among the great multitude of his conceptions there may be doubtless other classical subjects equal to those direct from Nature, but they are exceptions to the rule by which he will be judged.

"I was equally delighted and surprised when I heard that a very young man had come forward, with extraordinary ability, knowledge and love of Nature, as the champion of Turner, at a time when (excepting by painters) his transcendent powers were little felt or understood. But I own I was disappointed, when I read Mr. Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' at one of the modes he adopted in the vindication of the great artist's just claim to admiration.

"There is little enough of excellence in the world, and its appreciation is always in danger from the obtrusion of clever mediocrity, and that direction of criticism, with whatever ability it is conducted, is unfortunate, that tends to obscure any of the true lights in art, in order that one great luminary may shine the more brilliantly. I think, therefore, it was equally unnecessary and unsafe to the reputation of

Turner to assume that he had fewer faults than other great painters, and to contrast his beauties with the faults, often indeed imaginary, of Claude, the Poussins, Cuyp, or Canaletti; unnecessary, because his excellences are of so high an order that his greatest admirers may fearlessly acknowledge all the defects with which he may be charged; and unsafe, because such a system of comparison might be more easily turned against him than against any painter that ever lived, for there never lived one in whose works greater absurdities or a larger number of impossible effects might be pointed out. Then, again, the assumption that other great painters are inferior to him, because they have not done the same beautiful things, is unfair. Mr. Ruskin describes in his own vivid manner four or five skies by Turner, and at the close of every such eloquent passage, asks triumphantly, 'Has Claude given this?' Now, it would be quite as easy to select from the works either of Claude, the Poussins, of Wilson, of Cuyp, of Ruysdael, and even of Canaletti, passages of peculiar beauty, and to ask, with as little chance of an affirmative reply, 'Has Turner given this?'

"I have said that the faults Mr. Ruskin finds in the old masters are often imaginary; and in proof of this, let us examine his remarks on the picture in the National Gallery, by Nicolas Poussin, called 'Phocian.' Mr. Ruskin says, 'The first idea we receive from this picture is that it is evening, and all the light coming from the horizon; not so, it is full noon, the light coming steep from the left, as is shown by the shadow of the stick on the right-hand pedestal, for if

the sun were not very high, that shadow could not lose itself half-way down, and if it were not lateral, the shadow would slope, instead of being vertical.' Now the fact is, that if the sun were very high, the shadow of the stick would be continued instead of losing itself, and the effect in the picture is in reality in accordance with the more softened light of the sun when near the horizon, while the shadow of the man's head near the stick is placed exactly where an evening sun would cast it; it is true these shadows are thrown laterally into the picture, but this is quite consistent with as much of warm light as Poussin has shown in the horizon, and the contradiction of effects imagined by Mr. Ruskin has no existence; while, were it worth while to look for blunders in Turner, we might notice that palpable one in the 'Dido building Carthage,' of a shadow from a beam of wood projecting from the brick wall on the extreme left of the spectator, in a direction which can only come from a sun much higher than that in the picture. Another instance of the detection of a supposed falsehood by Mr. Ruskin, in a great painter, but which in fact is a truth, occurs in his description of Canaletti's manner of treating water. After describing, with much severity, the ripples in the open part of a canal, he says (and in the way of censure) that 'three hundred yards away all the houses are reflected as clear and as sharp as in a quiet lake.' And most assuredly they are, because Canaletti painted what he saw, and the water as it approached the houses, being sheltered by them from the breeze that occasions the ripple in the middle of the canal,

was there as calm as 'a quiet lake.' The reader will see a fine example of such treatment in the large Canaletti in the National Gallery. Mr. Ruskin is right in his censure of the manner, as too mechanical, in which the ripples are painted by Canaletti—a censure that applies to his execution generally; still, the effect in Nature he meant to express is given, and his colour is always relatively true and well selected, though in a subdued scale; and however below Turner, Canaletti cannot be spared from the list of great painters; and in proof that Turner is at least as vulnerable, I would notice that, among the impossibilities in his pictures, we often find reflections on the uneven surfaces of large waves exactly perpendicular to the object reflected, and as they could only be seen on calm water.

"Mr. Ruskin, I know, will agree with me in considering it unfortunate for Turner that his picture of 'Dido building Carthage' is placed in the National Gallery beside Claude's 'Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba;' for his notice of the two pictures of Carthage is among the few instances in which he admits a fault in Turner. 'The foreground,' he says, 'of the 'Building of Carthage,' and the greater part of the architecture of the 'Fall,' are equally heavy, and evidently paint, if we compare them with genuine passages of Claude's sunshine.' For my own part, when I look at the 'Building of Carthage,' I feel as if I were in a theatre decorated with the most splendid of drop-scenes; but when I stand before Claude's 'Embarkation,' I am in the open air enjoying the sea breeze, and listening to the plash of the waves on the

beach. Yet this does not convince me that Claude was a greater man than Turner, because it is a comparison of one of the most artificial pictures of the English painter with one of the most natural works of the Frenchman; and I only make the comparison to show that Claude is not to be deposed, to place on his throne one who wants it not, because he has raised himself to a throne unoccupied before, and from which his sway is extended over a wider dominion, though, for that very reason, with less absolute power in every corner of it. Claude could not paint a storm; Turner's sea storms are the finest ever painted; and though Claude is best seen in tranquil sunshine, yet there are many beautiful and brilliant mid-day appearances, of perfect stillness, that were never seen on canvas, till Turner gave them with a power precluding all imitation; and I can well believe, with Mr. Ruskin, in the truth of his Venetian scenes, those splendid palaces and churches under the brightest skies and reflected in the clearest waters. Others may have painted with more truth many of the lesser facts; but he alone has given the great facts that are the prevailing associations with Venice. I have never seen Switzerland; but I have known those who have gone there sceptics, with respect to Turner's excellence, and returned worshippers; and I know enough of lake scenery to feel how great a painter he is of mountains and lakes, with all their changes of sunshine, cloud, and mist. Such are the things which are the real praise of this wonderful painter of light, and space, and air.

"I have read with attention Mr. Ruskin's remarks

on Turner's trees and foliage, but without being convinced that he was so great a painter of these as of other features of Nature. With the exception of here and there a willow, and in his Italian views the frequent pine and cypress, I look in vain for a specific discrimination in his trees, or in the vegetation of his foregrounds, in which there is little that is English. I cannot remember an oak, an elm, an ash, or a beech, in any picture by him (only a fine decayed oak in one of his vignettes); nor do I remember anything much like the beauty of an English hedge. Neither has he expressed the deep fresh verdure of his own country; and hence he is the most unfaithful (among great painters) to the essential and most beautiful characteristics of English midland scenery. Constable said to me, 'Did you ever see a picture by Turner, and not wish to possess it?' I forget the reply, but I might have named his 'View from the Terrace at Richmond;' from which, with the exception of the general composition, every beauty of that noble landscape is left out. I remember, in a summer of unusual drought, when the trees became embrowned and the grass was burnt up, that the colour of the woods and meadows seen from Richmond approached to that of Turner's picture; but I never remember to have met with trees of such forms as those which he has placed in its foreground, in any part of the world; nor am I acquainted, in Nature, with those trees often to be seen in his middle distances, which Mr. Ruskin accurately describes as shaped like pears with the stem downwards."

We have no recollection of any other picture than

one of Turner's by an artist of reputation, in which snow is represented "in action."

The "Snow-storm" was painted, and exhibited at the Academy, in 1842; in the catalogue it bore the title of "Snow-storm: Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth making Signals, in Shallow Water, and going by the Lead;" and we also learn, from the same authority, that the painter "was in the storm the night the Ariel"—the name of the steamer—left "Harwich."

The critics of all kinds, learned and unlearned, were furious when it was exhibited; some of them described it as a mass of "soapsuds and white-wash." "Turner," says Mr. Ruskin, "was passing the evening at my father's house, on the day this criticism came out; and after dinner, sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, I heard him muttering low to himself, at intervals, 'Soapsuds and whitewash,' again, and again, and again. At last I went to him, asking why he minded what they said. Then he burst out, 'Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it.'

"It is thus, too often, that ignorance sits in judgment on the works of genius."

One of the severest of Turner's critics, an open enemy indeed (the late Mr. Rippingille), says of his works:

"Many of the pictures in the gallery appropriated to him in Marlborough House are lamentable examples of want of care, as well as conscience; and, critically speaking, the collection, as a whole, somewhat impeaches the talent and powers of the artist,

and to a very great extent impairs the influence exercised to swell his reputation as a grand imposition. None question Turner's merits and powers as a painter; but these qualities are not found evidenced in *all* his works. The man of true taste and honesty will not fail to see a repulsive monotony of treatment pervading every subject, and a total absence, in most, of that freshness of feeling, which is as often exhibited by himself as by any artist living or dead, and which ever attends an earnest yearning after excellence. In a great number of these productions, there is no proof of the true motive; such pictures appear to be made by a recipe, and to order. They are same, and mannered to excess. Each contains a large splash of light in the centre, with certain masses of *darks* grouped round. Nor is there often any variety, novelty, or ingenuity comprised in these; so that the treatment, in a few examples, becomes vapid and commonplace. This continual trick, often much marred in the process by slovenly treatment, has the less to recommend it, since it has no claim to originality in Art; and, as regards Nature, it is partial, insulting, and injurious to the boundless and eternal variety of effects, in which she presents herself to our notice and admiration. Take, as a test of the truth of this observation, the three or four pictures by Claude, hung in conjunction with about the same number of Turners in the National Gallery. In the first, as you enter, Claude gives you this effect of the sun in the centre of his picture, better executed and more effective than anything of the sort of which Turner is the imitator. But in Claude you do not

find this effect repeated; in each of the other specimens are those varied effects by which nature is ever characterized: return to Turner, and in each example you find this effect repeated. Claude was a sloven in his figures, but what shall be said of Turner?—perhaps that he was a landscape and not a figure painter; then he should not have put them into his pictures, but have done as sometimes Claude did, get another painter to do them. No man can look upon these works without perceiving the coarse, unscrupulous mind and hand from which they came, and which, in spite of all false criticism and sordid interests can do, will not save them from the condemnation of a wiser and more honest generation."

The greatest impetus to Turner's fame was the publication in 1843 (Vol. II. in 1846) of Mr. Ruskin's first volume of the "Modern Painters." The painter whose fame flourished chiefly among his professional brethren, and who had somewhat tired the public with his later riddles, fantasies, and experiments, was now clearly proved to be the greatest landscape-painter the world had ever known. With great genius, eloquence, and technical learning, and with a logic almost too subtle, Claude was lowered, Salvator crushed, Raphael criticized, and Turner's works reviewed, eulogized, and explained.

Such wonderful books on art the world had never yet seen. They exasperated some, electrified others, and delighted the majority. Works of Turner forgotten by the ordinary public were recalled, the painter's genius was focussed, and its lustre gained by the focussing. His timid admirers now grew bolder;

his enemies were gradually silenced; then came the generous and magnificent bequest to awaken fresh interest; lastly, with deeper convictions, arose an almost universal thrill of proud satisfaction that England had at last produced a truly great painter. Those who at first affected to think the praise extravagant and paradoxical, gradually became converts. With each volume, Turner's votaries increased in number.

Latterly, there have been gainsayers, with whom I have no sympathy, treasonable enough to think that though equally eloquent, industrious, acute, and original, Mr. Ruskin has become almost too voluminous and episodical, interlarding his commentaries on Turner with too much of Scriptural quotation, and growing almost too subtle in reasoning, and too technically and laboriously scientific. There are even heretics daring enough to doubt whether Turner ever plunged so deeply into geological theories, mythological mysteries, abstruse spiritualisms, and Biblical allegories as is made out. For myself, I do not think he went much further than Lempriere for his "Polyphemus," and some poor translation of Ovid for his "Liber" subjects. He had meaning in all he did, but it needed no Swedenborg interpretation to discover such meaning.

For myself, if there be such faults in the great art critic, I forget them all when I read those exquisite rhapsodies that swell on the ear with an almost Miltonic diapason, those exquisite passages of almost Athenian subtlety in reasoning, those elaborate and oratorical comparisons of the genius of different painters, those fervid outbursts, those eloquent and glowing comments on the ancient or modern poets, those keen guesses that

seem to lay bare before us the very soul of Titian, Angelico, Velasquez, or Veronese; when I read these, I grow regardless of all faults, and readily pardon them in an imagination as intense as that of Dante, if not so inventive; a soul as devout as that of Angelico, if not so simple; a colourist as gorgeous as Giorgione, if not of such depth; a genius as versatile as Turner, if his shaping power be less and his sense of composition weaker.

About this time a race of young painters arose, wishing for sounder and more finished painting and less manufacture from old cracked conventional moulds—need I say Messrs. Millais, Holman Hunt, and Rossetti were the giants among them? A small magazine with an affected name, "The Germ," first organized the sect, and slowly, through much anger and laughter, their works began to creep out in the Exhibitions. Mr. Millais' "Ophelia" and "Huguenot" were among the early pictures; wonderful works for colour and finish, but not without certain drawbacks. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd," and "Claudio and Isabella," showed the power and the defects of the new school, its daring ambition, its indifference to beauty, and its determination to be unusual. Crimson flesh, rainbow sheep, ill-drawn horses, ugly, ascetic faces, and exaggerated trivialities, were among its peculiarities. But still its admirers increased, especially when Mr. Ruskin dashed forward, lance in hand, to prove that these men were painting on Turner principles, were painting faithfully what they saw, with all truth and love, and that their finish was not minuter than that of the old masters.

Their full daylight effect pleased people tired of the old brown studio gloom. Then came the great success of Mr. Millais' "Order of Release," a noble picture, almost without a fault; and still later, the even greater triumph of Mr. Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple."

No doubt the progress of photography led to much of this desire for finish and detail. Our school of art had grown sadly slovenly; it wanted a drastic and tonic. Reynolds had done more harm by the sham idealism he taught than he had done good by the excellence of his example.

But the new school has still much to learn. They disregard composition too much, they weaken their memories by the habit of drawing and painting everything direct from nature. Now, Turner might have taught them that nature must be selected from, must be even at times slightly re-dressed and re-arranged, and that nature is not always at her best, nor ripe for the painter.

In his celebrated pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism," Mr. Ruskin showed the true descent of the new sect's creed from the Turnerian principle of truth and finish. The following is the celebrated comparison between Millais and Turner, in which the great writer elaborates his argument. He says:—

"Suppose, for instance, two men equally honest, equally industrious, equally impressed with a humble desire to render some part of what they saw in nature faithfully, and otherwise trained in convictions such as I have above endeavoured to induce; but one of them is quiet in temperament, has a memory which

nothing escapes, an invention which never rests, and is comparatively near-sighted. Set them both free in the same field, in a mountain-valley. One sees everything, small and large, with almost the same clearness—mountains and grasshoppers alike, the leaves on the branches, the veins in the pebbles, the bubbles in the stream; but he can remember nothing and invent nothing. Patiently he sets himself to his mighty task; abandoning at once all thoughts of seizing transient effects, or giving general impressions of that which his eyes present to him in microscopical dissection, he chooses some small portion out of the infinite scene, and calculates with courage the number of weeks which must elapse before he can do justice to the intensity of his perceptions, or the fulness of matter in his subject. Meantime, the other has been watching the change of the clouds, and the march of the light along the mountain-sides; he beholds the entire scene in broad, soft masses of true gradation, and the very feebleness of his sight is in some sort an advantage to him in making him more sensible of the aerial mystery of distance, and hiding from him the multitudes of circumstances which it would have been impossible for him to represent. But there is not one change in the casting of the jagged shadows along the hollows of the hills, but it is fixed on his mind for ever; not a flake of spray has broken from the sea of cloud about their bases, but he has watched it as it melts away, and could recall it to its lost place in heaven by the slightest effort of his thoughts. Not only so, but thousands and thousands of such images, of older scenes, remain congregated in his

mind, each mingling in new associations with those now visibly passing before him, and these again confused with other images of his own ceaseless, sleepless imagination, flashing by in sudden troops. Fancy how his paper will be covered with stray symbols and blots, and undecipherable short-hand; as for his sitting down to 'draw from nature,' there was not one of the things which he wished to represent that stayed for so much as five seconds together; but none of them escaped for all that—they are sealed up in that strange storehouse of his. He may take one of them out, perhaps, this day twenty years, and paint it in his dark room, far away."

Mr. Ruskin, in the course of this volume, adjures, in the following remarkable way, the periodical writers of the day; of course intending such adjuration to be at the same time a bit of kind advice to Turner. He says:—

"Our periodical writers, therefore, may save themselves the trouble either of blaming or praising; their duty is not to pronounce opinions upon the work of a man who has walked with nature threescore years, but to impress upon the public the respect with which they are to be received, and to make request to him, on the part of the people of England, that he would now touch no unimportant work, that he would not spend time on slight or small pictures, but give to the nation a series of grand, consistent, systematic, and completed poems. We desire that he should follow out his own thoughts and intents of heart, without reference to any human authority. But we request in all humility, that those thoughts may be

seriously and loftily given; and that the whole power of his unequalled intellect may be exerted in the production of such works as may remain for ever for the teaching of the nations. In all that he says we believe, in all that he does we trust. It is therefore that we pray him to utter nothing lightly, to do nothing regardlessly. He stands upon an eminence, from which he looks back over the universe of God, and forward over the generations of men. Let every work of his hand be a history of the one, and a lesson to the other. Let each exertion of his mighty mind be both hymn and prophecy, adoration to the Deity, revelation to mankind."

A friend of Turner's assures me that the great man once told him, "that he had never read a line of Ruskin." Yet there is also a vague story that Turner was vexed at Mr. Ruskin's panegyrics, saying, "The man put ideas in my head I never thought of." These two stories contradict each other; it is impossible that both can be true, and unlikely that either is so.

TURNER'S STYLE.

In discussing Turner's finish, Mr. Ruskin praises the curves in his tree drawings, which, when you look long, "seem to be all tremulous and wavering along every edge into endless melody of change."

Mr. Ruskin thus defends Turner from the charge of being unable to represent the higher snow-fields of the Alps. He says, with great truth:—

"For rocks of this kind, being found only in the midst of the higher snow-fields, are not only out of the general track of the landscape-painter, but are

for the most part quite beyond his power—even beyond Turner's. The waves of snow, when it becomes a principal element in mountain form, are at once so subtle in tone and so complicated in colour and fold, that no skill will express them so as to keep the whole luminous mass in anything like a true relation to the rock darkness. For the distant rocks of the upper peaks are themselves when in light paler than white paper, and their true size and relation to near objects cannot be exhibited unless they are painted in the palest tones. Yet, as compared with their snow, they are so dark that a daguerreotype taken for the proper number of seconds to draw the snow-shadows rightly will always represent the rocks as coal-black. In order, therefore, to paint a snowy mountain properly we should need a light as much brighter than white paper as white paper is lighter than charcoal. So that although it is possible with deep blue sky and purple rocks and blue shadows to obtain a very interesting resemblance of snow effect, and a true one up to a certain point (as in the best examples of body-colour drawing sold so extensively in Switzerland), it is not possible to obtain any of those refinements of form and gradation which a great artist's eye requires. Turner felt that, among these highest hills, no serious or perfect work could be done; and although in one or two of his vignettes he showed his knowledge of them, his practice, in larger works, was always to treat the snowy mountains merely as a fading white cloud, concentrating the interest of his picture on nearer and more tractable objects."

Speaking of Turner's exquisite finish, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"Every quarter of an inch of Turner's drawings will bear magnifying; and much of the finer work in them can hardly be traced, except by the keenest sight, until it is magnified. In his painting of 'Ivy Bridge,' the veins are drawn on the wings of a butterfly not above three lines in diameter; and I have one of his smaller drawings of 'Scarborough' in my own possession, the mussel shells on the beach are rounded, and some shown as shut, some as open, though none are as large as the letters of this type; and yet this is the man who was thought to belong to the 'dashing' school, literally because most people had not patience or delicacy of sight enough to trace his endless details."

Turner was always on the alert for any remarkable effect. In 1792, when he was eighteen years of age, the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, was burnt down. It happened to be a hard frost at the time, and large icicles were seen the next morning depending from the different parts of the ruins. The young artist quickly repaired to the spot; and his picture, the "Pantheon on the Morning after the Fire," exhibited in the Royal Academy in the following May, witnessed the force with which the scene was impressed upon him. In like manner, the "Burning of the Houses of Parliament," forty years afterwards, was an event that could not escape the pencil of Turner. He repaired to the spot to make sketches of the fire at different points, and produced two pictures, one for the Academy, another for the British Institution. Here was

a glowing subject for his palette. Lord Hill, on looking closely to the latter picture, exclaimed, "What's this? Call this painting? Nothing but dabs." But upon retiring, and catching its magical effects, he added, "Painting! God bless me! So it is!" The picture of "Hail, Rain, and Speed," with its wonderful interpretation of a night railway train, produced at a still later period of Turner's life, was another instance in which the great artist's attention had been caught by the hissing, and puffing, and glowing fire of the locomotive.

Speaking of Turner's wide sympathy, Mr. Ruskin says—

"Look at the girl putting her bonnet on the dog, in the foreground of the 'Richmond, Yorkshire;' the juvenile tricks of the 'Marine Dabblers,' of the 'Liber Studiorum;' the boys scrambling after their kites in the 'Woods of the Greta and Buckfastleigh;' and the notable and most pathetic drawing of the 'Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard,' with the schoolboys making a fortress of their larger books on the tombstone, to bombard with the more projectile volumes. And, passing from these to the intense horror and dismay of the 'Rizpah,' consider for yourself whether there was ever any other painter who could strike such an octave. Whether there has been or not, in other walks of art, this power of sympathy is unquestionably in landscape unrivalled. . . . As few, in looking at the 'Cephalus and Procris' of Turner, note the sympathy of those faint rays that are just drawing back and dying between the trunks of the far-off forest, with the ebbing life of the nymph, unless, indeed, they happen to recollect the same sympathy

marked by Shelley in the 'Alastor:' but the imagination is not shown in any such modifications; however, in some cases they may be valuable, and I note them merely in consequence of their peculiar use in religious art, presently to be examined."

Turner seldom drew a place as it really was. He gave not the place itself, but the impression it produced upon him. He would melt up a day's journey into a sketch, in order to focus all the features of that region into one impression, and place that before the spectator's mind. This habit arose from the conventional compositions to which Turner had been accustomed from a boy. In the days of Wilson, nature was thought never fit to be seen till the artist had improved it. This reprehensible untruthfulness Mr. Ruskin thus ingeniously defends:—

"But if a painter has inventive power, he is to treat his subject in a totally different way; giving not the actual facts of it, but the impression it made on his mind.

"And now, once for all, let it be clearly understood that an 'impression on the mind' does not mean a piece of manufacture. The way in which most artists proceed to invent, as they call it, is this: they choose their subject, for the most part well, with a sufficient quantity of towns, mountains, ruined cottages, and other materials, to be generally interesting; they then fix on some object for a principal light; behind this put a dark cloud, or, in front of it, a dark piece of foreground; then they repeat this light somewhere else in a less degree, and connect the two lights together by some intermediate ones. If they find any part of the foreground uninteresting, they put a group

of figures into it; if any part of the distance, they put something there from some other sketch; and proceed to inferior detail in the same manner, taking care always to put white stones near black ones, and purple colours near yellow ones, and angular forms near round ones. All this being as simply a matter of recipe and practice as cookery; like that, not by any means a thing easily done well, but still having no reference whatever to 'impressions on the mind.'

"But the artist who has real invention sets to work in a totally different way. First, he receives a true impression from the place itself, and takes care to keep hold of that as his chief good; indeed, he needs no care in the matter, for the distinction of his mind from that of others consists in his instantly receiving such sensations strongly, and being unable to lose them; and then he sets himself as free as possible to reproduce that impression on the mind of the spectator of his picture.

"Now, observe, this impression on the mind never results from the mere piece of scenery which can be included within the limits of the picture. It depends on the temper into which the mind has been brought, both by all the landscape round and by what has been seen previously in the course of the day; so that no particular spot upon which the painter's glance may at any moment fall is then to him what, if seen by itself, it will be to the spectator far away; nor is it what it would be even to that spectator if he had come to the reality through the steps which nature has appointed to be the preparation for it,

instead of seeing it isolated on an exhibition wall. For instance, on the descent of the St. Gothard, towards Italy, just after passing through the narrow gorge above Faido, the road emerges into a little breadth of valley, which is entirely filled by fallen stones and debris, partly disgorged by the Ticino as it leaps out of the narrower chasm, and partly brought down by winter avalanches from a loose and decomposing mass of mountain on the left. Beyond this first promontory is seen a considerably higher range, but not an imposing one, which rises above the village of Faido. The etching is a topographical outline of the scene, with the actual blocks of rock which happened to be lying in the bed of the Ticino at the spot from which I chose to draw it. The masses of loose debris (which, for any permanent purpose, I had no need to draw, as their arrangement changes at every flood) I have not drawn, but only those features of the landscape which happen to be of some continual importance: of which, note, first, that the little three-windowed building on the left is the remnant of a gallery built to protect the road, which once went on that side, from the avalanches and stones that come down the *couloir* in the rock above. It is only a ruin, the greater part having been, by said avalanches, swept away, and the old road, of which a remnant is also seen on the extreme left, abandoned, and carried now along the hill-side on the right, partly sustained on rough stone arches, and winding down, as seen in the sketch, to a weak wooden bridge, which enables it to recover its old track past the gallery. It seems formerly (but

since the destruction of the gallery) to have gone about a mile farther down the river on the right bank, and then to have been carried across by a longer wooden bridge, of which only the two abutments are seen in the sketch, the rest having been swept away by the Ticino, and the new bridge erected near the spectator.

"There is nothing in this scene, taken in itself, particularly interesting or impressive. The mountains are not elevated or particularly fine in form, and the heaps of stones which encumber the Ticino present nothing notable to the ordinary eye; but, in reality, the place is approached through one of the narrowest and most sublime ravines in the Alps, and after the traveller, during the early part of the day, has been familiarized with the aspect of the highest peaks of the Mount St. Gothard. Hence, it speaks quite another language to him from that in which it would address itself to an unprepared spectator; the confused stones, which by themselves would be almost without any claim upon his thoughts, become exponents of the fury of the river by which he journeyed all day long; the defile beyond, not in itself narrow or terrible, is regarded, nevertheless, with awe, because it is imagined to resemble the gorge that has just been traversed above, and, although no very elevated mountains immediately overhang it, the scene is felt to belong to, and arise in its essential characters out of, the strength of those mightier mountains in the unseen north.

"Any topographical delineation of the facts, therefore, must be wholly incapable of arousing in the

mind of the beholder those sensations which would be caused by the facts themselves, seen in their natural relations to others; and the aim of the great inventive landscape painter must be to give the far higher and deeper truth of mental vision, rather than that of the physical facts, and to reach a representation which, though it may be totally useless to engineers or geographers, and, when tried by rule and measure, totally unlike the place, shall yet be capable of producing on the far-away beholder's mind precisely the impression which the reality would have produced, and putting his heart into the same state in which it would have been had he verily descended into the valley of Airlo.

"Now, observe, if in his attempt to do this the artist does not understand the sacredness of the truth of *impression*, and supposes that, once quitting hold of his first thought, he may, by philosophy, compose something prettier than he saw, and mightier than he felt, it is all over with him. Every such attempt at composition will be utterly abortive, and end in something neither true nor fanciful—something geographically useless and intellectually absurd. But if, holding fast his first thought, he finds other ideas insensibly gathering to it, and, whether he will or not, modifying it into something which is not so much the image of the place itself as the spirit of the place, let him yield to such fancies and follow them wherever they lead. For, though error on this side is very rare among us in these days, it is possible to check these finer thoughts by mathematical accuracies, so as materially to impair the imaginative faculty. I

shall be able to explain this better after we have traced the actual operation of Turner's mind on the scene under discussion.

"Turner was always, from his youth, fond of stones (we shall see presently why). Whether large or small, loose or imbedded, hewn into cubes or moulded into boulders, he loved them as much as William Hunt loved pine-apples and plums; so that this great litter of fallen stones, which to any one else would have been simply disagreeable, was to Turner much the same as if the whole valley had been filled with plums and pine-apples, and delighted him exceedingly, much more than even the gorge of Dazio Grande just above. But that gorge had its effect upon him also, and was still not well out of his head when the diligence stopped at the bottom of the hill, just at that turn of the road on the right of the bridge, which favourable opportunity Turner seized to make what he called a 'memorandum' of the place, composed of a few pencil scratches on a bit of thin paper, that would roll up with others of the sort and go into his pocket afterwards. These pencil scratches he put a few blots of colour upon (I suppose at Bellinzona the same evening, certainly not upon the spot), and showed me this blotted sketch when he came home. I asked him to make me a drawing of it, which he did, and casually told me afterwards (a rare thing for him to do) that he liked the drawing he had made. Of this drawing I have etched a reduced outline, in which the whole place is altered in scale, and brought up to the general majesty of the higher forms

of the Alps. In my topographical sketch, there are a few trees rooted in the rock on this side of the gallery, showing by comparison that it is not above four or five hundred feet high. These trees Turner cuts away, and gives the rock a height of about a thousand feet, so as to imply more power and danger in the avalanche coming down the couloir.

"Next, he raises, in a still greater degree, all the mountains beyond, putting three or four ranges instead of one, but uniting them into a single mossy bank at their base, which he makes overhang the valley, and thus reduces it nearly to such a chasm as that which he had just passed through above, so as to unite the expression of this ravine with that of the stony valley. The few trees in the hollow of the glen he feels to be contrary in spirit to the stones, and fells them as he did the others; so also he feels the bridge in the foreground by its slenderness to contradict the aspect of violence in the torrent. He thinks the torrent and avalanches should have it all their own way hereabouts, so he strikes down the nearer bridge, and restores the one further off, where the force of the stream may be supposed less. Next, the bit of road on the right, above the bank, is not built on a wall, nor on arches high enough to give the idea of an Alpine road in general; so he makes the arches taller, and the bank steeper, introducing, as we shall see presently, a reminiscence from the upper part of the pass.

"I say he *thinks* this, and *introduces* that; but, strictly speaking, he does not think at all. If he

thought, he would instantly go wrong; it is only the clumsy and uninventive artist who thinks. All these changes come into his head involuntarily—an entirely imperative dream, crying, 'Thus it must be.'"

Of Turner's distance, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"To so singular an extent will the form of things come out gradually through the mist, as you look long at Turner's effects of this kind, that many of his admirers have thought that he painted the whole scene first, with all its details, and then threw the mist over it; but it is not so, and it cannot be done so. All efforts to copy Turner on such a plan will end in total discomfiture. The misty effect is, indeed, partly given by breathing one colour over another; but the forms of objects are not thus rendered indistinct; if they were, the picture would look as if it had been rubbed over with blue paint, accidentally, after it was finished, and every spectator would wish to clear off the upper colour and see what was underneath. The misty appearance is given by resolvedly confusing, altering, or denying the form at the moment of painting it; and the virtue of the work is in the painter's having perfectly clear and sharp conception of all that he chooses to confuse, alter, or deny; so that his very confusion becomes suggestive, his alteration decorative, and his denial affirmative. And it is because there is an idea with, and in—not under—every touch, that we find the objects rising into existence as we gaze."

On the subject of Turner's "Mystery," so intentionally indistinct in detail, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"He shows you the spots on trout on a rock in a

foreground, but you cannot count them, the painter never intended you should. Try to draw a piece of patterned muslin or lace (of which you do not know the pattern) a little way off, and rather in the shade; and be sure you get all the grace and *look* of the pattern without going a step nearer to see what it is. Then try to draw a bank of grass with all its blades, or a bush with all its leaves, and you will soon begin to understand under what a universal law of obscurity we live, and perceive that all *distinct* drawing must be *bad* drawing, and that nothing can be right till it is unintelligible."

Mr. Ruskin does not in the least exaggerate the subtleties of Turner's imagination. In the picture of the "Mewstone" there were some strange weird clouds introduced, which had something demoniacal and possessed about them. Mr. Stokes was struck by them, and asked Turner if he did not mean them for the demons and angels of the storm; Turner confessed he did.

"In the same way," Mr. Ruskin says, "the blasted trunk on the left, in Turner's drawing of the spot where Harold fell at the battle of Hastings, takes, where its boughs first separate, the shape of the head of an arrow; this, which is mere fancy in itself, is imagination, as it supposes in the spectator an excited condition of feeling dependent on the history of the spot."

CHAPTER X.

TURNER AS A CORRESPONDENT.

TURNER was notoriously a barred-up man, a man who would come to the threshold of his mind and talk to you perhaps, but would by no means throw open the door and show you in as a welcome guest into the palace; yet on this peculiarity, too, the tireless tongue of envy has been busy, and the fungi stalks of scandal have been used as pillars to support vast edifices of lies. Turner was cheerful and social among friends, loving them and beloved by them. I append here a batch of letters, trifling enough, but valuable, because Turner's letters are scarce. They convey a very fair notion of his epistolary manner in 1844.

"47, Queen Anne-street, Thursday, 18th inst.

"DEAR MADAM,—Mr. Jenkins will take the benefit of the Act himself, and will (without asking counsel's opinion thereon) appear before the Court of Brook-street on Wednesday, the 24th instant, quarter before seven o'clock, and abide by the same.

"I have the honour to be for Mr. Jenkins's case.

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"To Mrs. Carrick Moore,
38, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square."

"DEAR MADAM,—It is very, very, very unlucky for me that although dear Miss Rogers had induced me to hope for your kind invitation, it should be thwarted in any manner, and particularly by me, against my own inclination; but I have received a summons to attend the Council of the Royal Academy at half-past eight on Saturday evening, to consider on a case which friend Jones will tell you more about if you feel inclined to know why I am constrained to defer (I hope only in the present case) your kind and friendly feeling towards me.

"I have the honour to be, dear Madam,

"Yours most truly obliged,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"To Mrs. Carrick Moore, 1, Saville-row."

"Wednesday, 20th, 1841.

"DEAR MISS MOORE,—I am very sorry to be engaged on the 29th, Friday, and therefore excluded from the happiness of being in Brook-street on that day.

"Very many thanks for the name of the church,* Redentori.

"Yours truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

"J. M. W. Turner presents his compliments to Miss Moore, and requests her to make his thanks to Mrs. Moore for the very kind offer of forgiveness to him, which he will avail himself of with very great

* "He had asked me to find the name of the church in Venice which contained three pictures by G. Bellini."—M.

pleasure on Sunday next, at a quarter past six o'clock.

"Feb. 3rd, 1840. 47, Queen Anne-street.

"To Miss H. Moore."

"47, Queen Anne-street, June 16th, 1847.

"My dear Miss Moore,—Very glad to hear Mr. Moore is quite well again, and hope Mrs. Moore will now be better, being relieved from the anxiety attendant on the illness of Mr. Moore.

"Many thanks for the news of the whereabouts of the Jones's, and his piece of your letter sent me inclosed!!! How we all grumble in search of happiness or benefits for others, yet find home at home.

"Yours truly,

"J. M. W. Turner."

"47, Queen Anne-street, Dec. 9th, 1841.

"Dear Madam,—I am truly sorry in being engaged Tuesday and Wednesday next (out of town), particularly sorry on present occasion of your kind invitations.

"Most sincerely,

"J. M. W. Turner.

"P.S.—Very low, indeed, for our loss in *dear* Chantrey.

"Mrs. Carrick Moore, Albemarle-street."

"J. M. W. Turner begs to present his respects to Miss Moore, and begs to say he is sorry an engagement for Christmas Day will prevent him offering his apology and contrition for his misdeeds and errors, regretted the more by him because he cannot but defer expressing his disappointment in person.

"Respects.

"To Miss H. Moore."

"Saturday, Jan. 9th, 1847.

"DEAR MISS MOORE,—Charming weather for the arts; they must be fine this weather of uniformity.

"Sorry to be likewise engaged on Sunday next, the 10th; best regards to Mr. and Mrs. Moore, yourself, and all the family.

"Yours truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"Miss Moore, 11, Grafton-street, Bond-street."

"Tuesday night.

"DEAR MISS MOORE,—Jones must have pulled a feather from the wing of Time; so with your permission, and Mr. and Mrs. Moore's, I will be selfish, and try to borrow it on Saturday; but if I should be beyond a quarter past six pray ask him for the loan (for me), fearing others are like.

"Yours truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"Miss Moore, 38, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square."

"Mr. Avalanche Jenkinson presents his thanks to Mrs. Moore for the kind invitation to Wonhams, which by some mischance he did not find till this morning, because 'twas not in sight,' and he feels his mishap the greater because the chance becomes the lesser, for the Exhibition closes to-day, the anniversary dinner on Monday, and the Spanish Fleet (*alias* pictures) will be removed from their present moorings to be scattered east, west, north, and south, like the Armada.

"Therefore Mr. Jenkinson fears he may be driven before the wind with his passport before the end of next week, but he begs to offer his sincere thanks,

though with slender hope of being able to have the pleasure of being at Wonhams until his return from Switzerland. Mr. Jenkinson, with great respect, becoming to all inquiring friends,

"Most sincerely,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

Mrs. Carrick Moore used to call him Mr. Jenkinson, as being a common insignificant name.

These letters, with their pithy brevity and cheerful jokes, are very characteristic of the man.

How drolly he rejoices in the nickname of "Mr. Avalanche Jenkinson," and throws in here and there a clever thought or kind remembrance. "The loss of *dear* Chantrey" shows how deeply his heart felt the loss of friends; Chantrey the "gay" and "good," as he calls him in the following letter to his friend Jones, he seems especially to have loved.

I here interpolate a letter of as far back as 1830 (for these letters are too few to be worth arranging chronologically), written to his friend Jones when at Rome. He alludes in it with much feeling to the death of Lawrence and Dawe; to his father's death, too, and to the contingency of his own. He is quite sarcastic on the heartless custom of great people sending their empty carriages to public funerals, and hints at Academy intrigues. The allusion to "yellow," refers to the mustard tone of his later Italian pictures, which Chantrey seems good-naturedly to have joked him about:—

To George Jones, R.A.

"London, Feb. 1830.

"DEAR JONES,—I delayed answering yours until the chance of this finding you in Rome, to give you some account of the dismal prospect of Academic affairs, and of the last sad ceremonies paid yesterday to departed talent gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. Alas, only two short months Sir Thomas followed the coffin of Dawe to the same place. We then were his pall-bearers. Who will do the like for me, or when, God only knows how soon; my poor father's death proved a heavy blow upon me, and has been followed by others of the same dark kind. However, it is something to feel that gifted talent can be acknowledged by the many who yesterday waded up to their knees in snow and muck to see the funeral pomp swelled up by carriages of the great, without the persons themselves. *Entre nous*, much could be written on this subject; much has been in the papers daily of anecdotes, sayings, and doings, contradictory and complex, and nothing certain, excepting that a great mass of property in the unfinished pictures will cover more than demands. The portraits of the potentates are to be exhibited, which will of course produce a large sum. The drawings of the old masters are to be offered to His Majesty in mass, then to the British Museum. Thomas Campbell is to write Sir Thomas's life at the request of the family, and a portrait of himself, painted lately and engraved, for which great biddings have been already made. I

wish I had you by the button-hole, notwithstanding all your grumbling about Italy and yellow. I could then tell more freely what has occurred since your departure of combinations and concatenations somewhat of the old kind, only more highly coloured, and to my jaundiced eye not a whit more pure. . . . Chantrey is as gay and as good as ever, ready to serve: he requests, for my benefit, that you bottle up all the yellows which may be found straying out of the right way; but what you may have told him about the old masters which you did not tell me, I can't tell, but we expected to hear a great deal from each other, but the stormy brush of Tintoretto was only to make 'the Notte' more visible. May you be better in health and spirits.

"Adieu, adieu, faithfully yours,

"J. M. W. TURNER."

Turner's letters to Mr. Ruskin I have not inserted. They are of small importance, are very brief, and are chiefly friendly answers to invitations. In one he alludes bewailingly to the November fog, that stops his painting.

There is a letter from Turner to Calcott extant in which the artist has drawn a wild duck (or mallard) instead of writing his full name. He was fond of Calcott's style of painting, his cool sober manner. Mr. Munro has a picture of a Dutch town closely resembling Calcott in style. Turner was fond of these little good-natured bits of fun, for his spirits were high, deep as were occasionally his fits of melancholy.

The following letters are also worthy a place here:—

"DEAR SIR,—Herewith I submit for your inspection and observations my remarks on your picture of 'Pope's Villa,' and if you wish to make any alterations to the same, I will readily comply with your suggestions. I must beg the favour of you to return *this sheet* by the FIRST post, as I must print the account *immediately*. I am sorry I could not submit it to you previous to your leaving town. Pray inform me if you can make it convenient to oblige me with two or three drawings of Lindisfarne; they shall be engraved in the very best manner.

"Yours truly,

"J. BRITTON.

"Nov. 16th, 1811. Tavistock-place."

"SIR, [for Mr. T.'s remarks].

"I rather lament that the remark which you read to me when I called in Tavistock-place is suppressed, for it espoused the part of Elevated Landscape against the aspersio . . . . of map mak . . . criticism; but no doubt you are better acquainted with the nature of p . . . . tion, and mine is a mistaken zeal. As to remark, you will find a . . alteration or colour in pencil. *Two* groups of sheep. *Two* fishermen occur too close; baskets to entrap eels is not technical, being called eel pots; and making the willow tree the identical Pope's willow (*sic*) is rather strained. (?) Cannot you do it by allusion, and with deference. (?) Mellifluous lyre—seems to deny energy of thought—and let me ask

one question. (?) Why say the Poet and Skophite are not often united? for if they are not, they . . . . ought to be: therefore the solitary instance given of Dodsley acts as a *cen*sure. The fourth and fifth line requires perhaps a note as to the state of the grotto that gratfull posterity from age to age may repair what remains. If . . . . will in . . . . I would ask a little more to be added; but as it is, use your own discretion (?), and therefore will conclude cavaling any further with Dodsley's lines.

"Your most truly obed.

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"P.S.—Respecting Lindisfarne, we will have some conversation when I return; and you may see the sketches which will best suit, and I must . . . . know what size, &c., you wish, before I can positively accept of your proposal, as one more I think . . . . bring into 'Liber Studiorum.' I had not time to return this by post yesterday, but hope that no delay has been experienced in the printing."

"July 1st, 1825. Queen Anne-street.

"DEAR SIR THOMAS,—I have just now received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain's office, stating that the amount for my picture will be paid upon demand. I therefore feel the necessity of again asking you if you do authorize me in demanding the 600 guineas you mentioned; or, if in your warmth for the service of the arts, you did exceed (in your wishes) the terms proposed. Do pray have the goodness to tell me.

"In regard to the fees, I beg to renew my objections; but do believe me to be,

"With true regard, yours most faithfully,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"To Sir Thomas Lawrence."

"Thursday M.

"J. M. W. Turner presents his respects to Sir Thomas Lawrence, and he feels sorry his engagements will prevent him the pleasure of waiting upon Sir Thomas to-morrow morning; he called in Russell-square to request he might be excused giving any opinion of the picture, in consequence of his having positively declined so doing to Mr. Wright, a particular friend of Sir W. Pilkington, on the part of Mr. Gray.

"To Sir Thomas Lawrence."

CHAPTER XI.

TURNER'S VENETIAN PICTURES.

It was from the great middle class, and not the aristocracy of England, Turner obtained patronage.

It is to the middle class of England, from whom Shakespeare and our greatest men have sprung, that English art owes its present flourishing condition. It was only after the Reform Bill passed both Houses that national pictures were treated as national property, and thrown open to the people. Gradually, as the popular element began to leaven Parliament, and new intellect to quicken it, committees on art-subjects began to sit, and art was considered as a national question, not as the luxury of the few, but the birthright of the many. Then rapidly good modern pictures began to assert their claim over third-rate, doubtful, black old masters, and modern art emerged from the deluge, thanks, not to the nobles of England, but to the great merchants of the North.

From them Turner obtained his most generous commissions, for taste that had grown paralysed in drowsy country seats began now to bloom again amid factory smoke and the roar and buzz of wheels, amid cotton fluff, and in the vaporous Manchester engine rooms.

Mr. Henry M'Connel was, I believe, one of the first gentlemen to give Turner commissions for his later Venetian pictures. For him the painter fixed on canvas that beautiful dream of the sea Cybele, "The Grand Canal, Venice."

Mr. M'Connel was one of the first men in the Northern district who had the originality of taste to admire and purchase Turner's works. His collection became one of the best in the whole region. He generally gave commissions to the artist direct. In this way he obtained that admirable picture, so full of pathos and interest, Landseer's "There's Life in the Old Dog yet;" representing a Highland deerhound that had fallen into a chasm in the ardour of his pursuit. He had also in his gallery Sir Charles Eastlake's "Slave Market," and Wilkie's "Sancho Panza and his Mother at the Fountain," not the happiest effort of that excellent Scotch artist.

For Turner's "Grand Canal," and another picture full of a more sober poetry, "Lightermen on the Thames," Mr. M'Connel gave one thousand guineas, a large, but not exorbitant sum.

When it came to settlement, Turner's parsimony arose to the surface painfully. He claimed eighty more guineas, in consideration of his expenses in going expressly to Venice to paint the picture, at least, to make the sketch, for Turner never finished an oil picture direct from nature. Now, eighty guineas was more than he could have spent in such a tour, for Turner did not travel like a grand *milord*, but rather too much after the guise of a pedlar or a spy; he was hardy, as well as saving, and did not care for luxuries.

Perhaps the merchant, new to picture-buying, did not know that such was always Turner's stipulation, and probably Turner had never thought of telling a man so to whom money seemed to roll in in floods.

As an itinerant topographical artist, Turner had always been paid his travelling expenses, and intensely obstinate and doggedly conservative as he was, he was sure to keep up his old charges. The merchant, English all over, and accustomed to clear logical arrangements, thought this postscript of eighty guineas an afterthought, an extortion, a shuffle, a mean attempt at raising a price previously agreed upon. The blue sky of Venice looked black and ugly, no doubt, to the merchant, as he looked at it and saw, "Eighty guineas" written all over it in red ink. He would not have it.

Down comes a growling letter from Turner requesting the immediate return of the picture. He will not bate an ace. "Return the picture." The merchant determines to do so, but before the coffin-lid of the packing-case is closed on the precious picture, he goes to take a last look, I dare say—I am sure, in fact, he does. No, the sky is of such a forget-me-not blue, the water so wonderful, so radiant with jewel gleams of reflections, as if it swarmed with the fish of the tropics, he cannot part with it.

Back to the dusty lumber-room in the roof goes the packing-case; off flies a cheque to scowling Turner in Queen Anne-street for 1080 guineas, which Turner pockets with a malicious chuckle, for he knew that he had not asked too much for such magical pictures.

Some years ago, Mr. M'Connel sold the picture

"at a very high premium upon the original cost," as business men would say.

Of one of his small pictures of Venice now in the Vernon Gallery, a pleasant story is told, which shows his good-nature and his love of practical joking.

The picture in question, one of those so full of vivid reflections (not always quite true to fact), was hung next a view of Ghent, by his old friend, George Jones, R.A. On the varnishing day at the Academy, Turner, who delighted in these social moments of working and chatting amongst comrades, said to his friend:

"Why, Joney, how blue your sky is! but I'll out-blue you.",

And immediately scrambling upon a box, joking and chuckling, he deepened the sky of his Venice with a scumble of ultramarine.

"I've done you now, Georgey," he said, as he passed on to another picture.

In his absence, as a joke, Jones determined to baffle the great man, and instantly set to work and painted the sky of Ghent a blank white, which, acting as a foil, made Turner's Venetian sky look preposterously blue.

The next day, Turner laughed heartily when he returned to his picture to find himself again check-mated.

"Well, Joney," he said, "you have done me now. But it must go," and went to work briskly and merrily at the water, ships, and fairy-like buildings, never altering the sky any more.

For this dream of Venice Mr. Vernon gave Turner

two hundred guineas; and this price the painter evidently thought extravagant, for he was heard to say—

"If they will have scraps, they must pay for them."

By which oracle, I suppose, Turner meant that the picture was only a fragment of an harmonious whole—a merry, fanciful sketch; and it is certain that he despised such studies in comparison with his earlier and more solid, though less poetical works.

Mr. Leslie, in his "Autobiography," gives the following account of the first picture of Turner that went to America. He says:—

"It fell to my lot to select the first of his pictures that went to America. Mr. James Lennox, of New York, who knew his works only from engravings, wished very much to possess one, and wrote to me to that effect. I replied that his rooms were full of unsold works, and I had no doubt he would part with one. Mr. Lennox expressed his willingness to give 500*l.*, and left the choice to me. I called on Turner, and asked if he would let a picture go to America. 'No; they won't come up to the scratch!' I knew what he meant; for another American had offered him a low price for the 'Téméraire.' I told him a friend of mine would give 500*l.* for anything he would part with. His countenance brightened, and he said at once, 'He may have that, or that, or that,' pointing to three not small pictures. I chose a 'Sunset View of Staffa,' which I had admired more than most of his pictures from the time when it was first exhibited. It was in an old frame, but Turner would have a very handsome new one made for it.

When it reached New York, Mr. Lennox was out of town, and we were in suspense some time about its reception. About a fortnight after its arrival, he returned to New York, but only for an hour; and wrote to me, after a first hasty glance, to express his great disappointment. He said he could almost fancy the picture had sustained some damage on the voyage; it appeared to him so indistinct throughout. Still he did not doubt its being very fine, and he hoped to see its merits on farther acquaintance; but, for the present, he could not write to Mr. Turner, as he could only state his present impression.

"Unfortunately, I met Turner at the Academy a night or two after I received this letter; and he asked me if I had heard from Mr. Lennox. I was obliged to say 'yes.' 'Well, and how does he like the picture?' 'He thinks it indistinct.' 'You should tell him,' he replied, 'that indistinctness is my forte.'

"In the meantime I had answered Mr. Lennox's letter, pointing out, as well as I could, the merits of the picture; and concluded by saying, 'If, on a second view, it gains your estimation, it will assuredly gain more and more every time you look at it.' Mr. Lennox, in reply, said, 'You have exactly described what has taken place. I now admire the picture greatly, and I have brought one or two of my friends to see it as I do; but it will never be a favourite with the multitude. I can now write to Mr. Turner, and tell him conscientiously how much I am delighted with it.'

"Mr. Lennox soon afterwards came to London, and bought another picture of Turner's at a sale, and

I think, another of himself, and would have bought the 'Témérairę,' but Turner had then determined not to sell it.

"It was reported that Turner had declared his intention of being buried in his 'Carthage,' the picture now in the National Gallery. I was told that he said to Chantrey, 'I have appointed you one of my executors. Will you promise to see me rolled up in it?' 'Yes,' said Chantrey, 'and I promise you also that, as soon as you are buried, I will see you taken up and unrolled.' This was very like Chantrey, and the story was so generally believed, that when Turner died, and Dean Milman heard he was to be buried in St. Paul's, he said, 'I will not read the service over him if he is wrapped up in that picture.' I have said that Turner often expressed himself happily. I remember that when it was proposed that the new Houses of Parliament were to be decorated with pictures, he said, 'Painting can never show her nose in company with architecture without being snubbed.'"

Some of Turner's enemies accuse him (I think very unjustly) of latterly taking advantage of his name, and selling at large prices experiments that had cost him neither labour nor thought.

I see no fraud or injustice in Turner selling his later pictures. They were bought voluntarily by men with their eyes open. If they were slight, they were wonderful; they were what no one else could do; they were gorgeous ideals of colour and effect; they were efforts to carry art beyond its hitherto known limits. Turner did not know that they were unworthy of him; his sight and brain were failing, but there was

still the lifetime of a great man in each of them; they were what only a man at the end of life could do; and after all, as even his enemies avow, the worst of them were of great interest, wonderful proofs of power, failing only because trying for impossibilities. They had a value as riddles, experiments, and prophecies.

Mr. Jones says:

"Turner's late peculiarities in painting arose from the neglect of his earlier works by the public; if he had been encouraged at the time he painted the 'Carthage,' the 'Tenth Plague,' and the 'Garden of the Hesperides,' he would not have become eccentric in his art; his preference for the style of picture last named is proved by his leaving the pictures of the 'Rise of Carthage' and the 'Dutch Coast' to the National Gallery, on the condition of their being hung between the 'Seaport' and the 'Mill' by Claude Lorraine. His latter style, though possibly extravagant, was only an excess in representing the developments of nature; he exaggerated all he saw, but the foundation was truth; the vivid and warm colouring of nature he painted with the deepest reds and yellows, the greys he attempted to imitate with blues of too strong a tint, yet the whole was true in principle, in general and particular. Warm colour was never admitted where reason and experience denied its presence, and the like with cold colours; and although such a gorgeous display of colour may not often be seen in nature, yet it may be seen partially and in gradation."

CHAPTER XII.

THE BUSINESS MAN.

TURNER, who began life by painting sailors with pigtails in Dover Harbour, had lived to see railways in full operation and to profit by them, having sold a small meadow of his at Twickenham for a very large sum to the South-Western Railway Company.

The narrative of the negotiation, as related to me by Mr. Williams, who managed the matter for Turner, shows the great man to us in a new light. The sale happened after this wise:—

"In the autumn of 1848, the late Joseph Mallord William Turner, Esq., R.A., who was one of the copyholders of the Duke of Northumberland's Manor of Isleworth Syon, in Middlesex, called on Thomas Williams, Esq., of Northumberland House, the Steward of the Manor, and after stating that he had received a notice from the South-Western Railway Company that they required, under the authority of Parliament, for their proposed line of railway from Richmond to Windsor, a few square yards of a small piece of copyhold meadow land in the Parish of Twickenham and lying detached from his residence there, he asked Mr.

Williams what he had better do in the matter, when the following conversation took place:—

"*Mr. Williams.*—As, no doubt, Mr. Turner, you have a solicitor, you should consult him, for there must be a negotiation to enter into with the Railway Company as to the price and costs of conveyance.

"*Mr. Turner.*—I have no solicitor, Mr. Williams, and as I understand that the matter must come before you as Steward of the Manor, I request you to undertake the business for me; for if I employ a solicitor, I shall incur double costs.

"*Mr. Williams.*—As you have no solicitor, I will act for you with pleasure, and as the land is so small in quantity and detached from your residence, I think the Railway Company should take the whole. If I am able to induce them to do so, what do you expect to get for it? Remember, it is only little more than half an acre.

"*Mr. Turner.*—As I shall be compelled to let them have the few yards they require, I shall be glad to sell the whole, and I think I ought to get 300*l.* for it.

"Mr. Williams had the land surveyed and valued as building ground; it having frontages to two roads, after much discussion and many interviews with the surveyors, the price agreed upon for the whole of the half-acre of land was 550*l.*

"When Mr. Turner was told this by Mr. Williams, his eyes sparkled with delight, and he said, 'A good price indeed, more than I hoped for; thank you very much; but I suppose I shall have some heavy costs and fees to pay out of it.'

"Mr. Williams told him he thought he ought to

give the surveyor he had employed a cheque for twenty guineas, for he had obtained a large price for him; but he had stipulated that all the other costs for abstract of title, conveyance, and fees should be paid by the Railway Company.

"Mr. Turner readily gave Mr. Williams a cheque for the surveyor, and when the conveyance was ready for his signature, Mr. Williams accompanied Mr. Turner to the office of the solicitors of the Company (Messrs. Dalrymple and Drake, in Old Palace-yard) on 28th December, 1848, when he executed the deed, and received a cheque for the purchase-money, 550*l.*

"On getting into the street Mr. Turner observed, 'Oh dear! this cheque is on Currie's, in Cornhill, and I must go there for the cash.' Mr. Williams saved him that trouble by taking him to his bankers, Messrs. Drummond, Charing-cross, got the cheque cashed, and handed to him the banknotes.

"Mr. Turner then shook Mr. Williams by the hand, thanked him again for his great success on his behalf, and took his way home.

"Mr. Williams saw Mr. Turner several times afterwards, but this transaction with the Railway Company was never alluded to.

"A few weeks afterwards, Mr. Drake, the solicitor of the Railway Company, whom Mr. Turner saw when he executed the conveyance, requested Mr. Williams to ask Mr. Turner's permission to show him a picture he had purchased as a Turner; when Mr. Williams mentioned this request to Mr. Turner, he replied:—

"'No, Mr. Williams, certainly not; if Mr. Drake has

purchased a Turner, he ought to know it is a Turner: I was once silly enough to look at a picture that I was told had been painted by me, and I found myself soon after stuck up in a witness-box, giving evidence about it; I then said I'll never be so silly again.'"

The narrative is admirable in its business-like clearness, and it does not, we see, fail to record how Turner's eyes sparkled when he heard of the large price the surveyor obtained for him. But sordid as many represented him to be, we do not find Turner hesitating for a moment to pay the surveyor the handsome sum of twenty guineas, at Mr. Williams's suggestion.

Whether he ought also to have given Mr. Williams more than mere barren thanks, depends entirely on the relative position of the two men. No doubt it gave him great pain so soon afterwards to have to refuse Mr. Williams a favour, but Turner was not the man to break through a principle on any mere impulse of courtesy.

The following letter of 1822 refers, no doubt, to a negotiation with Hurst and Robinson, upon which a celebrated anecdote is furnished. It is an answer to a proposition to engrave four of his pictures, which might be executed in rivalry of Wilson and Woollett's greatest efforts. It shows his ambition to excel Wilson, his early model. It must be observed how severe, business-like, and guarded he is in his arrangements (taught by many rude lessons I have no doubt), and how he cautiously excepts the "Carthage" picture from the list:—

"J. Robinson, Esq.,
90, Cheapside,
Corner of Ironmonger-lane.

"June 28th, 1822, Friday morning.

"My dear Sir,—In the conversation of yesterday respecting prints, you said that if I would have engraved a plate, worthy of any of my pictures, that you would take 500 impressions, provided none were sold to any other person for two years. If you really meant the said offer for me to think of, it appears to me that my scheme, which I mentioned to you in confidence, would hold—viz., four subjects to bear up with, the 'Niobe,' 'Ceyx,' 'Cyledon,' and 'Phaeton' (in engraving as specimens of the power of the British school). Whether we can in the present day contend with such powerful antagonists as Wilson and Woollett would be at least tried by size, security against risk, and some remuneration for the time of painting. The pictures of ultimate sale I shall be content with; to succeed would perhaps form another epoch in the English school, and if we fall, we fall by contending with giant strength.

"If the 'Hannibal,' or the 'Morning of the Chase,' be taken, the first plate would stand thus—

1. Plate, in two years.
2. Picture to be painted, three years.
3. Ditto and two years longer, fourth.
4. Ditto and ditto—five years the four plates.

Or if all the pictures are painted, if thought more desirable, then take the pictures now done, 'Carthage' picture excepted; one year more must be added, making six years, which allows one year for painting

each picture, and two to engrave it, and put into the hands of different engravers immediately. Mr. Pye to engrave one or more if your arrangement with him would not be interrupted thereby, or the general arrangements of time broken in upon, for six years added to forty-five is not a trifle.

"Yours most truly,

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"P.S. This is *private;* if not to be thought of, burn it immediately, and only mention on the 1st of July the receipt of said note."

Hurst and Robinson were the publishers who succeeded to the celebrated Alderman Boydell, the originator of the Shakspeare Gallery. Desirous, like their predecessor, of publishing works of importance, and making great ventures for large profit and wide fame, they waited on Turner to buy his two celebrated pictures of the "Rise" and "Fall of Carthage." His price was soon ascertained.

"One thousand guineas each—not a farthing less."

Mr. Robinson, of Cheapside, parrying the thrust with the ordinary tradesman's skill of fence, not, of course, for an instant believing in the price first offered being genuine and really intended, quietly and oilily suggested—

"Say eight hundred guineas each, Mr. Turner."

The painter turned round like a hurt lion; his clear grey eyes were phosphorescent. He dilated in size; his fixity amounted almost to rage. Was he going to have his masterpiece, that surpassed Claude, higgled for by a printseller?

"No," he cried, "I'd rather keep them for my winding-sheet;" and he meant it too, for the bitter heats and chills of life had tempered that soul of his into stuff harder than steel. But let his detractors say, could a man who was a mere sordid miser have thrust back a cheque for 1600 guineas?

CHAPTER XIII.

TURNER AND CHANTREY.

THE good-natured, jovial sculptor had a boundless admiration for Turner's genius. No one better at the time appreciated the mental scope of the artist. His lance was ever in the rest to tilt against Turner's maligners: hydras that seemed to sprout out fresh tongues the faster the club fell and the brand scarred.

Yet Chantrey was of the old dark school of art, and thought Turner a heretic for venturing out of the glorious twilight region in his "Carthage," "The Tenth Plague," and "Crossing the Brook,"—the first two epics in themselves; the last worth all the pseudo-pastoral poetry written from Theocritus to Shenstone.

Chantrey would never in his hearing, however, allow any one to disparage his friend's imagination. He would not endure sneers from those who could see faults, and yet would not see merits. The gorgeous colours he admired, though he did not altogether approve them; the breadth of air he would allow no one to gainsay. He felt as a sculptor, except *occasionally*

in figures. He admired Turner's wonderful appreciation of forms, his perfect chiaroscuro, and the learning and grace with which he varied the lines of his compositions; his mountains, skies, water, trees, ships, buildings; he thought no one was more profound in the knowledge of this art than Turner.

Chantrey considered Turner as a poetic genius of the highest rank—in depicting light and atmosphere as the greatest of past or present painters, perhaps unsurpassable as a consummate arranger of lines in his landscape and architectural compositions. He knew thoroughly that his effects were not merely the result of observation and selection, but of long thought and treasured learning.

At Petworth, Chantrey and Turner often met. They both liked Lord Egremont's rough, hearty manner and kind nature. Turner would rise early and get all his work done before the other guests were well about; then, like Scott, he could idle the rest of the afternoon as he chose, to the astonishment of those who did not know his secret.

It was when Turner was painting a series of landscapes for the dining-room that Chantrey was there. The painter, reserved and loving quiet, and having secrets in his trade, worked always with his door locked, and no one but the master of the house was ever admitted.

Chantrey, disliking this secrecy, out of good-humoured mischief determined to play Turner a trick. One day when all was still in the house, he paces down the corridor, imitating Lord Egremont's peculiar

step and his cough. He arrives at the mysterious door and gives two distinct sharp raps, his lordship's signal for admittance. Instantly Turner shuffles up, the key turns, and Chantrey slips in before the angry recluse has time to rectify his mistake. This trick of Chantrey's became a standing joke at Petworth and at Academy meetings.

In the years 1828 and 1837 Chantrey and Turner were on the same Royal Academy Council. There they were in their element, for though one was jovial and the other reserved, they both had humour and enjoyed each other's jokes—they understood and appreciated each other. Chantrey liked Turner's pictures, and Turner liked Chantrey's sculpture; both were of humble origin, and neither was ashamed of the clay that made him; not even a herald's imagination could invent pedigrees for the London barber or the small Hallamshire yeoman.

Yet Chantrey did not spare his friend; he made free of his pictures, and joked about all their eccentricities, either of form or colour. It is not the joke, it is the manner that wounds; it is not the jest of a friend that stings, it is seeing the visible intention to give pain that lends barbs to a word. Before Turner's face Chantrey waved the jester's harmless bladder of peas; when his back turned he drew his sword to guard his absent friend, and spoke in raptures of the pictures he had just been parodying.

The two friends must have had many subjects in common on which to talk. Chantrey was also a landscape artist; both were enthusiastic fishermen.

Turner no doubt learned, too, much from Chantrey's knowledge of geology.

Turner hated plagiarism. At one of the councils a drawing of "The Falls of Terni" came under notice. Turner declared fiercely that it was a copy of his own drawing. "Swear to it; sure of it; sure of it." (No one could represent the dead, hopeless fall of a great body of water like Turner. Harding, among others, imitated this very Terni. Mr. Munro, I think, has the drawing.) Howard, the secretary, kindly willing to find excuse for the imitator, said—

"Perhaps, Mr. Turner, the artist only selected the same spot as you did. This would account for a resemblance that may after all be mere chance."

"No, no, Howard," said Chantrey; "if the artist had really been there, then you might be sure his drawing would not be like Turner's."

He meant that Turner was not a mere copying machine; but a selector, reviser, a readjuster of Nature—elevating what was important, depressing what was detrimental or insignificant, throwing in effect, yet never forgetting the truth and likeness above all.

On one of those pleasant varnishing days of old the weather was very raw and cold; Chantrey, brimming over with fun as usual, went up with his beaming red face to a picture of Turner's which was specially luminous with orange chrome. Pretending to warm his hands at it, as at a fire, the sculptor said:—

"Why, Turner, this is the only comfortable place in the room. By-the-bye, is it true, as I have heard,

that you've got a commission at last to paint a picture for the Sun Fire Office?"

Turner would have chewed the cud of this joke for days in his old-fashioned chuckling way.

During Turner's generally solitary rambles on the Continent, Chantrey used to feel great anxiety for his absent friend's health and safety, as his intended route was seldom known to any one, and none knew the day he would return. To Jones, Shee, Chantrey, and other friends, it was always a great relief when he returned.

Chantrey's jokes with Turner on varnishing days were innumerable. The former was as full of tricks and mischief as when, as a boy, he had carried the milk cans to market. Once, when there was a report that the great artist was using some water-colour to tone his picture of "Cologne," Chantrey, either to try, or probably not believing the story, went to the picture, and wetting his finger, drew a great schoolboy cross on the sail of one of the vessels. To his horror, surprise, and bitter regret, he found that he had removed so many inches of glazing. Turner, however, was not even ruffled; he laughed heartily at the sculptor's temerity, and at once repaired the mischief.

On the morning of November 26th, 1841, the day after Chantrey died very suddenly at his house, No. 13, Eccleston-street, Pimlico, Turner called, expecting to find his friend Jones in the chamber of death. He did so; but he could not speak, he wrung his hand only with affectionate and almost passionate

vehemence, and rushed out of the house without uttering a word.

"The grief that will not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break."

Was this a man without heart and without affections, the mere money-grubber and sordid Harpagon?

CHAPTER XIV.

THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE IN OLD AGE.

ONE of the most admirable things about Turner's mind was, that it never grew old. It never froze and petrified into unchangeable fixity, but remained to the last thirsty for knowledge, and ready to grow as the world grew.

One of the most interesting proofs of the perpetual growth of Turner's mind is the following account of the interest he took in the science of optics and in the science of photography. It is kindly furnished to me by that eminent professor of the progressing and wonderful art, Mr. Mayall, of Regent-street:—

"Turner's visits to my *atelier* were in 1847, '48, and '49. I took several admirable daguerreotype portraits of him, one of which was reading, a position rather favourable for him on account of his weak eyes and their being rather bloodshot. I recollect one of these portraits was presented to a lady who accompanied him. My first interviews with him were rather mysterious; he either did state, or at least led me to believe, that he was a Master in Chancery, and his subsequent visits and conversation rather confirmed this idea. At first he was very desirous of trying

curious effects of light let in on the figure from a high position, and he himself sat for the studies. He was very much pleased with a figure-study I had just completed of 'This Mortal must put on Immortality;' he wished to bring a lady to try something of the kind himself. This was in 1847; and I believe he did fix a day for that purpose. However, it happened to be a November fog, and I could not work. He stayed with me some three hours, talking about light and its curious effects on films of prepared silver. He expressed a wish to see the spectral image copied, and asked me if I had ever repeated Mrs. Somerville's experiment of magnetizing a needle in the rays of the spectrum. I told him I had.

"I was not then aware that the inquisitive old man was Turner, the painter. At the same time, I was much impressed with his inquisitive disposition, and I carefully explained to him all I then knew of the operation of light on iodized silver plates. He came again and again, always with some new notion about light. He wished me to copy my views of Niagara—then a novelty in London—and inquired of me about the effect of the rainbow spanning the great falls. I was fortunate in having seized one of these fleeting shadows when I was there, and I showed it to him. He wished to buy the plate. At that time I was not very anxious to sell them. I told him I had made a copy for Sir John Herschel, and with that exception did not intend to part with a copy. He told me he should like to see Niagara, as it was the greatest wonder in nature; he was

never tired of my descriptions of it. In short, he had come so often, and in such an unobtrusive manner, that he had come to be regarded by all my people as 'our Mr. Turner.'

"This went on through 1848, till one evening I met him at the *soirée* of the Royal Society; I think it was early in May, 1849. He shook me by the hand very cordially, and fell into his old topic of the spectrum. Some one came up to me and asked if I knew Mr. Turner; I answered I had had that pleasure some time. 'Yes,' said my informant, rather significantly, 'but do you know that he is *the* Turner?' I was rather surprised, I must confess; and later on in the evening I encountered him again, and fell into conversation on our old topic. I ventured to suggest to him the value of such studies for his own pursuits, and at once offered to conduct any experiments for him that he might require, and, in fact, to give up some time to work out his ideas about the treatment of light and shade. I parted with him on the understanding that he would call on me; however, he never did call again, nor did I ever see him again.

"I recollected putting aside a rather curious head of him in profile, and, you may be sure, on the following morning after this interview I lost no time in looking up the portrait, which, I regret to say, one of my assistants had without my orders effaced. I am almost certain you will be able to trace some of the daguerreotypes of him, for I made at least four, for which he paid me; and some I rubbed out where we had tried the effect of a sharp, narrow cross

light, in which some parts of the face were left in strong shadow.

"I need not add, that at that time I was a struggling artist, much devoted to improving my art, and had just bought a large lens in Paris, six inches in diameter. I let Turner look through it, and the expressions of surprise and admiration were such that I ought at once to have known him in his true character; however, he was very kind to me, and by some sort of inuendo he kept up his Mastership in Chancery so well, that I did not. He sent me many patrons. I used to hear about him almost daily. When somewhat desponding of my success one day, I told him London was too large for a man with slender means to get along. He sharply turned round and said, 'No, no; you are sure to succeed; only wait. You are a young man yet. I began life with little, and you see I am now very comfortable.' 'Yes,' I replied; 'and if I were on the same side of Chancery you are, perhaps I might be comfortable also.' I was at that time fighting the battle of the patent rights of the daguerreotype. He smiled and said, 'You'll come out all right, never fear.' My recollection now is, that he was very kind and affable to me, rather taciturn, but very observant and curious; he would never allow me to stop working when he came, but would loiter and watch me polish the plates and prepare them, and take much interest in the result of my labours.

"I recollect Mr. Spence, the naturalist, sitting to me, and was much struck at the time with the resemblance of the two heads. I mentioned this to

Turner, and I showed him the portrait of Mr. Spence. Mr. Spence was stouter. Turner stooped very much, and always looked down; he had a trick of putting his hand into his coat-pocket, and of muttering to himself.

"Whatever others may have said of his parsimonious habits, I cannot recollect one act of his that would lead me to infer he was other than a liberal, kindhearted old gentleman."

When Mr. Mayall, the photographer, whose fame is now European, was first known as a young struggling American photographer in a small shop in the Strand, the wonderful art was then uncertain in its results, and few there were who could at that time foresee the influence it would exercise over art. It was one day during that moral epidemic, the *railway mania*, when Mr. Hudson ruled England, and all the world, from the countess to the costermonger, knelt down and beat their heads on the pavement of Capel-court, in passionate idolatry to the golden calf. The age of chivalry had indeed gone. At Mr. Mayall's door there were hanging photographs intended to satirize the folly of the day. On one side there was a Stock Exchange man radiant, shares being at a premium; on the other, the same man in maniacal despair at the Great Bubbleton railway shares falling down to nothing. These pictures (almost the earliest attempts to make photography tell a story) attracted crowds, and among them Turner. So interested was he, indeed, that he came into the shop, and asked to see the gentleman who designed them. After this, he came so often, that an Abernethy chair was habitually

placed for him, so that he might watch Mr. Mayall, without interrupting him at work. He took great interest in all effects of light, and repeatedly sat for his portrait in all sorts of Rembrandtic positions.

Turner at this time painted in whichever room of his house suited the season of the year and the weather. The gallery was very cold. The valuable prints were found rolled up in great brown paper bundles, many of them blotted and spoiled by the damp. The house looked as if it had been deserted for fifty years. The area was a sort of House of Parliament for all the cats in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Trimmer tells me that, amongst Turner's sketches and drawings, were many which he knew to be by other hands, for Turner was a great collector of topographical sketches. Mr. Trimmer well remembers a relation of his—a naval officer—giving Turner some sketches of Gibraltar.

I have heard people, friends of Turner, assert that Mr. Ruskin's book killed him, by increasing his fame, leading him more into society, and so altering his food, his hours, and his habits. The poet Clare was driven mad entirely by late London hours, and the wear and tear of incessant frivolous parties.

Latterly, Turner was always to be seen between ten and eleven at the Athenæum, discussing his half-pint of sherry. As his health failed, he became very talkative after his wine, and rather dogmatic.

In earlier days he was always shy, especially before ladies; but if thoroughly at his ease and once roused, or got in a vein of joking, he became very social and amusing. He was rather desirous to obtain a repute

for general knowledge, and was a reader of all the best books and reviews of the day. The "Edinburgh Review," in its best days, was one of his special favourites.

At one time Turner frequented at night the Yorkshire Stingo; but he abandoned it on his being recognised by a friend. No one before that had observed the little old man in the corner. A friend of mine remembers seeing him often rather the worse for grog at Offley's, in Henrietta-street, at the time Macready was bringing out the "Tempest." Turner was a great theatre-goer at this time, and was very indistinctly voluble on the subject of Shakspeare, and Macready's scenic effects.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

Mr. David Roberts, one of Turner's oldest friends, says:—

"I think it must have been in the year 1823 or 1824 that being called on to attend a meeting of stewards of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, I first saw Turner; my impression at the time was anything but what I had in my imagination formed of *this great painter*. I had come from the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, to Drury Lane, and with my friend Stanfield, both then young men, were trying our best to improve upon the great scene-painters, of whom we were the successors at Old Drury. De Loutherbourg and Greenwood we knew only by fame; but the mighty painter of the day that all spoke of, and whose works were the all-and-all to every young artist, was Turner, at Somerset-house. The first works thought of by such as ourselves were Turner's. When Calcott exhibited his magnificent work called 'Now for the Painter Rope,' the following year brought out Turner's '*Now for the Painter.*' His works had been engraved by the greatest engravers of the day, George and William

Cooke, John Pye, Edward Goodall, Miller of Edinburgh, and many others.—Being seated round a table covered with green baize—of course, with the exception of my friend whom I accompanied, John Wilson, all to me were strangers—a little square-built man came in, to whom all paid respect; the business having begun, he joined in the conversation, and made some weak attempts at wit—at least I thought so, for no one seemed to laugh at his jokes but himself! So I asked who this very facetious little man was, and my astonishment on being told that it was 'The Great Turner' almost, without meaning a pun, turned my head."

In this sketch of his first sight of Turner, Mr. Roberts has unconsciously anticipated by a year or two the celebrated picture, "Now for the Painter," which was not exhibited till 1827; in 1824 Turner exhibited nothing at the Academy; in 1823 appeared his "Bay of Baiæ."

It was in connexion with the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, that he himself had helped to found, that Turner's kind-heartedness shone out most conspicuously. But he was always for saving, for hoarding and scraping for future, perhaps distant, great emergencies. He was always for collecting and storing a treasure with which magnificent deeds of charity were to be done. He was a patient man, and looked forward to great benevolent schemes. But all this time, said some, there are the widows and orphans of poor artists starving. We are planning a rich meal for our horses, but in the meantime the steed starves. This saving for future charity, and in the

meantime being uncharitable, is too stoical for us; the groans of the poor reach our ears and wrack our hearts; let us open the granary of our benevolence, and not keep heaping up corn for famines that will never come. But Turner would not change his plans; he was getting old and dogmatic; he was proud, and expected submission and respect to his views, especially as he was one of the founders. He could not help saving, it was in his blood; he had saved when it was necessary, he saved now because he did not know how to spend; he had saved for years for himself on principle, he saved now for others from habit.

The younger men were determined, with all respect to Turner, to overthrow this principle. They resolved to give their money nearly all away in contributions. Mr. Turner was treasurer, and kept his hand clenched beyond any one's strength to open; he lay at the door of the money room, whoever entered to take a handful must tread on Turner's body.

There was a growling conflict, but Turner could not be moved. His opponents were equally obstinate, for they felt they combated about a principle. Doggedly—for Turner was very obstinate—he abandoned the Society for ever. In vain Mr. Cockerell, one of the opposition, went to Queen Anne-street to discuss the matter with him. He would hardly see him; he growled; he would not even relent when Mr. Cockerell told him, "that he would one day have to answer to the widows and orphans to whom he had refused bread." As far as I can understand, Turner all but showed Mr. Cockerell the door, so hurt and

indignant was he at what I dare say he called the ingratitude shown him by the Society. The Society then leaving the implacable Achilles, proceeded on their own way, and that way prospered. Mr. Hardwick, one of the leaders of the opposition, became treasurer under Mr. Mann.

The subscriptions increased rapidly. From a poor 300*l.* given away in 1830, the Society progressed, till in 1861 they give 1050*l.* Even their opponents acknowledge its progress, and the antagonists of the Literary Fund compare it most favourably, both in economy and general result of its management, with that of the last-named Society.

Upon this subject of Turner's angry secession from a charity he had helped to found, Mr. Roberts says:—

"To Turner we owe the founding and carrying out this admirable charity, the Artists' General Benevolent Fund. Unfortunately, his views respecting its management differed from those of other directors, particularly from those of one of them, who afterwards became its leader, Mr. Andrew Robertson, the miniature painter. Turner was for hoarding its funds, and distributing but a small part yearly to its charity; the other directors wished to relieve the applicants as they required. That they were right is proved by the interest taken in its prosperity at the present day. Turner thought otherwise, and seceded from it; still he deserves the honour of having originated it. The other fund, only granting relief to those who subscribed and were members, was in reality but a benefit fund for its

own members. What Turner's views may have been had his wish been complied with by his co-directors, it is difficult now to say; but it is just possible that, instead of the *muddle* made at last with his large means, he might have left all to the benevolent purpose of providing for his less fortunate brethren."

If Turner had this generous intention, it would serve to excuse his somewhat haughty efforts to control the wishes of the majority.

In 1809, the melancholy poverty of Mr. Tagg, a once well-known etcher, had led to a meeting of artists at the Gray's Inn Coffee-house, and in 1810 the Artists' Joint Stock Fund was founded, Mr. Mulready being a prominent worker in the charitable cause. There were two funds raised—one called the Benevolent Fund, the other the Joint Stock Fund. Its object was to grant annuities to all its members who became superannuated, or who were unable to work from protracted illness. Each member had to pay a small annual sum, to which others added a voluntary subscription.

In 1812, on the death of Mr. Pether, many of the Joint Stock Society members tried to alienate the money of the Benevolent Fund, and devote it to purposes of general charity, instead of reserving it for members only.

In 1827 a Charter of Incorporation was obtained, by which the Annuity Fund and Benevolent Fund were united.

In 1825, a proposal of Mr. John Pye's was acceded to, by which it was agreed to publish engravings for the benefit of the Artists' Fund, and accordingly, the

King having allowed Mr. Mulready to let his celebrated picture of the "Wolf and Lamb" be engraved, it was entrusted to Mr. J. W. Robinson, producing a profit of about 903*l*.

In 1814 the disaffected members, who wished to devote the funds to purposes of general charity, without any regard to encouraging self-respect and prudence, started the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWILIGHT.

MANY of the Academicians knew that Turner had latterly another home besides the murky house in Queen Anne-street; but they did not dare to express openly their curiosity. He was evidently taken more care of; he was better dressed; he was more cleanly and tidy than in former years; he even ventured on a red velvet waistcoat, and his linen had more daylight whiteness about it than it had had for years.

Turner was not an exhibitor at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1851. This was a sign of declining health that his friends did not fail to notice with alarm. He came, however, to the private view: those who saw him thought him breaking up fast. It was evident that he could not live the year out. He was shaky; he was feeble; he was no longer the sturdy, dogged, strange being; he was the broken, decrepit old man.

Not appearing for a long time at the Academy meetings, at which he had hitherto been so constant, some of his friends became alarmed, and one of them (Mr. David Roberts) wrote to Queen Anne-street, stating how all his brethren regretted his absence

from their meetings, and to beg him, if he was ill and could not attend, to let him know, that he might come and see him, reposing the most perfect confidence in him, should it be his wish that the place of his residence should remain private.

Turner did not reply; but some two weeks after he appeared at Mr. Roberts' studio in Fitzroy-square, sadly broken and ailing. He was evidently deeply moved by the letter his friend had written, for he said—

"You must not ask me; but whenever I come to town I will always come to see you."

"I tried to cheer him up, but he laid his hand upon his heart and replied, 'No, no; there is something here which is all wrong.' As he stood by the table in my painting-room, I could not but help looking attentively at him, peering in his face, for the small eye was as brilliant as that of a child, and unlike the glazed and 'lack-lustre eye' of age. This was my last look. The rest is soon told. None of his friends had seen him for months; indeed, I believe I was the last, together with his friend George Jones, who I afterwards learnt had that day also called on him."

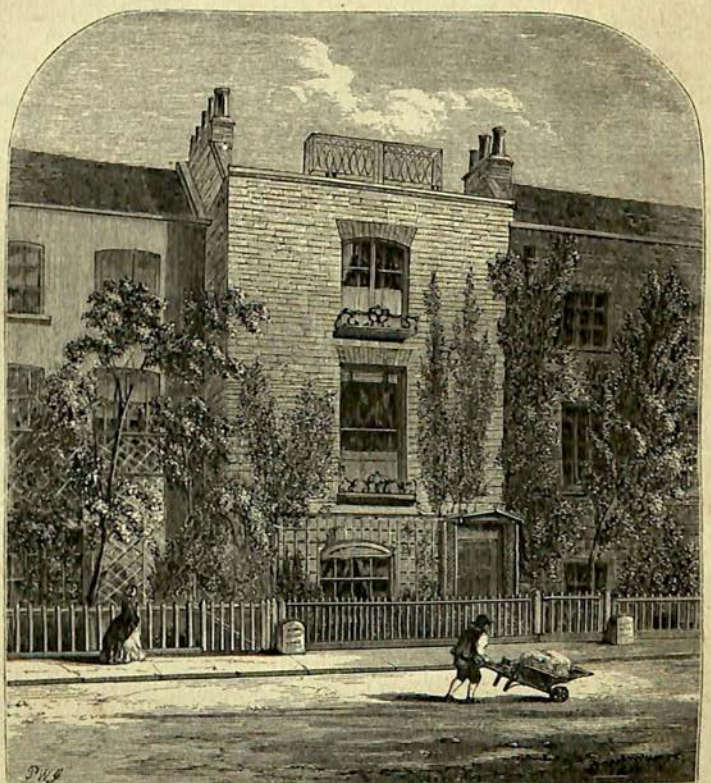
He only called once after this, which was some two months before his death. He died in December of that year.

But there was one who mourned and wondered at Turner's absence more than any of his other friends could, and that was his old housekeeper in Queen-Anne-street, Mrs. Ellen Danby—the guardian of his murky house—his faithful old servant for so many

long years of rain and sunshine. She was deeply troubled at Turner's mysterious disappearance; she knew he must be ill, but yet knew not how to find him amid the labyrinths of London. At last, one day, as she was brushing an old coat of Turner's, in turning out a pocket she found and pounced on a letter directed to him, and written by a friend who lived at Chelsea. There, then, she felt sure he must be; it was for her to sally forth and discover him.

"This poor old lady, with another as infirm and old as herself, resolved at last to set out on a voyage of discovery. How they reached there 'deponent knoweth not,' but they did reach the cottage by the river-side, and finding that the adjoining cottage sold ginger-beer, the two old dames craftily treated themselves to a bottle of the same, got into a diplomatic gossip with the seller of ginger-beer, and by dint of the outlay of twopence and a little pumping, were quite satisfied that the lady and the old gentleman who lived next door must be the great painter and his landlady; but what must have grieved them much was that the gentleman had been very unwell, and little out for the last two months. Having ascertained this, the two got home as they best could, and Mrs. Danby contrived to apprise a relative and one of the executors, Mr. Harpur, of her discovery. Mr. Harpur lost no time in finding out the Chelsea cottage—only in time to find Turner fast sinking. On the following day he breathed his last."

Turner, some time before this, feeling dangerously ill, had sent for a well-known doctor from Margate, whom he had before employed, and in whom he had



TURNER'S HOUSE, CHELSEA.

confidence. The sick man, who had once said that he would give all his money if he could but be twenty once again, watched the doctor's face with eager anxiety. He was told that death was near. "Go downstairs," he said to the doctor; "take a glass of sherry, and then look at me again." The doctor did so, but the reply was the same. Turner would not believe that the awful change was so near. I fear he had no religious hope to cheer him at that hour. The dreadful despairing fear of annihilation pressed upon the heart of this great man, who had done so much to make men love God's beautiful world. His fame and his wealth seemed to him then but poor worthless things.

The day he died—nay, I believe the very hour almost that he died—his landlady wheeled Turner's chair to the window, that he might see the sunshine he had loved so much, mantling the river and glowing on the sails of the passing boats.

Many legends were afterwards told of Turner's reasons for thus hiding himself at Chelsea, like a runaway bankrupt. The most generally believed story is the following. Turner, requiring change of air for his health, went to Chelsea in search of lodgings, and found at last a little cottage, very cheap, not far from the present Cremorne pier. The cottage looked on the river, and had a railed-in roof, from whence he could observe sky effects. The landlady, seeing a little thick-set, shabby man, asked him for "reference." Turner replied, angrily, "My good woman, I'll buy the house outright." Then the landlady wanted to draw up an agreement. Turner again parried this by showing a roll of bank-notes, and offering to pay

in advance. There was still a difficulty—the landlady wanted her new lodger's name.

"In case, sir, any gentleman should call, you know."

"Name, name," the legend goes on to report Turner as growling—"what is *your* name?"

"My name is Mrs. Booth."

"Then, I'm Mr. Booth;" and by that name Turner went.

But, unfortunately for the story, Turner did not carry about rolls of bank-notes which he could flourish. All that was found in his pockets after his death was a solitary black half-crown — black from long seclusion in a grimy unvisited pocket.

In the streets of Chelsea, and all along the shore of the Thames, Turner was known to the street-boys as "Puggy Booth," and by the small tradesmen he was designated "Admiral Booth;" for the story ran that he was an old admiral in reduced circumstances. I am told that up to the period of his very last illness Turner would often rise at daybreak, leave his bed, with some blanket or dressing-gown carelessly thrown over him, and go up on the railed-in roof to see the sun rise and to observe the colour flow, flushing back into the pale morning sky. To me, there is in this tenacity of the dying man to his old love something very touching, something very sublime. To him nature could never cloy; he still, with the true humility of genius, felt how much he had to learn, and how inimitable was the beauty of the world he had tried to depict.

The old painter died with the winter-morning sun

shining upon his face as he was lying in his bed. The attendant drew up the window-blind, and the morning sun shone on the dying artist—the sun he had so often beheld with such love and such veneration. The sun of the "Building of Carthage" and of the "Frosty Morning" shone still with unfading brightness, and the painter who had so often tried to picture its globe of living flame lay lifeless in an upper room of the river-side cottage—not far from the spot where he had first floated out in a boat to study nature—not far from that Lambeth Palace which was the subject of his first water-colour drawing—not a great way from that Battersea which had been the subject of his first effort in oil—no longer the bright-eyed, ambitious boy, full of living genius and young hope, but the wrinkled, faded, worn-out old man, rich, famous, now only cumbering the earth till the vault can be opened for him to be at rest, in his regal mausoleum, between Reynolds and Barry.

For many months Turner had not come to his old friend at Heston. At last the news came to Mr. Trimmer of his death, and of Mr. Trimmer being appointed one (the oldest) of the executors. Off to town went the reverend gentleman, and knocked at the door in Queen Anne-street. Hannah Danby opened it, and started when she saw Mr. Trimmer. She had heard he was dead, and at first seemed almost determined to set him down as a ghost. He then found that with the other executors Turner had left him any of his pictures, to be chosen by seniority, except the "Téméraire;" but this codicil was cancelled; indeed, as it did not except the "Building of Carthage," it

must have been the production of Turner's imbecility, and never could have been intended to hold good.

For some time before his death, Turner had been very mysterious about his residence. One evening, during a sharp shower, he had taken shelter in a public house, where he sat in the farthest corner, with his glass before him, when an artist who knew him came in, and began with, "I didn't know you used the house; I shall often drop in now I've found out where you quarter." Turner listened to him, looked at him, knit his brows, emptied his glass, and as he rose to go out, said, "Will you? I don't think you will." While living at Chelsea, a gentleman, who knew him well, chanced to be out on business in the neighbourhood early, and found Turner in the same steamboat with himself, going towards the City. Seeing Turner clean shaved, his shoes blacked, and looking as if he had just left home, he made some remark about his living in the neighbourhood, wondering to see him there so early. "Is that your boy?" said Turner, pointing to the gentleman's son, and evading all questions as to his own "whereabout."

From my kind friend, Mr. Trimmer, I am indebted for the following interesting account of the appearance of Turner's house after his death:—

"I had often visited Turner, partaken with my father a *déjeûner à la fourchette*, and had had my pockets crammed with biscuits, after the olden fashion. Now, when I entered, all was altered, the master-mind

was gone, the mainspring had snapped. The same aged attendant let us in, but all was the silence of death. I will describe the interior. First, the entrance hall. Here were several casts, from the antique, of Centaurs in conflict with the Lapithæ, and a picture of Sir Joshua, all very trite and depressing. Turning to the right was the dining-room, over the fire-place a small model of a female figure, and a small Wilson obscured by smoke, quite in keeping with the sombre walls. In Turner's time there was also a picture of Tassi, Claude's master. Backwards stretched a large unfurnished room filled with unfinished pictures; then a larger and drearier room yet; lastly, a back room, against the walls of which stood his unfinished productions, large full-length canvasses placed carelessly against the wall, the damp of which had taken off the colours altogether, or had damaged them. Some canvasses had a coat of white run over the ground, doubtless the work of Turner senior; the next stage was putting in large masses of black and white, apparently with the spatula; at least, the brush seemed used but sparingly. Turner is said to have laid in his dead-colouring with body colour, but so far as my inspection extended, I saw no traces of it; it rather seemed fat oil. In common with the great masters, the colours were well loaded, both lights and darks, but of a darker tint than when finished. Among them was an extraordinary picture of the "Carnival," red and black predominating. Here Turner revelled in all his luxury. A little before his death (I think Mr. Griffiths is my authority, and he was one of

Turner's oldest friends and associates), Turner used to go to the top of the house he lodged in to see the fireworks at Vauxhall.

"There were there many pictures condemned by a discerning public. Many of Turner's admirers say that there are parts of these no one could do but Turner. I must confess that I can see no merit in them. Some of the figures, with all the defects of Rembrandt immensely exaggerated, showed an absence of all drawing, and effects of light and shade unrealized by Nature and outraging all analogies.

"Then we went into Turner's sleeping apartment; it is surprising how a person of his means could have lived in such a room; certainly he prized modern luxuries at a very modest rate.

"TURNER'S PAINTING-ROOM.

"When making an inspection of Turner's residence, I reserved his studio as the finale. This, during his lifetime, was enshrined in mystery, and the object of profound speculation. What would his brother brush-drivers have given some thirty years before, to have forced an entrance when Turner was at the height of his fame! Often had I seen him emerge from that hidden recess when shown into his gallery. That august retreat was now thrown open; I entered. On a circular table lay his gloves and neckhandkerchief. In the centre of the table was a raised box with a circle in the centre with side compartments; a good contrivance for an artist, though I had never seen one of the kind before. In the centre were his colours, the great object of my attraction. I remem-

ber, on my father's once observing to Turner that nothing was to be done without ultramarine, his saying that cobalt was good enough for him; and cobalt to be sure there was, but also several bottles of ultramarine of various depths; and smalts of various intensities, of which I think he made great use. There was also some verditer. The next object of interest was the white; there was a large bottle of blanc d'argent, and another of flake white. I had observed that Turner used silver white before making this inspection. His yellow pigments consisted of a large bottle of chrome. There were also a bottle of tincture of rhubarb and some iodine, but whether for artistical or medicinal use I cannot say. Since writing the above, I was told by his housekeeper that ultramarine was employed by him very sparingly, and that smalt and cobalt were his usual blues. She was in the habit of setting Turner's palette. The palette —at least that in use, for he possessed two large splendid ones—was a homely piece of square wood, with a hole for the thumb. Grinding colours on a slab was not his practice, and his dry colours were rubbed on the palette with cold-drawn oil. His colours were mixed daily, and he was very particular. If not to his mind, he would say to Mrs. Danby, 'Can't you set a palette better than this?' Like Wilson, Turner used gamboge: this was simply pounded and mixed with linseed cold-drawn oil.

"His brushes were of the humblest description, mostly large round hog's tools and some flat. He was said to use very short handles, which might have been the case with his water-colours; but I ob-

served one very long-handled brush, with which I have no doubt he put in his effective touches in his late pictures. I was informed by his housekeeper that he used the long brush exclusively for the rigging of ships, &c. However, there were a great many long-haired sables, which could not have been all employed for rigging. She also said that he used camel's hair for his oil pictures; and formerly he showed my father some Chinese brushes he was in the habit of using. Mrs. Danby told me that when he had nearly finished a picture, he took it to the end of his long gallery, and put in the last touches.

"I next inspected his travelling-box. Had I been asked to guess his travelling library, I should have said Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and Isaac Walton; and there they were, together with some inferior translation of Horace. His library was select, but it showed the man. There was a red morocco pocket-book, which, from the wear and tear it exhibited, one might have imagined his companion through life. There were cakes of water-colour fastened on a leaf, the centres of which were worn away, the commonest colours, one a cake of verditer, one or two sable brushes and lead pencils, not in wood, with which he seemed to have drawn a few outlines in his sketch-book; these consisted of a few lines which he used to say no one could make out but himself. I have some doubts if he could have made them out himself without the assistance of other drawings, and he seems to have purchased detail-views of foreign scenery, of which there was a large assortment well

thumbed; the drudgery of the art, of which master-minds avail themselves.

"There is no doubt that in his early pictures he used wax, from their having turned yellow; there was a jar of wax melted with rose madder and also with blue, which must have been used very recently, though it might have been for water-colours.

"There was also a bureau of old colours and oils, which I looked over very carefully. A bottle of spirit-varnish and a preparation of tar, tubes of magilp, old bladders of raw umber and other dark earths, all Newman's, from whom might be learned what colours he used.

"The above, with numerous unframed pictures around the apartment, were the contents of his painting-room, which had no skylight. It had been originally the drawing-room, and had a good north light, with two windows.

"I must confess that a deep melancholy pervaded me as I made this inspection. Till of late years, I had been in the habit of entering the house from my childhood; the owner was no more; he stood alone in the world, and his race was extinct.

"There was a small deal box on a side table; my father raised the lid to show me its contents; it was covered with a glass, and under it was the cast of the great Turner. Dear old Turner, there he lay, his eyes sunk, his lips fallen in. He reminded me strongly of his old father, whom long years before I had seen trudging to Brentford market from Sandicomb Lodge, to lay in his weekly supplies. Alas for humanity! This was the man whom in my childhood I had

attended with my father, and been driven by on the banks of the Thames; whom I had seen sketching with such glee on the river's banks, as I gathered wild flowers in my earliest years; who had stuffed my pockets with sweetmeats, had loaded me with fish, and made me feel as happy as a prince.

"There was written on his calm face the marks of age and wreck, of dissolution and reblending with the dust; this was the man whose worst productions contained more poetry and genius than the most laboured efforts of his brother artists; who was the envy of his rivals, and the admiration of all whose admiration is worth the having; nor was it without emotion or with a dry eye that I gazed on so sad a sight.

"At the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851, Turner came to Queen Anne-street, and gave Mrs. Danby strict orders to admit no one; I heard no one of the visitors saw his pictures. At this time his gallery was in a most dilapidated state; the wet was running down some of his best pictures, through the very leaks I had seen twenty years before, and pointed out to him. Had they been seen, it would have been at a great disadvantage."

Mr. David Roberts recognised the undertaker at Turner's grand funeral as the very same man who managed the interment of poor Patrick Nasmyth, at Lambeth, fourteen years before. The undertaker had thriven since then, and he who had helped to bury the poor worn-out pauper artist at Lambeth, now followed the great rich man to his grand mausoleum in St. Paul's.

Mr. Ruskin had given Turner, on one of his late

tours, a commission for a drawing of Venice, but it was so unfinished that it did not please him.

Since Turner's death, some admiring artists wished to put a memorial tablet over the door of the house in Maiden-lane where he was born, but the Board of Works refused to allow it.

The *Times* gave the following account of his funeral:—

"The mortal remains of the great artist who has just been removed from us, full of years and honours, were received within the walls of St. Paul's on Tuesday, December 3rd, and borne to their final resting-place in the catacombs. Whatever hesitation might have been felt by the mass of those who gazed on the later efforts of his brush in believing that he was entitled to the highest rank in his profession, none of his brethren seemed to have any doubt of his decided excellence, and the best of them all have ever readily admitted his superiority in poetry, feeling, fancy, and genius. Long ere his death he had the felicity of knowing that his name and his works were regarded with that reverential respect and estimation which is given to other artists by posterity alone, and his earlier productions have been placed among the classical ornaments of our choicest collections and galleries for many years. Even those who could only sneer and smile at the erratic blaze of his colour, shifting and flickering as the light of the Aurora, lingered minute after minute before the last incomprehensible 'Turner' that gleamed on the walls of the Academy, and the first name sought for upon the catalogue by the critic, artist, and amateur,

as well as by those who could not understand him when they found him, was his also. Many of the most distinguished of our painters, and many private friends, paid the last tribute of respect to his remains, and followed his hearse yesterday, and a long procession of mourning coaches and private carriages preceded it to the cathedral. Among those who attended the sad ceremonial were Mr. Harpur, the chief mourner, with crape hatband and scarf, Mr. Jones, Mr. P. Hardwicke, Mr. Munro, Mr. Griffiths, Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. Mulready, Mr. Chalon, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Pickersgill, Mr. C. Stanfield, Mr. Maclise, Mr. Witherington, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Barry, Mr. Knight, Mr. Landseer, Mr. Webster, Mr. Herbert, Mr. Cope, Mr. Westmacott, Mr. Grant, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Redgrave, Dr. Mayo, Mr. Hart, Mr. Cockerill, Mr. Copley Fielding, Mr. Haghe, Colonel Thwaites, Mr. Winders, Mr. Hardwicke, the Rev. Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Marsh, Dr. Price, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Drake, and Mr. Pound. His housekeeper—for the deceased was a bachelor—was also in the funeral procession, with Mrs. F. Danby. When the hearse arrived at the entrance to the cathedral the coffin was received by the clergy, and the procession slowly stepped up the aisle—the singing boys, vicars choral, vergers, minor canons, the Dean (Milman), the Archdeacon, the Ven. Hale Hale, the Canon Residentiary, and the Rev. Mr. Champneys being in attendance, and forming in front of the pall-bearers and mutes. The choristers chanted the Dead March in Saul, and the organ pealed

through the aisle as the coffin was borne into the chapel, where it was laid down while the Dean read the commencement of the service for the dead, after which it was raised, and while it was being carried towards the catacombs the rest of the service was performed according to the rubric, and at the conclusion the coffin was deposited in one of the vaults. It bore the simple inscription, 'Joseph Mallord Turner, Esq., R.A., died Dec. 19, 1851, aged 79 years.' A considerable crowd was attracted outside by the ceremonial, and about five hundred persons were present in the aisles and the chapel."

Turner's will (copied from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury) I have inserted at full in my Appendix, but here, as containing biographical facts, I insert a condensed version of its various clauses. He first leaves to his executors and trustees all his freehold, leasehold, and personal estates, after payment of his just debts, and he enjoins them immediately after his death to sell all such property for the benefit of the estate, and directs that the sums obtained by such sale be united to the money already invested by him in the Three per Cents. Then come the bequests—*i.e.* to Price Turner, Jonathan Turner (his two uncles), 50*l.* each; and to his nephews (the sons of Price Turner, that is to say, John, Joshua, and Jonathan Turner), 25*l.* each. To Hannah Danby, his old housekeeper, niece of John Danby, musician, 50*l.* a-year for her natural life; to the housekeeper's aunt, Sarah Danby, 10*l.* a-year; and to Evelina and Georgiana Danby, daugh-

ters of Sarah Danby, 50*l.* a-year each. The first quarterly payment to be due at the expiration of six months from his decease.

To the National Gallery Turner left the pictures, "Dido Building Carthage," and the picture formerly in the Tabley Collection; but "on the following reservations and restrictions only," that they be hung between the two pictures painted by Claude, entitled "The Sea Port," and "The Mill," and be from time to time properly cleaned, framed, repaired, and protected; and if these conditions were not accepted within twelve months of Turner's decease, they were to be taken to form part of the charitable funds hereinafter mentioned.

All the rest of the funded property of Turner was intended by him to found a charity for "Male Decayed Artists," being born in England and of English parents only, and of lawful issue. A suitable building was to be provided in an eligible place; the whole institution to be under the control of four trustees, chosen from the executors. Future executors were to be chosen, two from the Royal Academicians and two from non-members. Turner then goes on to name as trustees, W. F. Wells, Esq., of Mitcham, Surrey; Rev. H. Trimmer, of Heston; Samuel Rogers, of St. James's-place; George Jones, R.A.; and Charles Turner, R.A., as trustees. The institution was to be called "Turner's Gift," and to be governed by the ordinary rules of charitable institutions devoted to a similar purpose.

The trustees were directed to reimburse themselves for all reasonable expenses that they might be

put to in attending to such charity. This will is dated 10th of June, 1831, and attested by George Cobb, Clement's-inn; John Saxon, Bruton, Somersetshire; and Charles Tull, Winchester-street, London.

The will is written in various legal hands—all except the first codicil, which is in Turner's own handwriting. A further codicil desires that the gallery devoted to his pictures should be respectable, and worthy of the object, and that it should be viewed gratuitously. If the money should be found inadequate, Turner writes, and the charity could not be founded within five years of his death, then he annulled that part of his will, and left the residue of his estate in the following manner:—The pictures to be kept entire and unsold in 47, Queen Anne-street West, and to be called the "Turner Gallery," and Hannah Danby appointed custodian at 100*l.* a-year, with 50*l.* more for her services; to Georgiana Danby, 100*l.* a-year; and to Evelina Danby, or Dupree, also 100*l.* a-year. The residue was left to the Royal Academy, on condition of their giving every year, on his birthday, the 23rd of April, a dinner, not to cost more than 50*l.* He also left 60*l.* a-year to a Professor of Landscape at the Royal Academy, and a gold medal worth 20*l.* for the best landscape every second year. In case the Royal Academy refused this residue, Turner left all the money to Georgiana Danby and her heirs, after erecting a monument over his body.

In another codicil Turner revoked all the legacies to his uncles and nephews, and also those to Georgiana and all the other Danbys. He leaves his finished

pictures to the National Gallery, provided additional rooms were built for their reception. The pictures not to be removed from Queen Anne-street till such rooms were built; but if all fell through, and the lease could not be renewed, then the pictures were to be sold.

The executors named are Thomas Griffiths, Esq., of Norwood, Surrey; John Ruskin, Esq., the younger, of Denmark-Hill; Philip Hardwick, Esq., of Russell-square; Henry Harpur, of Kennington-cross, Lambeth, together with the aforenamed trustees; and to each of them was to be given for a ring 19*l.* 19*s.* This last codicil is signed August 2, 1848, and attested by Joseph Tibbs and Thomas Schroeder.

The next codicil annuls the gifts to the National Gallery, if the "Turner Gallery" be not built within ten years after his decease; and in failure of this, a gratuitous exhibition and final sale at the house in Queen Anne-street. He also left a thousand pounds for a monument to himself in St. Paul's, desiring to be buried among his brothers in art; and he left his housekeeper in Queen Anne-street, and Sophia Caroline Booth, his housekeeper formerly at Margate, and now at Chelsea, each an annuity of 150*l.*, and out of the sale of the finished pictures 1000*l.* to the Pension Fund of the Academy, the gold medal for Landscape Art to be paid out of it; also 500*l.* to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, 500*l.* to the Foundling, 500*l.* to the London Orphan Fund, and then to Mrs. Wheeler and her two sisters 100*l.* each, free from legacy duty. He also adds Mr. Munro's name to

those of his previous executors and trustees. This last codicil is signed February 1, 1845, attested by Mr. Joseph Tibbs and Mr. Thomas Schroeder, clerks to Mr. Harpur.

The only land which, at his death, stood in the name of Mr. Turner, at Twickenham, is about three-quarters of an acre on the fourth roadside of the common, which he bought at the time the Richmond and Twickenham Railroad was forming.

The will in the Appendix is extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. The first part, as well as the second, third, and fourth codicils, are written in a legal hand, but not by one and the same person. The first codicil is entirely in Turner's own handwriting. The Hannah Danby referred to is his old housekeeper.

Unfortunately for the poor artists of England, Turner's will being a most confused document, full of confusions and interpolations, it was disputed by the next of kin, who tried to prove that the testator was of unsound mind.

The will was therefore first proved, and it was then established that the testator was of sound mind, and capable of making a legal will.

The trustees and executors then filed a Bill in Chancery on the 25th of April, 1852, praying that the Court would give its construction of the will and for administration of the estate. The next of kin, by their answer, contended that it was impossible to place any construction upon the will at all, and that it was therefore void. And further, that if the will could be

carried out according to the intention of the testator it was still void, as the bequests came within the Statute of Mortmain.

The next proceedings were in the Vice-Chancellor's Court, before Vice-Chancellor Sir R. T. Kindersley; and the following report of a day's proceedings in the suit, Trimmer *v.* Danby, is a sample of many such days:—

"This suit relates to the will of the late Mr. Turner, the celebrated artist, who left a great number of testamentary papers in all stages of alteration, erasure, and cancellation, and some in duplicate, but so mutilated as to be virtually destroyed, but generally executed. The executors applied for probate upon all, and five—namely, one will and four codicils—were ultimately proved; and conflicting claims arising under the will, this suit was instituted, and Mr. Hardwicke appointed receiver. The testator left pictures of a very great value at his house, 47, Queen Anne-street, and after bequeathing them to the trustees and directors for the time being of the National Gallery, with certain directions, declared that in case such pictures should not be accepted within one year from his decease, his executors and trustees should found a charitable institution for decayed artists, to be called 'Turner's Gift;' but in case such institution could not be legally founded, then he appointed Hannah Danby the custodian and keeper of his pictures, with 100*l.* a-year for so doing, and to keep them entire and unsold at his residence, to be viewed gratuitously by the public, and called 'Turner's Gallery.' The testator's property was sworn under

140,000*l*, and the next of kin and heir-at-law having made claims, the cause now came on upon minutes and for a reference to chambers, and the chief question was, whether the pictures should remain in their present position, which it was alleged was calculated to damage them by reason of damp, &c., until their final destination could be determined upon.

"The Solicitor-General and Mr. Wickens appeared for the Crown; Mr. Follett and Mr. W. Morris for the next of kin; Mr. J. U. Terrell for the executors and trustees; Mr. Swanston and Mr. Stevens for Hannah Danby; Mr. Walker and Mr. Roxburgh for the heir-at-law; and Mr. Willcock and Mr. Ellis for other parties.

"The Vice-Chancellor said that if his own opinion were to prevail, or he was entitled to have any leaning upon the subject, he should favour the idea of those valuable works of art becoming national property; but as it was most important, whatever might be the event of the suit, that they should meantime be protected from injury, the best way would be to refer the question to three gentlemen to be chosen, and he (the Vice-Chancellor) would, if all parties concurred, himself see them on the subject.

"Mr. Hardwicke, Sir C. Eastlake, and Mr. Clarkson Stanfield were then chosen.

"Solicitor for the plaintiff, Mr. Drake; for the Crown, Mr. Raven; for the next of kin and heir-at-law, Mr. Tepper."

On Wednesday, the 19th of March, 1856, the following decision was given by Vice-Chancellor Kindersley:—

"Between Henry Scott *Trimmer* George Jones Charles Turner Philip Hardwick Henry Harpur and Hugh Andrew Johnston Munro Plaintiffs Hugh *Danby* (since deceased) Mary Tepper (since deceased) William Turner (since deceased) Thomas Price Turner Mary Matthews John Widgery and Mary Ann Turner his wife John Turner Sophia Caroline Booth and Her Majesty's Attorney-General Defendants And Between Henry Harpur Plaintiff Henry Trimmer Samuel Rogers George Jones Charles Turner John Ruskin the younger when he shall come within the Jurisdiction of the Court Philip Hardwick and Hugh Andrew Johnston Munro Defendants And Between the said Henry Scott Trimmer George Jones Charles Turner Philip Hardwick Henry Harpur and Hugh Andrew Johnston Munro Plaintiffs Grace Coham Turner John Thome Turner Mary Eliza Turner William Coham Turner Marcella Danby Caroline Malissa Nixon and Theresa Danby Symondson Defendants And Between the said Henry Scott Trimmer George Jones Charles Turner Philip Hardwick Henry Harpur and Hugh Andrew Johnston Munro Plaintiffs Jabez Tepper Defendant

"By original Bill and supplemental orders

"*Extract*

"This Court doth Declare by consent of all parties by their Counsel (except the Plaintiffs who by their Counsel submit to act as this Court shall direct and except the Attorney-General who does not oppose the same) that all the Pictures Drawings and Sketches by the Testator's hand without any distinction of

finished or unfinished are to be deemed as well given for the benefit of the public and Doth order that the same when selected and ascertained in manner hereafter mentioned be retained by the Trustees for the time being of the National Gallery accordingly and it is ordered that Sir Charles Locke Eastlake Knight President of the Royal Academy and John Prescott Knight Royal Academician and in case they disagree an umpire to be named by them by writing under their hands to be at liberty to select from the said Pictures Drawings and Sketches now in the National Gallery pursuant to the order made in these Causes dated the 4th day of August 1854 such of the Pictures Drawings and Sketches as shall in their opinion have been painted drawn or sketched by the Testator's hand without any distinction of finished or unfinished such selection to be verified by affidavit and all parties (except the plaintiffs who by their Counsel submit to act as this Court shall direct and except the Attorney-General who does not oppose the same) by their Counsel consenting to abide by the selection of the said Sir Charles Lock Eastlake and John Prescott Knight or in case they disagree then by the selection of such umpire as aforesaid and upon the additional probate duty (if any) and the legacy duty payable in respect of such Pictures Drawings and Sketches being paid or effectually released and the sum of one hundred and eighty-one pounds ten shillings being one moiety of the expences of removing the Testator's works of art to the place where they are now deposited being repaid to the said Executors to be by them accounted for as part of the Testator's General

Estate. It is ordered that the Pictures Drawings and Sketches so to be selected be retained by the Trustees for the time being of the National Gallery and this Court doth declare that the Trustees for the time being of the said National Gallery are entitled to hold the two Pictures that is to say Dido Building Carthage and the Picture formerly in the De Tabley Collection now in their possession under the order of the 26th day of July 1852 discharged from the agreement of the 12th day of November 1852 in the pleadings of these Causes mentioned But this order is to be without prejudice to the claim (if any) of the persons in respect of the Legacies bequeathed by the 4th Codicil to the said Testator's Will to the Artists' General Benevolent Fund to the Foundling Hospital and to the London Orphan Fund and by the like consent and submission and the Attorney-General not opposing and the Trustees of the Royal Academy of Arts in London by their Counsel waiving all claim to the Legacy of one thousand pounds by the said Will bequeathed to the Pension Fund of the Royal Academy and all other benefit under the said Will and Codicils This Court doth declare that the Trustees for the time being of the Royal Academy of Arts in London are entitled to the sum of twenty thousand pounds sterling free from Legacy duty and it is ordered that the legacy duty payable in respect thereof be raised by the said Plaintiffs Henry Scott Trimmer George Jones Charles Turner Philip Hardwick and Henry Harpur by a sale of a sufficient part of the said Bank 3*l.* per Cent. Annuities or of the said reduced 3*l.* per Cent. Annuities respectively

forming part of the said Testator's Estate and It is ordered that the said last named Plaintiffs do on or before the 10th day of October next transfer to the Trustees for the time being of the said Royal Academy so much of the said 3*l.* per Cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities or of the said 3*l.* per Cent. Reduced Annuities as will according to the market price of the said Consolidated Bank Annuities or Reduced Annuities on the day of such transfer be equal in amount to the said sum of twenty thousand pounds sterling And it is ordered that the said last named Plaintiffs do pay to the said Trustees of the said Royal Academy interest on the said Twenty thousand pounds after the rate of 4*l.* per Cent. per annum from the 30th day of June. 1856 to the time of such transfer out of any Cash which may be in their hands or by sale of a sufficient part of the said 3*l.* per Cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities or reduced Annuities and by the like consent and submission and the said Attorney-General not opposing this Court doth declare that subject to legacy duty (if any) the legacy of one thousand pounds by the Testator directed to be expended in erecting a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral was a good and valid legacy and it is ordered that the plaintiffs Henry Scott Trimmer George Jones Charles Turner Philip Hardwick and Henry Harpur do on or before the 14th day of November next transfer into the name and with the privity of the Accountant-General of this Court in trust in the 1st 3rd and 4th above mentioned Causes to an account to be entitled 'The monument account' of the plaintiffs subject to legacy duty (if any) so much

of the said 3*l.* per Cent. Consolidated Bank Annuities now standing in the name of the said Testator and forming part of his Estate as will at the market price of such Bank Annuities on the day preceding the day of bespeaking such transfer be equal to the sum of one thousand pounds and interest thereon at 4*l.* per Cent. after deducting income tax thereon from the end of one year after the said Testator's death to the day preceding the day of bespeaking such transfer the amount thereof and the said market price to be verified by affidavit and the said Accountant-General is to declare the trust thereof accordingly subject to the further order of this Court.

"J. A. MURRAY,
"C. R. & W."

There are tons' weight of documents of this four years' Chancery suit. The bills of costs in the matter alone would fill a butcher's cart. How Turner would have groaned to have seen the lawyers fattening themselves on his hard-earned savings.

A compromise was eventually effected between all the parties to the suit; and on the 19th March, 1856, a decree was pronounced, with the consent of all parties, to the following effect:—

1. The real estate to go to the heir-at-law.
2. The pictures, &c., to the National Gallery.
3. 1000*l.* for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's Cathedral.
4. 20,000*l.* to the Royal Academy, free of legacy duty.
5. Remainder to be divided amongst next of kin.

The interest and accumulations to stand as an indemnity to the said plaintiffs in respect of their contingent liabilities to the rent and costs of the leasehold estates of testator or devisee relating to his estates, and any claim or demand which may be made against or upon them in respect of any undertaking on the part of the said testator; but any *engraved plates* should be destroyed or cancelled.

The *engravings* (mentioned in order 4th August, 1854), and the pictures, drawings, and sketches, not selected by Eastlake and Prescott, to belong to the defendants.

The trustees of the National Gallery to deliver up the same to defendant, Jabez Tepper, on behalf of the defendants.

In relation to the discussions in Parliament about the Turner bequest, the "Art Journal" said:—

"On the 27th of June, in the House of Lords, Lord St. Leonards asked the President of the Council whether any steps had been taken to provide a separate gallery for Turner's pictures, according to the conditions under which they were bequeathed to the nation. 'The trustees of the National Gallery took 324 pictures, besides a vast quantity of water-colour drawings, and the Royal Academy 20,000*l.* in money, and both the nation and the Royal Academy believed they held the property as their own, not subject to any conditions.' Lord St. Leonards read the codicils to the will of Mr. Turner, to prove that the pictures were left in trust to the National Gallery, on the condition that a separate room should be built for them, to be called the Turner Gallery. He then pro-

ceeded to comment on the exhibition of these works by gaslight, observing that if even every precaution were taken to secure them against injury from gas vapour, they were yet exposed to great risk.

"The rooms containing the Turner pictures were erected two or three years ago for the reception of the collection on its removal from Marlborough House; the money voted for the building containing these apartments was 10,000*l.*, and the erections were spoken of as 'temporary.' For the purposes for which they were intended, these rooms are well suited; they are not lighted according to the best principle, yet Turner's pictures were never seen until they were placed there. In Marlborough House they were—as their lordships described Turner's will—'ambiguous,' and it is not, therefore, matter of wonder that the 'Avalanche' should have been criticised hanging upside down. Turner painted for light, and admitted into his works the smallest proportion of dark—a rule of art which, to be apprehended, demands the fullest measure of daylight. As we see 'Crossing the Brook' in that gallery, it is the grandest landscape of this or any other time; but in a lower light its beauties would be obscured. Lord St. Leonards is resolved that its present abiding-place shall not be the permanent home of the collection, for he concluded his speech with the expression of a hope that the Government, in moving the Civil Service estimates, would propose a vote of credit for the immediate commencement of a Turner Gallery.

"It was a principal condition of the bequest that a room for the reception of the pictures should be com-

pleted in ten years from the death of the testator; but Lord Granville's reply does not indicate on the part of the Government any immediate intention of fulfilling the conditions of the bequest. Though many plans have been proposed, they have not yet been considered. Lord Overstone said he could easily understand that the trustees of the National Gallery found themselves in an embarrassing position in consequence of the serious 'ambiguities' which attached to the Turner trust. It is a slur upon the memory of the man that the trustees should shrink from dealing with the provisions of the will. He was not unfrequently mysterious with his brush; he seems to be more so with his pen, for his will is even more difficult of interpretation than his 'Fallacies of Hope.' But yet he must be had in charitable and grateful remembrance, for the history of art records no similar act of munificence. We must, however, look at things as they present themselves, and in doing so we discover in the gold a large alloy of baser metal than usual. 'Even the most rabid of the Turnerini will not presume to deny that the great painter hampered his presentation of the 'Carthage' with the condition that it should be placed between the 'Claudes;' they will not deny that he left money to glorify himself in a statue; nor can they deny that the condition of his great bequest is absolute in respect of the separate room to be called the 'Turner;' and of his minor bequest to the Royal Academy, with the medal equally to be called the 'Turner.' These things are public property; they may be separated from an estimate of the worth of the public presenta-

tion, but they cannot be sifted out as mere *caput mortuum* in an estimate of the man. While Turner was a living myth in that miserable house in Queen Anne-street—which, from its superior dirtiness and preferable dilapidation, was by the population of the neighbouring areas reputed as the den of a mysterious man, who was seen only in the morning and evening twilight—while he lived in Queen Anne-street he was misunderstood and universally adored. With the artistic section of society he was great by common acclamation; with the rest of the world he was great by the grace of public benevolence. He was continually before the world in black and white—that is, in engraving; and in clear-obscure Turner was greater than any man that has ever lived. He had his periodical paroxysms of colour, but still his lights and darks were always right, and every engraved subject was a precious lucid interval; then indeed

"'Fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat.'

And further, like the Sibyl, he cared not to revert to multitudes of his inditings, as is shown by the thousands of sketches that are still in the possession of the trustees. At the bidding of the hierarchy of the art, whole populations have bowed before the 'Napoleon' and the 'Ulysses and Polyphemus,' and the 'Gardens of the Hesperides;' and because they do not understand them, would canonize the man who painted them, did they consider a niche in the calendar a condition sufficiently respectable for him. It was by no means necessary that Turner should expose himself in his will, by raising his patronymic

into an historical institution. But for that, we might have all believed that he was totally pictorial; that all vulgar essences had been driven off in the passage of a longer course of years than falls to the lot of many men; to having lived so long under a veil, it is a bad consummation that he should at last have placed himself under a microscope. The comparisons between the 'Liber Studiorum' and the 'Liber Veritatis,' and between the 'Carthage' and the 'Claudes,' are in favour of Turner; but the proclaimed challenge of the comparisons is against him; these comparisons would infallibly have been drawn, but in forcing them, Turner was less just to himself than his friends have been. It is ungrateful to look at Turner through himself; through his works he assumes proportions attained not even by the genii of the Eastern tales—in this view he is more worthy of a pyramid than Cheops, and his pyramid is a more pleasing erection.

"Lord St. Leonards and Lord Overstone are unwilling to consider the portion of the Kensington galleries allotted to the Turners, as fulfilling the conditions of the will. The pictures are most perfectly exhibited where they now are; but if the legal authorities on whom Lord Granville relies for the interpretation of the terms of the bequest determine that another room shall be built, it is high time that the money were voted and the work begun.

"Thanks to an order of the House of Lords, on a motion of Lord St. Leonards, Turner's Will and the various codicils attached to it have been printed *in extenso*. The immediate occasion of this publication was the official representation of the Trustees of the

National Gallery to Her Majesty's Treasury, respecting the care and custody of the pictures. The period within which provision was to be made, under the will, for the gallery to be named after the testator was limited to ten years after his decease. This will shortly expire, and although the decree of Vice-Chancellor Kindersley delivered the pictures to the Trustees without express reference to this condition of time, there are, say the Trustees, grave doubts, supported by high legal authority, whether that condition does not still bind them to erect the gallery on pain of forfeiture. It is added, that whatever be the legal effect of this decree, there is no doubt of the moral obligation under which the Trustees lie. They think Turner intended that his pictures should be exhibited in immediate proximity to the other pictures forming the National Gallery, and in order that they may be enabled to carry out this intention, they appeal to their Lordships of the Treasury, adding that, whether they hold the pictures under the will or the decree, or both, there is no doubt of their being under a moral as well as legal obligation to see the undoubted wishes of the testator fulfilled. It is urged that it is not fitting to impair the completeness of the general collection of national pictures by the severance from it of such surpassing examples of the British School. To this is added a reminder that on repeated occasions the temporary character of the present location of the Turner pictures has been made the subject of express acknowledgment and assurance. The representation concludes by calling attention to the report of the late Mr. Braidwood on

the increased danger of lighting public buildings with gas, under the influence of which the British Museum Trustees decided against lighting that building. The Trustees state that they would not consider their responsibility met were they not to draw the attention of their Lordships to the questionable nature of the present location of the Turner pictures, and the arrangements under which they are now exhibited by gaslight."

"The Select Committee appointed to consider in what manner the conditions annexed by the will of the late Mr. Turner, R.A., to the bequest of his pictures to the Trustees of the National Gallery can best be carried out; and, having completed such inquiry, then to consider and report the measures proper to be taken with respect to the Vernon Gallery, and the prospective measures proper to be taken with respect to any future gifts of the same kind; and to whom were referred copies of the will and codicils of the late Mr. Turner, R.A., and of the decree of the Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, establishing the right of the nation to the pictures of Mr. Turner, given by him to the public, and also of the representations lately made by the Trustees of the National Gallery to the Treasury upon the subject of Mr. Turner's gift of his pictures to the nation, and to report thereon to the House, have reported—

"'That the committee have met and considered the subject-matter referred to them, and have come to the following resolutions, viz.:—

"'That the late Mr. Turner, R.A., by his will gave to the Trustees of the National Gallery his picture

of "Dido building Carthage," and his picture formerly in the De Tabley Collection, for ever, subject to the direction that they should be kept and placed always between the two pictures painted by Claude, the "Seaport" and the "Mill;" and the right of the Trustees to these pictures was declared by the decree after mentioned; and the two pictures have ever since been, and now are, placed in the National Gallery between the two Claudes, according to Turner's will.

"'That Mr. Turner made several codicils to his will; by the first codicil, which was superseded by the later ones, he desired a gallery to be erected for his pictures (except the two given by his will), and that they should be maintained and exhibited as a separate collection, to be called "Turner's Gallery;" by the second codicil he gave his finished pictures (except the "Dido" and the "De Tabley" pictures) to the Trustees of the National Gallery, provided that a room or rooms were added to the National Gallery, to be entitled "Turner's Gallery;" in the meantime they were not to be removed until rooms were built; the Trustees of the National Gallery were not to have any power over the pictures unless his wish was fully carried out by them; it was his will that either such pictures should remain and be called "Turner's Gallery," and be the property of the nation, or to remain at his house as one entire gallery, to be viewed gratuitously; if the lease could not be renewed, the pictures were to be sold; by the third codicil, if the National Gallery should not carry out the provisions in the second codicil within five years, on or before the expiration of the lease of his present

gallery, then he declared his bequest to the National Gallery to be void, and in that case his gallery to be continued upon the terms mentioned in his last codicil. By the fourth and last codicil he limited ten years for offering his finished pictures to the National Gallery; if rooms were not built, the pictures were to be exhibited gratuitously during the existence of the lease of his Queen Anne-street house, except the last two years, and then the pictures were to be sold; by the decree of the Court of Chancery, made in March, 1856, the Court declared that all the pictures, drawings, and sketches, wholly or partially by the testator's hand, without any distinction of finished or unfinished, were to be deemed as well given for the benefit of the public, and were to be retained by the trustees for the time being of the National Gallery.

" 'That under the above testamentary dispositions and the decree of the Court of Chancery, the nation is now in possession of 362 pictures painted by Turner, and of a very large number of water-colour drawings of the highest excellence; and the nation ought, in the opinion of this House, to carry out the conditions annexed to the gift in like manner as the conditions annexed to the gift of the two pictures now between the two Claudes have been complied with.

" 'That, for want of a room to receive them at the National Gallery, the pictures are now at Kensington, but the power of the trustees of the National Gallery has been preserved over them; and it was publicly announced that they were removed to Kensington only as a temporary measure.'

"'That Turner died in December, 1851, and, in the opinion of this House, no further delay should take place in providing a room or rooms for the reception and exhibition of his pictures and drawings, now the property of the nation, in connexion with the National Gallery, to be called "Turner's Gallery."

"'That it is expedient that the finished pictures by Turner should be forthwith deposited and properly hung in one of the rooms of the present National Gallery, according to the plan which Mr. Wornum, the keeper, has stated in his evidence that he is prepared to carry out.

"'But this arrangement, as it will necessarily involve considerable inconvenience in the exhibition of the pictures now in the National Gallery, must be considered as of a strictly temporary character, pending the execution of some more enlarged and comprehensive plan.

"'That, with a view to provide such accommodation, Mr. Pennethorne, the architect, has stated in his evidence that he can undertake to erect rooms fully sufficient for the reception of the Turner pictures at the back of the present National Gallery, within a period of time not exceeding twelve months, and at a cost not to exceed 25,000*l.*

"'That unless there be some reasonable prospect of seeing a noble gallery worthy of the fine collection of pictures by the ancient masters and British artists which the country now possesses, and which is, year by year, receiving additions of great importance, erected upon a comprehensive plan on the present or any other site, it appears desirable that steps should be

forthwith taken for making the limited addition to the present gallery suggested by Mr. Pennethorne.

"'That with regard to the second portion of the order of reference—viz., "And having completed such inquiry, then to consider and report the measures proper to be taken with respect to the Vernon Gallery, and the prospective measures proper to be taken with respect to any future gifts of the same kind," the late period of the Session making it impossible for the committee fully to consider the important questions involved, the committee beg to recommend to the House that the subject be again referred early in the ensuing Session.

"'And the committee have directed the Minutes of Evidence taken before them, together with an Appendix, to be laid before your Lordships.

"'July 30th.'"

In a letter which appeared in the *Times* soon after Turner's death, Mr. Ruskin undertook to select, sift, and arrange the drawings that Turner left to the nation. He divided them in this letter into three classes:—

"1. Finished water-colour drawings. 2. Studies from Nature, or first thoughts for pictures, in colour. 3. Sketches in pencil or pen and ink. The drawings belonging to the two latter classes are in various stages of completion. There are in the first class 45 drawings of the 'Rivers of France,' 57 illustrating Rogers's poems, 23 of the 'River Scenery' and 'Harbours of England,' 4 marine vignettes, 5 middle-sized drawings (including the beautiful 'Ivy Bridge'), and a drawing, some 3 feet by 2, finished with ex-

quisite care, of a scene in the Val d'Aosta; total, 135. The larger number of studies forming the second class are light sketches, valuable only to artists or to those interested in the processes of Turner's mind and hand. The total number of those which I catalogued as important is 1757. The sketches of the third class are usually more elaborate than the coloured ones. They consist of studies from Nature or for compositions, in firm outlines, usually on grey paper, heightened with white. They include, among other subjects more or less complete, 50 of the original drawings for the 'Liber Studiorum,' and many of the others are of large folio size." Mr. Ruskin prefaces this letter by explaining that his active executorship to the Turner estate confined itself to the cataloguing of these drawings, and that, finding his stewardship involved some legal difficulties, he threw it up. He closes the epistle from which the above extracts have been taken, by assuring the Trustees of the National Collections and the country in general that there is no one so eminently fitted to arrange and provide for the exhibition of the Turner drawings as himself;—"that he will only undertake the task on condition of the entire management of the drawings, in every particular, being entrusted to him"—that he wishes to undertake the task; and that, on receiving the appointment, he will enter upon it instantly, and undertakes to "furnish, in order to prove the working of the system proposed, 100 of the frames, with their cases, at my own cost; and that within six weeks of the day on which I am permitted to begin work (illness or accident not inter-

fering) I will have the 100 drawings arranged, framed, accompanied by a printed explanatory catalogue, and ready for public inspection."

Mr. Ruskin was in Scotland, visiting Dumblane, Jedburgh, and other favourite sites of Turner, when he received a letter informing him that the Trustees of the National Gallery had granted him permission to arrange the Turner drawings for the nation.

From the autumn of 1857 to May, 1858, Mr. Ruskin worked hard. I can bear witness to this labour of love. Mr. Ruskin's own account of the state he found the drawings in is full of interest, not unmingled with pathos. He says:—

"In seventeen boxes in the lower room of the National Gallery I found upwards of 19,000 pieces of paper, drawn upon by Turner in one way or another. Many on both sides. Some with four, five, or six subjects on each side (the pencil point digging spiritedly through from the foregrounds of the front into the tender pieces of sky on the back). Some in chalk, which the touch of the finger would sweep away. The best book of studies for his great shipwrecks contained about a quarter of a pound of chalk *débris*, black and white, broken off the crayons with which Turner had drawn furiously on both sides of the leaves; every leaf, with peculiar foresight and consideration of difficulties to be met by future mounters, containing half of one subject on the front of it, and half of another on the back. Others in ink, rotted into holes. Others (some splendid-coloured drawings among them) long eaten away by damp and mildew, and falling into dust at the edges, in various

states of fragile decay. Others worm-eaten; some mouse-eaten; many torn half-way through; numbers doubled (quadrupled, I should say) into four, being Turner's favourite mode of packing for travelling; nearly all rudely flattened out from the bundles in which Turner had finally rolled them up and squeezed them into the drawers in Queen Anne-street. Dust, of thirty years' accumulation, black, dense, and sooty, lay in the rents of the crushed and crumpled edges of these flattened bundles, looking like a jagged black frame, and producing altogether unexpected effects in brilliant portions of skies, whence an accidental or experimental finger-mark of the first bundle unfolder had swept it away.

"About half, or rather more, of the entire number consisted of pencil sketches in flat oblong pocket-books, dropping to pieces at the back, tearing laterally whenever opened, and every drawing rubbing itself into the one opposite. These first I paged with my own hand, then unbound, and laid every leaf separately on a clean sheet of perfectly smooth writing-paper, so that it might receive no further injury. Then enclosing the contents and boards of each book (usually ninety-two leaves, more or less drawn on both sides, with two sketches on the boards at the beginning and end) in a separate sealed packet, I returned it to its tin box. The loose sketches needed more trouble. The dust had first to be got off them (from the chalk ones it could only be blown off), then they had to be variously flattened; the torn ones to be laid down, the loveliest guarded so as to prevent all future friction, and four hundred of the most characte-

ristic framed and glazed, and cabinets constructed for them, which would admit of their free use by the public."

How sad this reads. These sketches were the drift and *débris* of a *moraine*, the lumber of an unhappy man's life, the half-fulfilled purposes of a confused, entangled life. What despair there was in that dread of looking over the records of the past; despair of working his destiny into one harmonious whole! Whoever looks at his own lumber but says to himself, there are so many more unfulfilled intentions, so many dwarfed expectations, so many stunted hopes, so many disappointments added to the old store.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TURNER PORTRAITS.

THERE is a current notion prevailing, that no portrait of Turner exists. Perhaps no great artist was oftener sketched; from behind pictures, from the ambush of dark corners of exhibition rooms, the busy pencil was perpetually recording him.

Mr. Mulready drew him, Mr. Gilbert drew him, Mr. Linnel drew him, Mr. Dance drew him, Mr. Munro drew him, Mr. Fawkes drew him; and so, says Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his very inaccurate memoir, did Mr. Maclise and Mr. Charles Turner.

Yet the painter never sat willingly but once. He had a settled idea that if the public saw his portrait, they would think less of his pictures.

I know for certain that he sat to Dance for the portrait published in 1800, when Turner was R.A., and twenty-five years old. This portrait is one of a series of Academician portraits published by George Dance. It shows us a handsome young man, with rather large features, a full, prominent nose, a fine, strong-willed chin, and a rather sensual mouth, the lower lip of which is fleshy, and the upper lip beautifully curved. The eyebrow is arched, and the eyelids

TURNER.

FROM DANCE'S PORTRAIT.

long, presenting a great depth between the eye and the eyebrow. The forehead is full, but rather receding, and is covered with a stray wisp of hair, as Turner always kept it. The hair, close and thick, and rather stubborn-looking, is long behind, and tied with a ribbon. He wears a white cravat, the ends of which bulge out in front of his waistcoat. The cape of his coat is of immense width, and the lapels are thrown back in a careless, but still rather cavalier way. Indeed, in this portrait, unless Dance's pencil has flattered, Turner looks a frank, handsome-hearted young man of genius, as far as appearance goes. The portrait might be as well that of a young general or a young statesman, for the expression is at once winning and commanding.

In 1851, the year Turner died, a flimsy caricature of the artist was published by that feeble *dilettante*, Count D'Orsay; Sir Edwin Landseer is said to have retouched it. It must have been drawn from memory not many months before, at some *soirée*, at which Turner and the Count were both present—perhaps at Mr. Windus's.

The Count evidently drew Turner, not from any admiration of his genius, of which he probably understood nothing, but as being a character, and old-fashioned in dress and manner. Some of Turner's friends think this a base caricature, while others regard it as, after all, the best likeness extant. I regard it as at least an admirable record of his costume and attitude. His enormous, loose, large-buttoned dress coat, with the square wide tails and the outside pockets, are very characteristic; so are his

white cravat and frilled shirt; so are the meagre dancing shoes and the rudely-made trousers. I like, too, the grim listening air with which, as he stands near the piano, he stirs round his cup of tea.

But whether he ever wore that wobegone misery aspect, I cannot say, though the amateur artist has certainly given the face a look of declining health and vitality. The nose sharpens, the cheeks sink, the mouth falls in, the eye is feeble, even the hair is lean and sickly. Death is very near at hand with the great artist, and is watching him even now in that room echoing with music and sparkling with lights.

One day, at a dinner-party given on a varnishing day at Mr. Wells', Sir Edwin Landseer exhibited a little portrait of Turner that he had painted on his palette at the Academy that morning. It was very clever; every one liked it; many thought it perfect. Unluckily, an artist present induced Sir Edwin (who knows not how to say "No") to give it him. In order to carry it home, the pleased man put it into his hat; unluckily, the colours were wet, and when the artist took off his hat on reaching home, the picture had stuck to his hair, and was entirely blurred and spoiled, and the likeness effaced.

Mr. White, the well-known picture-dealer of Maddox-street, has in his possession the precious portrait of Turner painted surreptitiously by Mr. Linnel, from sittings unconsciously given him at Mr. Daniel's dinner-parties. Mr. White naturally enough attaches great value to this relic, and keeps it enclosed in a sort of altar-case, as if it were a Leonardo or a Raphael. Yet many of the best judges do not think it very

correct in likeness. It was arranged by Mr. Daniel that at these premeditated dinners, Mr. Linnel should sit opposite Turner, so as to carry off a vivid memory of his face; but few men, and those only born portrait-painters, can remember faces with perfect accuracy, and then merely as sketches, and not in detail of outline and colour. Still, with all its defects (especially that of being rather smaller than life), this is an interesting picture, and worthy of record. The picture with this strange history represents Turner in almost the prime of life, and in the fantastic full-dress of the George IV. period; red velvet waistcoat, dandy coat with velvet collar, a high wall of stiff black satin stock, the ends cascading down over his shirt-front, and fastened with a red coral breast-pin. It is not the barber's son we see, but the great Mr. Turner, R.A., who proposed an Irish tour to Mr. Thomas Moore—the Turner who was kind to poor Campbell, and who climbed up Arthur's Seat with old Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. Ruskin does not think this portrait like him. Mr. Griffith, who knew Turner at the time when it was taken, considers it "a very good likeness." I applied to Mr. Linnel for his version of this story, and he wrote me the following letter:—

"The history of my portrait of Turner the Great is a very short one. I painted it from recollection, at the request of a friend of his, at whose table we frequently met. I made no memorandum at the time of meeting, but painted from memory entirely, the first opportunity. I believe the portrait was painted about 1837, and as the friend for whom it was intended died, it remained with me until I sold it to Mr. D.

T. White, the picture-dealer in Maddox-street, Hanover-square. I have also a very careful outline of Turner's father, taken when attending his son's lecture at the Royal Academy, about 1810, and a sketch of the eyes and brow looking down at the lecturer. The picture was intended for Mr. Birch, of Birmingham, and was I believe valued at 200 guineas; it is now worth triple that sum. It is a vivacious likeness, and highly interesting to those who knew the great painter twenty years ago."

There is yet another portrait to record. Mr. Charles Turner, A.R.A., the mezzotint engraver of his "Liber Studiorum," and his oldest and most constant friend, was so desirous of securing a likeness of him at all hazards, that he availed himself, from time to time, of every opportunity of collecting memoranda for the purpose. He at length obtained a most characteristic portrait in oil, small half-size, in the act of sketching. The singularity of his dress and figure have been scrupulously attended to, and it has been pronounced an admirable and faithful likeness. I believe that Mr. C. Turner engraved this portrait.

"He at length," says another account, "obtained a portrait of his friend; it has been pronounced by Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr. George Jones, Mr. Alfred Chalon, Mr. David Roberts, Mr. Willmore, and other friends of the great deceased, who have seen it, to be an admirable and faithful likeness."

Turner distinctly told one of his friends that he did sit for Dance's portrait of him. His less enthusiastic friends describe him as having a red Jewish

face with staring bluish-grey eyes, and the smallest and dirtiest hands on record. His complexion was very coarse and weather-beaten, the cuticle was that of a stage-coachman or an old man-of-war boatswain. It was as tough as the skin of a rhinoceros, and red as the shell of a boiled lobster. That complexion told of rough days, when the rain had driven in his eyes as he sat on diligence roofs, or in boats lifting over enormous waves. The sea wind had buffeted him, the hot Italian sun had parched and browned him. His dress was always careless and often dirty, his sleeves were long, so as to hide his small pliable hands. Latterly he improved in his costume, thanks to the care of his Chelsea housekeeper, and even shone out at Academy meetings in a red velvet waistcoat. On one occasion he was particularly struck by his friend Jones's blue waistcoat, and its contrast with a red scarf worn underneath. "I like that, Joney," said Turner; "good bit of colour, Joney;" and soon after he appeared in the same effective dress. A hat with the nap carefully brushed the wrong way was also one of Turner's characteristics.

"Turner had fine intelligent eyes, dark blue or mazarine," says Mr. Trimmer, "and, as it is said of Swift's, they were heavy rather than animated. He had a pleasing but melancholy expression. His conversation was always sensible, and in all matters connected with his profession invaluable. He dressed in black, with short black gaiters, and though neat, was not smart. He was retired in his habits, and sensitive in his feelings; he was an excessively kind-hearted

person, and fond of children, says one who knew him. His domestic life was founded on the models of the old masters, his conversation was most correct, and no one more upheld the decencies of society.*

"He had been accused of miserly habits, but as it was known full thirty years before his death that he was accumulating his property for decayed artists and their families, he cannot be charged with selfishness. If he exacted from publishers the market value of his great talents, do such persons as a class act differently with inferior talents? I believe he was hard in his dealings with engravers; in fact, he was averse to any but first-rate hands engraving his pictures."

Turner's own portrait, as painted by himself, is rather brown in colour, but fine in expression. The forehead is high, the rather too large nose cleverly concealed by being taken full-face. The lip is full, but not unduly so. The chin is strong and Napoleonic. The young artist wears a huge cape to his coat; the fashionable double waistcoat, and a full white handkerchief, with pendent ends, round his neck; the colour is wanting in tenderness, and in trying for breadth the greys have been sacrificed.

Turner's iron-grey eye (it was really blue), says Mr. Goodall, seemed to strike through you. There was a great consciousness of power in it. When animated, Turner's eyes were quite handsome, says an old friend. Turner's eyes were blue as enamel, and were round, staring, and bull-like as those of Frederick the Great's.

* It is remarkable that in his will he restricts his charities to persons born in lawful wedlock.

Mr. Leslie, after deriding D'Orsay's libel, errs in saying that Turner never sat to any one, and never would; but it is true he thought himself coarse, ugly, unpoetical-looking, and said, "that if he had portraits taken people would never believe he painted his own pictures."

Leslie describes Turner as short and stout, and with a sturdy, sailor-like walk. He says: "There was, in fact, nothing elegant in his appearance—full of elegance as he was in art. He might have been taken for the captain of a river steamer at first sight, but a second would find far more in his face than belongs to any ordinary mind. There was that peculiar keenness of expression in his eye that is only seen in men of constant habits of observation. His voice was deep and musical."

Mr. John Gilbert, one of the first of modern draughtsmen on wood, took a sketch of Turner on one of the varnishing days of the last Exhibition at the British Institution (1841) to which he contributed.

Turner's picture was not finished, for latterly he finished them always on the walls. Mounted on a box, the little squab man was *scumbling* (driving opaque paint in a transparent coat) in the rays of the sun, which, in the exact centre of the picture (says Mr. Gilbert), projected like the boss on an ancient shield. Mr. Gilbert watched him as he worked, and took a sketch, which he afterwards from memory elaborated.

The sketch (which appeared long ago in one of Cassell's publications) represents, very humorously

and vigorously, the awkward, untidy dress of the painter; and the swab of a handkerchief hanging from the side-pocket of his tail-coat, the large, almost Jewish nose, the loose, slovenly trousers, and the eagle eyes, are not easily forgotten.

That most foul-mouthed of Turner's detractors, the late Mr. Rippingille, gives the following hostile view of his manner, face, and bearing. I should call it, "How Turner struck an enemy."

"Personally, Turner was as much a character as his house, and as cold and forbidding in aspect. I have witnessed meetings between him and those who considered themselves in the light of friends. I have seen a 'friend' seize his arm in a public room, and attempt to walk and to speak with him; and have seen him receive much the same treatment as a butcher would meet with who attempted to put his arm under the fore-leg of an unsocial and impracticable pig. It is said he could talk, and that he had a good deal of sedate fun, seasoned with a spice of sarcasm: I have heard casual remarks from him, which betrayed neither of these qualities—except, perhaps, a little of the last, which I observed was accompanied with a certain self-complacent grunt. He professed to know me personally, and once or twice I have put this knowledge to the direct test by asking him who I was, and by his reply have ascertained that his recollection was about as good as his word, or his acquaintance. I know a gentleman who sat next him at a dinner-table, one, too, of such a stock of resources and acquirements as would move a stoic, but not more than a few words could be

obtained from Turner. It was clear that Turner was at home, from the familiar way in which he addressed one of the ladies of the family; and his silence or sulkiness was afterwards accounted for by the master of the house calling him aside, and pointedly asking him what was the matter, when it was ascertained that, upon handing him his cheque for a seven-hundred-pound picture, he had forgotten to pay the hire of the coach in which Turner had come, and brought the picture with him. There is but little dependence to be placed upon the numerous stories extant, and by no means to his credit; I therefore speak only of what I know and saw. Turner was a short, vulgar-looking man, with an ordinary head, and a coarse, red, 'pimply' face, utterly devoid of any degree of refinement or intelligence. I cannot recollect any other clever man I ever saw who did not carry evidence of the fact in his face; Turner was the exception. It was impossible to make anything of such a head, such a face, look, and expression. So far from its bearing the impress of anything like thought, there was a vulgar, half-suppressed giggle, that seemed imprisoned in features too rigid or obstinate to let it escape; while in the twinkle of his eye there was a kind of triumph and self-satisfaction, as much as to say, you might look, but you could not make him out; but with this he showed no disposition to face, but to escape from, observation."

This is little better than mere spite, and the poisonous envy that ever rankles in the heart of a disappointed man. From such men too often come

our satirists, our epigrammatists, and our critics; and the world, leaning ever to the worst side, takes their bitterness for honesty. Yet, so far it is true, that Turner was a stumpy, ill-dressed man, with a red face and something of a satyr's mouth; but this was towards the close of his life.

I have seen an admirable caricature of Turner by that clever coloured caricaturist, Mr. Chalon, which represents him with little staring grey eyes, arched, astonished eyebrows, and very scarlet face. Mr. Mulready also possesses an inimitable little sketch of Turner *furens*, taken by stealth at an Academy Council where the artist was thwarted. He looks ready for a spring; Achilles chafing in his tent could not have appeared more grandly furious. Mr. Mulready has caught the true yet momentary expression.

Mr. Rippingille (who viewed Turner with the jaundiced eye of envy) also says of him, "He was short, stumpy, and vulgar, without one redeeming personal qualification, slovenly in dress, not over cleanly, and devoid of all signs of the habits of a gentleman, or a man moving in good society."

TURNER.

FROM BAILY'S STATUE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TURNER'S GENIUS.

With a Résumé of Mr. Ruskin's Criticisms on the Chief Features of his Styles.

With all the delights of a perpetual study of nature in her loveliest haunts, Turner's life was an unhappy one. Born in a sordid house, his mother insane, the dwarfed mind of his father unable to comprehend him, unfortunate in love, struggling on as a small drawing-master and painter of backgrounds; then battling with the engravers and publishers, with no wife to share his cares and console him in his disappointments; surrounded by jealous rivals, neglected by the rich cognoscenti of the day, unable to sell the most favourite works of his genius, Turner arrived at middle life before he could be said to have attained any certainty of fame. In a room that resembled the miserable Barry's, he lived his enthusiast life, with no companion but his old housekeeper—the somewhat more than housekeeper, other than wife—finally retiring to a fresh haunt at Chelsea to die, untended but by the mercenary love of a new mistress, with no hope for the next world, as there had been none in this. Then the melancholy result of an entangled and ill thought-out existence—blunders growing from

blunders, and culminating in that of a confused and half-cancelled will.

Relations, disregarded or disliked, dispute the will. The great charity that has been the great man's thought for forty years falls to the ground (surely Turner must have moved in his coffin if he heard the decision), and a poor 20,000*l.* goes to the Royal Academy—a body already groaning with useless wealth.

Unhappy result of a confused life! Turner's charity falls to the ground. The wish, Turner's ambition (his baser part), is gratified. There will be a 1000*l.* statue in St. Paul's, where Turner lies, tranquilly and without jostling, between Sir Joshua and Barry. There will be a Turner gallery devoted to his best and worst works. There will be a Turner gold medal given away at stated periods; but the good he wished to do is not done.

To Mrs. Radcliffe and Thomson Mr. Ruskin thinks we first owe an escape from the Queen Anne formalism of literature. In both these writers we find expressions of a love for wild nature. Then came Scott and the Lake poets to develope it further, and to teach us to sympathize with Gothic architecture, all agreeing in a love for natural scenery. To supply the same want in art, Turner and his brother landscape-painters arose.

Turner never imitated Salvator Rosa—because he had rocks and torrents of his own to go and copy and recompose from—he imitated Morland, Wilson, Reynolds, and Loutherbourg, but never West or Fuseli. Tintoret and Paul Veronese were of service to him, says Mr. Ruskin, but how I do not know.

Titian Turner competed with in his "Venus and Adonis." Turner has been heard to rebuke a young man at a party for foolishly running down Titian; and the putting in of the beech-leaves in the upper right-hand corner of "Peter Martyr" he has been known to mention with "singular delight." One day, at the British Institution, as he was looking with admiration at a glowing Cuyp, Turner said to a friend, "They would have called that too warm if I had done it."

Turner painted views of Cashiobury, for the Earl of Essex, of the highest quality; one in particular, once in the collection of Mr. Windus, where the light falls on the floor of a vaulted apartment through a stained-glass window, stands unequalled. He has introduced a rich Persian table-cover, which for careful finish is as elaborate as anything of the Dutch masters.

On the subject of Turner's treatment of trees, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"These two characters, the woody stiffness hinted through muscular line, and the inventive grace of the upper boughs, have never been rendered except by Turner; he does not merely draw them better than others, but he is the only man who has ever drawn them at all. Of the woody character, the tree subjects of the 'Liber Studiorum' afford marked examples; the 'Cephalus and Procris,' 'Scenes near the Grand Chartreuse,' and 'Blair-Athol,' 'Juvenile Tricks,' and 'Hedging and Ditching,' may be particularized; in the England series, the 'Bolton Abbey' is perhaps a more characteristic and thoroughly

Turneresque example than any. . . . In the group of trees on the left in Turner's 'Marley,' we have there perfect and ceaseless intricacy to oppose to Poussin, perfect and unbroken repose to oppose to Hobbima, and in the unity of these the perfection of truth. This group may be taken as a fair standard of Turner's tree-painting. We have in it the admirable-drawn stems, instead of the claws or the serpents; full, transparent, boundless intricacy, instead of the shell pattern; and misty depth of intermingled light and leafage, instead of perpetual repetition of one mechanical touch."

No one now will accuse Turner of gaudiness of colour when they have once studied the burning crimsons and purple of a summer sunset or the luminous folds of a white cloud with the sun on it. Turner used pure colour only in minute touches, and knew that all paint was clay compared with light and flame. Once, to give verdure with sunshine on it, he used pure yellow in this way, in his determination to express its relative intensity of light.

Turner never gives detail on near objects in cold sky blue; he uses it only where Nature uses it, and brings in his warm colour directly detail and surface become visible by light. His works are distinguished by the intensity of light he sheds through every hue, as he never lowered his middle tint to give greater value to his high light, as the old masters did. It is this unusual brilliancy that makes his pictures sometimes appear to ignorant critics glaring and dazzling. No one is more cautious and sparing in the use of pure colour than Turner. He attains his brilliancy

by his variety and subtlety of semitones. He stipples his grounds, not his shadows, with one broad yet sharp touch.

Mr. Ruskin says that there is no instance in the works of Turner of anything so faithful and imitative of sunshine as the best parts of Cuyp; but at the same time there is not such solecism in them.

Cuyp gives us only a narrow view of Nature, and is too intent on the truth of his omnipresent sunshine to think of any other truth. Cuyp is trying for tone, not colour; he is giving us a monochrome in gold colour. But Turner wants colour, and he must give us both cold and warm colour. He must have his contrast and balance, his forte and piano. He shows us the sunset in the west, and he shows us the colour dying off cold to the east. As instances of this sacrifice of tone to colour, Mr. Ruskin adduces the blue and white stripes on the drifting flag in the "Slave Ship," and the white part of the dress of the "Napoleon," which, though valuable for colour, are discords in tone.

The best proof of the grammatical accuracy of the tones of Turner, is the perfect and unchanging influence of all his pictures at any distance. Some of his pictures seem to me too artificially balanced with hot and cold colour; yet Turner did what no one had attempted before, he gave us reverse tones in one picture.

Speaking of Turner, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"Colour without form is less frequently obtainable; and it may be doubted whether it be desirable; yet I think that to the full enjoyment of it a certain sacri-

fice of form is necessary; sometimes by reducing it to the shapeless glitter of the gem, as often Tintoret and Bassano; sometimes by loss of outline and blending of parts, as Turner; sometimes by flatness of mass, as often Giorgione and Titian.

"Now, in Turner's power of associating cold with warm light no one has ever approached, or even ventured into the same field with him. The old masters, content with one simple tone, sacrificed to its unity all the exquisite gradations and varied touches of relief and change by which nature unites her hours with each other. They gave the warmth of the sinking sun, overwhelming all things in its gold, but they did not give those grey passages about the horizon, where, seen through its dying light, the cool and the gloom of night gather themselves for their victory. Whether it was in them impotence or judgment, it is not for me to decide. I have only to point to the daring of Turner in this respect as something to which art affords no matter of comparison, as that in which the mere attempt is, in itself, superiority."

In the "Rivers of France," you see very small quantities of excessive light or excessive shade; always sharp, decisive, and conspicuous, the mass of the picture is infinitely graduated middle tint. In later works, Turner surrounds light with shade.

In criticizing Turner's skies, Mr. Ruskin says:—

"Take up one of Turner's skies, and see whether he is as narrow in his conception, or as niggardly in his space. It does not matter which we take; his sublime 'Babylon' is a fair example for our present

purpose. Ten miles away down the Euphrates, where it gleams last along the plain, he gives us a drift of dark elongated vapour, melting beneath into a dim haze which embraces the hills on the horizon. It is exhausted with its own motion, and broken up by the wind in its own mass into numberless groups of billowy and tossing fragments, which, beaten by the weight of storm down to the earth, are just lifting themselves again on wearied wings, and perishing in the effort. Above these, and far beyond them, the eye goes back to a broad sea of white illuminated mist, or rather cloud melted into rain, and absorbed again before that rain has fallen, but penetrated throughout, whether it be vapour or whether it be dew, with soft sunshine, turning it as white as snow. Gradually, as it rises, the rainy fusion ceases. Now, this is nature! It is the exhaustless living energy with which the universe is filled; and what will you set beside it of the works of other men?"

Mr. Ruskin speaks of Turner's pathetic interest in the sea, and of his inexhaustible knowledge of shipping. It is hardly necessary to remark how deeply he loved the Thames; his first oil picture was the "Moonlight at Millbank." I believe he kept a boat on the river. He once spent a whole season sailing up and down to the Nore and back; four typical pictures of his at four different periods of his career were devoted to the Thames—*i.e.* "Millbank," "Greenwich," "Kingston," and "Richmond."

Mr. Dillon, one of the great Turner collectors, says beautifully of his genius:—

"The premature discontinuance of that work (the

'Liber') would appear to have left incomplete the plan he had formed of formally arranging and expressly illustrating the varied objects of art under these or other heads; but the intellect which suggested the division, and the grasp of mind which sought to unite or combine them into a system, continued to direct all his after-labours, and to connect them into one harmonious whole. His mind was a generalizing mind. Whatever his subject, there is always in him a 'touch of nature,' or a word of truth, which, recalling the past or revealing the future, connects the part with the whole, leads us from art to nature, and conducts us from the individual landscape to the universe. Thus, for example, it is not 'Coniston Fells' only which we see; it is *morning* amongst the Fells. It is not 'Calais Sands,' but the far-stretched shores of the ocean. It is not 'Rome,' ancient or modern, or the 'Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last berth to be broken up;' it is not of these only we are reminded, but of the fate and fall of nations. There lie the ghastly, grisly skeletons, protected from the birds of the air and the beasts of the field by Rizpah! The darkness of night has fallen on them; but the moonlight, beaming on the distant sheaves, reveals to us, or reminds us, that when the sons of Saul were slain, it was 'in the days of harvest—in the first days, in the beginning of the barley harvest.' What appear, on first sight, to be Turner's wildest visions, had an eye to order and reality, as well as to beauty; and even his experiments on colour were founded on a theory, and tended to a system. He illustrates 'Shade and Dark-

ness,' 'Light and Colour,' by the evening before and the morning after the Deluge, and conveys 'Goethe's Theory' by the destruction and renovation of a world."

One of Turner's favourite subtleties was to introduce scarlet into his skies when he wished to indicate death or ruin. He did so in the "Téméraire," in the "Fall of Carthage," in the "Slaver," the "Ulysses," the "Napoleon," and the "Goldau," and even in a little sad and tender sketch of dawn made by him in his last years, which is thus wonderfully pictured by Mr. Ruskin:—

"It is a small space of level shore; beyond it a fair soft light in the east, the last storm-clouds melting away oblique into the morning air; some little vessel —a collier, probably—has gone down in the night, all hands lost; a single dog has come ashore utterly exhausted, its limbs failing under it; sinking into the sand, it stands howling and shivering. The dawn-clouds have the first scarlet upon them, a feeble tinge only, reflected with the same feeble blood-stain on the sand."

Mr. Ruskin directs attention to the fact that, in a twin drawing made as a companion to the "Goldau," Turner has made the sun rising above Morgarten, and gilding the two peaks that protect the village that gives its name to Switzerland. In all his Carthaginian, Venetian, and Roman pictures, Mr. Ruskin says Turner dwelt on three morals. He used Carthage to illustrate the dangers of the pursuit of wealth; Rome to show the fate of ambition; and Venice to prove the vanity of pleasure and luxury.

It is for Turner that his great defender justly claims pre-eminent superiority in representing the various forms and phenomena of the cloudy sky, and in drawing mountains and stones, with a thorough knowledge of their spirit and organization. Turner was the first to suit the foreground for the distance; to show that it was possible to express foreground proximity without detaining the eye by made out forms; he leaves them decisively imperfect, and so leads you on to the distance that he takes most delight to express, and in expressing which his great power lay. He shows us just as much as the eye sees of forms that its focus is not directed to. He makes his figures vague lest they should detain the eye from the magical blue fold on fold of the distance; put in better-drawn figures, and the landscape would be at once destroyed.

Turner gives us all varieties of clouds crowded together: wind-compelled, as in the "Shylock;" blended with the sky itself, as in the "Mercury and Argus;" in equal-rounded flakes, to express repose, as in the "Acro-Corinth;" in fiery-flying fragments, as in the "Téméraire;" woven together with fine threads of intermediate darkness, as in the "Napoleon;" in fleecy lines, as in the "Alps at Daybreak," in Rogers's poems; the form, depth, perspective of each cloud, as well as its individuality, are given by Turner. Turner's "Rouen," in the "Rivers of France," is adduced by Mr. Ruskin as a special example of the quality of infinity that this painter gives his horizon. He is also equally remarkable for mists, melting mountain into cloud, or the horizon

into the twilight, of dew rising from hill pastures, and storms gathering over cliffs. Turner's storms, deep without blackness, and sharp in outline, as in his "Pæstum," "Stonehenge" and "Winchelsea Castle," are inadequately rendered by the engravers, who blacken the shadows and blunt the sharp edges of the colour.

Generally speaking, I have abstained from quoting any passages of Mr. Ruskin's for their mere poetry, unless they really contained some exposition of Turner's style and mind; but the following I cannot pass by, especially as I have not myself seen the picture alluded to.

"But I think the noblest sea that Turner has ever painted, and if so, the noblest certainly ever painted by man, is that of the 'Slave Ship,' the chief Academy picture of the Exhibition of 1840. It is a sunset on the Atlantic, after prolonged storm; but the storm is partially lulled, and the torn and streaming rain clouds are moving in scarlet lines to lose themselves in the hollow of the night. The whole surface of sea included in the picture is divided into two ridges of enormous swell, not high nor local, but a low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath after the torture of the storm. Between these two ridges the fire of the sunset falls along the trough of the sea, dyeing it with an awful but glorious light, the intense and lurid splendour which burns like gold, and bathes like blood."

In the "Pas de Calais," there is a buoy poised on the ridge of a sea-wave, that casts its reflection vertically down the flank of the wave that slopes steeply.

It is a mistake. But the vertical line is wanted, and Turner trusted to few of his public spending much time in observing the reflections of buoys on waves. (In the above sentence, as in many other places, I have to thank Mr. Ruskin for criticisms which I have condensed, but left unaltered in essentials.)

For examples of the sea seen twenty or thirty yards from the shore, where Turner generally places the spectator, beyond the first line of breakers, see the "Land's End," "Fowey," "Dunbar," and "Langbourne." The latter is remarkable for the fine dark furrows of tremendous swell. The tossing of the individual lines expresses the sea's fitfulness and fury, its "unwearied, reckless incoherency." The waves are remarkable for their expression of weight, and their intensity is gained by the sense of breadth, not by mere height. In open sea, Turner followed too much the Dutch painters, reserving his chief strength for coast sea.

For still water, the "Château of Prince Albert" deserves study. It expresses great width; the eye is kept moving over the surface. There are endless reflections of sun, sky, and foliage, yet not one traceable to its exact source. Everything is given correctly, yet nothing given too definitely, because the painter knows what to show, and what to conceal. It is not known how Turner obtained some of the surface he gives water, but it looks like a modification of body colour (as in the distance of the "Devonport, with the Dockyard"). For extended surface of water, see the "Loch Katrine" and "Derwentwater" in Scott's poems, and the "Loch Lomond" vignette

to Rogers's poems. The first shows distant breeze on the water; the second, slight motion prolonging the reflection of the waves; the third, full ripple over the whole surface. For distant rivers, with exquisite perspective, see the sweeping streams in the "Dryburgh and Melrose" (Scott), and the "Rouen, from St. Catherine's Hill." For showing the height of the observer above the river, and the loss of reflections, see the "Caudebec."

Of Turner's torrents, Mr. Ruskin remarks:—

"We see, therefore, why Turner seizes on these curved lines of the torrent, not only as being among the most beautiful forms of nature, but because they are an instant expression of the utmost power and velocity, and tell us how the torrent has been flowing before we see it. For the leap and splash might be seen in the sudden freakishness of a quiet stream, or the fall of a rivulet over a mill-dam; but the undulating line is the attribute of the mountain-torrent, whose fall and fury have made the valleys echo for miles; and thus the moment we see one of its curves over a stone in the foreground, we know it has come far and fiercely. And in the drawing we have been speaking of, the 'Lower Fall of the Tees,' in the foreground of the 'Killiecrankie,' and 'Rhymer's Glen,' and of the 'St. Maurice' in Rogers's 'Italy,' we shall find the most exquisite instances of the use of such lines; but the most perfect of all is the 'Llanthony Abbey,' which may be considered as the standard of torrent drawing."

Turner's Alps are eminently true in structure, and might have been drawn by a geologist—the sharp

aiguille, the plank-like slab, the fissures, the ridges, he knew them all. For hills, the "Caudebec," in the "Rivers of France," is a fine example. Honfleur, and the scene between Clairmont and Mauves, are also fine examples of grand and simple treatment. The latter shows the furrowing of hills by descending water. You can traverse them mile after mile, such endless detail is there, and yet such breadth; never an inch of unmeaning surface, whether the wooded hills and undulating moors of North England, the rolling surges of Southern England park and forest, the soft vine-clad ranges of the French côteaux, casting shadows on silver leagues of glancing rivers, or the olive-whitened promontories of Alp and Apennine.

Of Turner's mountains, Mr. Ruskin observes:—

"But look at the mass of mountain on the right in Turner's 'Daphne hunting with Leucippus.' It is simple, broad, and united as one surge of a swelling sea; it rises in an unbroken line along the valley, and lifts its promontories with an equal slope. But it contains in its body ten thousand hills. There is not a quarter of an inch of its surface without its suggestion of increasing distance and individual form. First, on the right, you have a range of tower-like precipices, the clinging wood climbing along their ledges and cresting their summits, white waterfalls gleaming through its leaves; not as in Claude's scientific ideals, poured in vast torrents over the top, and carefully keeping all the way down on the most projecting parts of the sides; but stealing down, traced from point to point, through shadow after shadow, by their evanescent foam and flashing light—here a wreath and

there a ray—through the deep chasms and hollow ravines, out of which rise the soft, rounded slopes of mightier mountain, surge beyond surge, immense and numberless, of delicate and gradual curve, accumulating in the sky until their garment of forest is exchanged for the shadowy fold of slumberous morning cloud, above which the utmost silver peak shines islanded and alone. Put what mountain painting you will beside this of any other artist, and its heights will look like molehills in comparison, because it will not have the unity and the multiplicity which are in nature, and with Turner, the signs of size."

Of Turner's "Mystery," Mr. Ruskin beautifully says:—

"There is yet not one atom in its whole extent and mass which does not suggest more than it represents; nor does it suggest vaguely, but in such a manner as to prove that the conception of each individual inch of that distance is absolutely clear and complete in the master's mind, a separate picture fully worked out; but yet, clearly and fully as the idea is formed, just so much of it is given, and no more, as nature would have allowed us to feel or see; just so much as would enable a spectator of experience and knowledge to understand almost every minute fragment of separate detail, but appears to the unpractised and careless eye just what a distance of nature's own would appear, an unintelligible mass. Perhaps the truth of this system of drawing is better to be understood by observing the distant character of rich architecture than of any other object. Go to the top of Highgate-hill on a clear summer morning at five o'clock, and

look at Westminster Abbey, you will receive an impression of a building enriched with multitudinous vertical lines. Try to distinguish one of these lines all the way down from the one next to it; you cannot. Try to count them; you cannot. Try to make out the beginning or end of any one of them; you cannot. Look at it generally, and it is all symmetry and arrangement; look at it in its parts, and it is all inextricable confusion. Am I not at this moment describing a piece of Turner's drawing with the same words by which I describe nature?"

Turner used to say that he found moonlights very difficult. Petter, Barrett, and Loutherbourg had tired the public of them. The finest I know in his works is the "Villa Madonna" in Rogers's "Italy." His early picture of moonlight at Millbank is very opaque, and is more like lamplight. It is imitative of a Dutch effect.

In all Turner's works there will be seen a truly Wordsworthian recognition of detail and a love of common things. His sympathy is with the life he sees and shares in. Under the ruined Northumbrian castle he shows you the steamer, and in the foreground of the scene, where the avalanche falls and the inundation rises, he places the homely red bundle and the gridiron.

Turner was too great a man for affected archaisms. Talking of Turner's foregrounds, Mr. Ruskin says: "The utmost that Turner ever allows in his foregrounds is a water-lily or two, a cluster of heath or foxglove, a thistle sometimes, a violet or daisy, or a

bindweed bell, just enough to lead the eye into the understanding of the rich mystery of his more distant leafage."

But while thus expressing my admiration and astonishment at the genius of Turner, I should not be a lover of truth were I to conceal my opinion of his faults. In many respects he was born at an unfortunate period. He was compelled at first to be imitative in order to sell. He was now trying to see nature like Vandervelde—now to turn English hills into Poussin mountains—now to lap his canvas in Cuyp's sunshine; sometimes because the manner of these painters was more like nature than he could yet reach, but more often because buyers would not look at any picture that was not in the Vandervelde or Claude manner.

Later, there fell upon Turner a baser spirit, that of rivalry; not the wish to paint like Claude, because Claude's manner sold, or because Claude often obtained a serenity of air that was pure and exquisite, but because he was determined to show that he could paint better than Claude, with more grandeur and more thought.

Turner, born in a Claude atmosphere, nursed at the foot of a Vandervelde, and nurtured on Thomson and Akenside as his poetical food, lived long enough to see a new and daring sect of reformers arise in art—men whose creed emerged from the Gothic reaction, and was a pushing forward of the old Wordsworthian lines into new regions of convention. Indirectly they were disciples of Tennyson

and assailants of all academic and eclectic precedent. They arose to renovate art by a series of great experiments not altogether untinged with rashness, obstinacy, arrogance, pedantry, affectation, and absurdity. They talked of Dante and the thirteenth century, of Giotto, Cimabue, and Fra Angelico; they resolved to paint no more effete subjects, but to read and think for themselves. They were all young men, of course, and they laughed bitterly at the old conservatives, at the Don Quixote painters and the conventional landscape-painters, at the sham idealists, and the inflated historical painters. They were religionists, these young men, and really in earnest; but quaint, well read, and fond of chivalry and the Italian poets.

Nor can I (as I am making a clean breast of it) conceal either the fact that, whether from carelessness, fatigue, or experiment, Turner's colour was often weak, and sometimes downright bad. In his Yorkshire drawings his blue distances have often a disagreeable green tinge about them. In some of the England series there is a violent foxy tone, very hot and oppressive. In the Roman oil pictures there often prevails a mustardy yellow, which perhaps seemed beautiful at the time, but is now quite out of tone. Vermilion shadows in flesh I have not a word to say for; nor do I like the opacity of his Vandervelde period more than I do the crude staring whites of the architecture in some of his later Venetian pictures.

"Turner is exceedingly unequal," says Mr. Ruskin (vol. i. p. 134), "most frequently in elaborate compositions from redundant quantity. Sometimes from

over-care, as very signally in a large and most laboured drawing of 'Bamborough Castle.' Sometimes his eye for colour seems to fail, as in 'Rome from the Forum,' 'Cicero's Villa,' and 'Building of Carthage.' Sometimes criminally, from taking licences, or indulging in conventionalities. His dry sea that does not wet the boat in one of his storms is specially reprehensible, and so is the occasional foxy colour, as in his drawing of 'Oxford,' in Mr. Munro's collection. His 'Blenheim' is an almost unique instance of failure in composition, as the Duke's house is the last thing the eye observes. There is sometimes, too, a livid purple about his colour which is far from pleasing."

Mr. Ruskin observes, when we come to treat of the sublime:—

"I shall only point to an unfortunate instance of inexcusable and effectless exaggeration in the distance of Turner's vignette to Milton, 'The Temptation on the Mountain,' and desire the reader to compare it with legitimate exaggeration in his vignette to the second part of 'Jacqueline,' in Rogers's poems."

Mr. Ruskin makes, I think, too much of Turner's dragon in the "Garden of the Hesperides." The jaws are thin and weak, and would break off when they took a bite at a stone. The claws do not fix with any power. It is said that Turner drew it from a pasteboard dragon that had been used in a London pantomime. "Always take advantage of an accident," was one of his mottoes.

Of the fault of Turner's second period Mr. Ruskin says:—

"He saw there were more clouds in any sky than ever had been painted, more trees in every forest, more crags on every hill-side; and he set himself with all his strength to proclaim this great fact of quantity in the universe.

"Now, so long as he introduced all these three changes in an instructive and unintruding way his work was noble; but the moment he tried to idealize, and introduced his principles for the sake of display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. His painting at this period, of an English town, or a Welsh hill, was magnificent and faultless; but all his idealism, mythology, romance, and composition in general were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all, his great discoveries. He erred in colour, because, not content with discerning the brilliancy of Nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colour accessory, until colour was killed by colour, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarized by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in refinement, because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealize even strong things into tenderness, until his architecture became transparent and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally and chiefly in quantity."

I have tried carefully, yet without malice, to show that Turner was not immaculate; that with all his genius there was no finality in him; and that, with

all his knowledge and industry, a genius may still arise who may combine great truth and quantity with better drawing of the figure, less classic convention, and a more exact delineation of nature. His faults in linear perspective were not unfrequent, although he had made that science his special study; his colour was subject to aberrations, and in oil painting his work was too often experimental and perishable. He too often used dangerous vegetable colours and uncertain vehicles; his skies darken and crack, his distemper pictures wash out. Indeed, I sometimes fear that in time we shall have, after all, to turn to that wonderful "Liber" as the great monument of his genius.

It must not be thought that Turner always drew such distorted, doll-figures as in the "Phryne," the "Exile," &c. In the drawings of his best period the figures are always firmly, expressively, and intelligently drawn, often with admirable grace and truth. The figures in the "Liber" are generally beautiful to line and composition. The life-studies in Turner's sketch-books are not unworthy of a professional figure-painter. The "Venus and Adonis" in Mr. Munro's gallery is ostentatiously well drawn. In his best moments no one knew better than Turner how to express momentary action in a figure. In the illustrations to Scott there are figures worthy of any landscape-painter, and a thousand times superior to those puerile inanities of Claude, which are so feeble and so unreal. In his later pictures Turner's sense of form became utterly weakened, partly, per-

haps, from a lessening of mental power, and still more from his sensual sacrifice of every other quality to that of colour.

The fatal conventionalisms of an artificial and past age had too deep a hold on Turner's mind. The dreams of a false and obscene mythology that he could not understand, and with which the great world never did and never will sympathize, excited his imagination. He could not appreciate our real national architecture. The Gothic ruins he spent half his life drawing, never really touched his heart as they did Scott's and Wordsworth's.

He had, too, a fatal belief of the necessity of re-arranging Nature. Few of his later works are faithful representations of the places they pretend to describe. He was always remaking the world according to some ideal theory of his own.

I think, after all, that Turner was a better water-colour than oil painter. He never acquired the built-up solidity of Titian's handling, or the vigour and dash of Velasquez. To the last he was rather a "niggler" in oil, often brown and heavy, oftener still flimsy and fantastic, in execution, confounding the shadow and the substance, heightening the colour, and exaggerating the reflections and subtleties of Nature.

I am sure that, with the exception of the "Polyphemus" and the "Téméraire," his water-colour drawings were more unapproachable than his oil, more aerial, more tender, more magical. I am not sure if the "Liber Studiorum," for variety, grasp, versatility, and handling, is not, both in the etchings

and the unfinished states, more wonderful than anything else he did.

Of his later works I am no defender. They are dreams, challenges, theories, experiments, and absurdities. The figures are generally contemptible. The colour, that of fireworks, rising sometimes almost to insanity, and occasionally sinking into imbecility. The eye is dim, the sense of form was lost, the outlines are gone, the sentiment only remains. They are certainly what no one else could do; but, then, no one wishes to do them.

If I was, in as few words as possible, to try to describe the special characteristics of Turner's genius, I should not select the versatility that led him from poor English hedgers and ditches to Jason on the war-trail and Ulysses triumphing at the sunrise, nor to the industry that produced twenty thousand sketches, but the wide sympathies that made him take as great an interest in a plain Scottish peat-bog as in the most gorgeous visions of Modern Italy, or the wildest depths of the Alps, the aerial perspective in which he revels in the "Modern Italy," the "Bay of Baiæ," and the "Crossing of the Brook," and the extraordinary "multitude" and quantity which we see in his "Grenoble," in the "Liber," &c. Turner was the first to venture to place twenty miles of landscape within the four walls of a frame; he was the first to attempt all natural phenomena, first to give us storm and sunshine; in fact, to widen on all sides the hitherto narrow dominions of landscape-painting.

All through my book, I have felt great difficulty in deciding how to make use of Mr. Ruskin's beautiful, profound, and generally true criticisms of Turner's genius. I felt that if I were too heedlessly to call him in as an auxiliary, I should certainly be overwhelmed by my ally, as the Britons were by the Saxons they rashly summoned to their assistance; and yet how could I reject the aid of one whose name has become indissolubly bound up with that of Turner? In the name of all frankness and honesty, No. I have therefore used his books throughout, but only when I was obliged. I have quoted him as briefly as possible, and where I could, have even condensed his words. I have also gathered together into one chapter as many as possible of his more valuable generalisms. The chief subject in which I regret to differ from him is Turner's constant, and I think, wrong habit of altering the places he drew, so that they are seldom topographically correct, and yet the defence of his advocate, I must own, is as clever as it is ingenious.

In writing these two volumes, I have felt as a restorer of a fine old Gothic church must feel when he is peeling the moss from the marred face of some calm stone figure. I have concealed no faults, because I love truth. I have detracted from no virtues, because I respect the memory of Turner. I know that I shall offend some fanatics in his praise, by owning that I do not like the theoretical, obscure, and sketchy pictures of his old age; others, more discriminating, by confessing that I think him a greater water-colour painter than an oil-painter, and showing that he, too, often exaggerated and revised nature. His enemies will be annoyed that

I have not shown him pure soot; his older friends that I have not clothed him in shining silver.

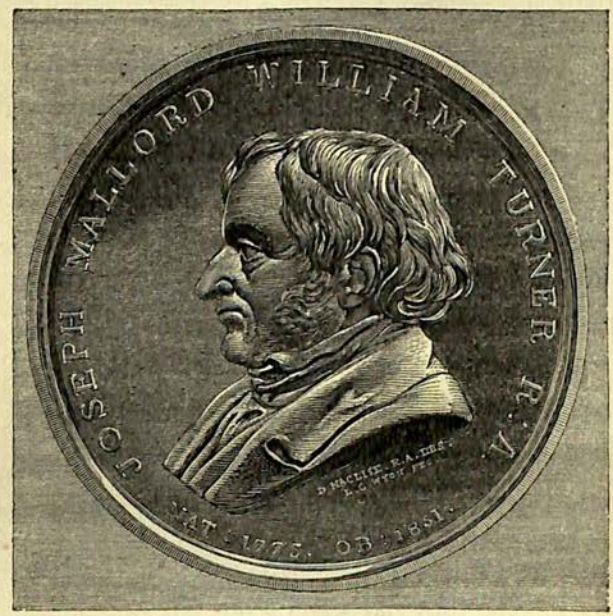
I can only plead that I have rejected no evidence and suppressed no fact, and it is for my kind countrymen to consider on their verdict, which I am sure will be an impartial one.

LINES ON THE TURNER STATUE FOR ST. PAUL'S.

BY R. J. LANE, ESQ., A.E.R.A.

"'In habit as he lived' and wrought,
And listened as sweet Nature taught,
Turner in simple guise
Upon a rock observant stands;
He pauses as the scene expands
In splendour to his eyes;
Then glancing o'er the land, the sea,
Sets his creative fancy free.

"And as the sculptor's lofty reach
Aspires in metaphor to teach,
Thus in immortal stone,
MacDowell's ready wit suggests
The rock on which great Turner rests
Unshackled and alone."



THE TURNER GOLD MEDAL.

[From a drawing by Maclise.]

APPENDIX.

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF ALL TURNER'S ENGRAVED WORKS,

From the Papers of the late Mr. Stokes, of Gray's Inn,

WHO DEVOTED MANY YEARS TO ITS COMPILATION;

KINDLY COMMUNICATED TO ME BY MR. GRIFFITH, OF NORWOOD, ONE OF TURNER'S EXECUTORS.

Summary of Mr. Stokes's Catalogue.

9	Almanacs, Oxford.
1	Anniversary.
61	Annual Tour, 1833, 4, 5.
7	Britannia Depicta.
3	Cassiobury.
15	Copper-plate Mag. *Itinerant.*
1	Craven, Antiquities of.
3	Durham, Surtees'.
2	Dunster Castle.
96	England and Wales.
5	Holloway, published by.
7	Gallery of British Engravers.
7	Himalaya, Views in the.
26	Illustrations to the Bible.
9	„ Finden, Lord Byron.
17	„ Murray.
20	„ Campbell.
4	„ Epicurean.
7	„ Milton.
75	„ Rogers's Italy.
23	„ Poems.
24	„ Cadell, 1834, Scott's Poems.
21	Plates of Liber Studiorum.
20	Unpublished ditto.
40	Illustrations to Scott's Prose, Cadell
3	„ Tilt, Poems.
15	Itinerant (*see* Copper-plate Mag.).
18	Italy, Hakewell.
15	Keepsake.
5	Leodis and Elmete.
2	Lincoln, Select Views in.
3	Mawman's Tour.
6	Poets of England.
	Pocket Books.
17	Rivers of England.
61	Rivers of France, Annual Tour, 1833, 4, 5.
20	Richmondshire.
18	Scotland, Provincial Antiquities.
40	Southern Coast of England.
5	Sussex.
8	Whalley, Parish of.
3	Wight, Isle of.
22	Yorkshire in Richmondshire.
1	Faith of Perrin, Welch Pil. Prog.
	Mezzo Tintos.
	Subscription Plates.
	&c. &c.

1794.

Rochester.	Walker and Storer	*Itinerant, Walker's Cop.-pl. Mag.*, 1 May	6½	4¼
Chepstow.	Storer	Ditto, 1 Nov.	6¼	4¼

1795.

Nottingham.*	J. Walker	Ditto, 28 Feb.	6⅛	4¼
Bridgenorth.	Ditto	Ditto, 1 Aug.	6⅛	4¼
Matlock.	J. Widnell	Ditto, 1 Oct.	6⅛	4¼
Birmingham.	Storer	Ditto, 2 Nov.	6⅛	4¼
The Tower of London.	T. Tagg	*Pocket Magazine*, 1 Jan.	4⅜	2⅝
Cambridge.	Ditto	Ditto, 1 June	4⅜	2⅝
Worcester.	Rothwell	(?). Ditto, (Harrison & Co.), 1 Aug.	4⅜	2⅝
Guildford.	Ditto	(?) Ditto, 1 Oct.	4⅜	2⅝

1796.

Chester.	J. Walker	*Itinerant*, 1 Jan.	6⅛	4⅜
Peterborough.	Ditto	Ditto, 1 May.	6⅛	4⅜
Neath, 1796 or 5.	G. Murray	*Lady's Pocket Magazine*, 1 Oct.	4⅜	2⅝
Tunbridge (?)		Ditto.		
Bath.				
Staines.				
Bristol.				
Northampton.				
Wallingford.				
Windsor.				

1797.

Westminster Bridge.	J. Walker	*Itinerant*, 1 Aug.	6⅛	4⅜
Ely.	Ditto.	Ditto, 1 March	6¼	4¼
Flint, from Park Gate.	Ditto	Ditto, 1 Aug.	6⅛	4⅜
Hampton Court, Herefordshire.	Ditto	Ditto, 1 Sept.	6⅛	4¼
Grantham Church, Lincolnshire (from a sketch by Schnebbelié).	B. Howlett	*Views in the Co. of Lincoln*,† 1 March	7	5¼

1798.

Sheffield.	J. Walker	*Itinerant*, 1 Aug.	6½	4¾
Wakefield.	Ditto	Ditto, 1 Oct.		

1799.

Christ Church, from the Meadows.	J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17½	12½
Durham (?)				

1800.

Fonthill House, Wilts.	W. Angus	*Angus' Seats*	7⅜	5¼
Ancient Crosses at Whalley.	J. Basire	*Whittaker's Parish of Whalley.*		
Farnley.	Ditto	Ditto, Plate 5.		
Remains of Whalley Abbey.	Ditto	Ditto, Plate 6.		
Cloisters of ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto, Plate 7.		
Remains of ditto.	Ditto.	Ditto, Plate 8.		
Clitheroe, from Eadsford Bridge.	Ditto	Ditto, Plate 11.		
Browsholme.	Ditto	Ditto. Plate 12.	10⅛	6⅝
Stonyhurst.	Ditto			
The Sherbourne Chapel in Milton Church.	Ditto			
Dunster Castle, Somersetshire, North-east View.	S. Rawle	1 May	14⅝	9¼
Ditto, South-east View.	Ditto	1 May	14½	9¼

* Republished from the same copper retouched (*see* Bust in front), in "Gentleman's Magazine," 1821.

† Published by W. Miller, Old Bond-street; came out in Nos., 1797—1801.

1801.

Hampton Court, Herefordsh. J. Storer	*Beauties of England and Wales**	6	3⅞
Sleaford Church, Lincolnsh. B. Howlett	*Select Views in the Co. of Lincoln.*		
Chapel and Hall of Oriel Col. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17½	12½

1802.

Inside View of the East End of Merton College. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17½	12½

1803.

Wickham, from the Marlow road. W. Byrne	*Britannia Depicta*	8⅞	5⅞
Eton, from the Slough road. Ditto	Ditto	8½	6

1804.

Worcester College, &c. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17½	12½
Windsor, from the Forest, Berks. J. Greig	*Views of London and its Environs*	7¼	5½

1805.

Inverary. J. Heath	*Mawman's Tour.*		
Loch Lomond. Ditto	„ „		
Patterdale	„ „		
Abingdon, from the Thames. W. Byrne.	*Britannia Depicta:*		
Newbury, from Speen Hill. Ditto	„ „		
Donnington Castle. W. and L. Byrne.	„ „		
Inside of Brazennose College, Quadrangle. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17¾	12½

1806.

Exeter College, All Saints' Church from the Turl. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17¾	12¾

1807.

Inside View of the Hall of Christ Church. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17¼	13
Liber Studiorum, No. 1. C. Turner			

1808.

Oxford, from the South side of Heddington Hill. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17⅝	12⅝
Liber Studiorum, Nos. 2 and 3.			

1809.

Liber Studiorum, No. 4.

1810.

Part of Chester Castle. W. Byrne	*Britannia Depicta*	8½	6
Distant View of Chester. Ditto	„ „	8½	6

1811.

View of the Cathedral of Christ Church. J. Basire	*Oxford Almanac*	17¾	12¼
Liber Studiorum, Nos. 5, 6, and 7.			

* The only plate from Turner in the work.

1812.

South Transept of Fountains Abbey.
J. Basire ..... *Whitaker's History and Antiquities of Craven, in the County of York.*

Liber Studiorum, Nos. 8, 9, and 10.

Oxford Almanacs.

1799. Christ Church, from the Meadows ..... J. Basire.
1801. Chapel and Hall of Oriel College ..... "
1802. Inside View of the East End of Merton College Chapel... "
1804. Worcester College, &c. ..... "
1805. Inside of Brazennose College, Quadrangle ..... "
1806. Exeter College, All Saints' Church from the Turl ..... "
1807. Inside View of the Hall of Christ Church ..... "
1808. Oxford from the South Side of Heddington Hill ..... "
1811. Cathedral of Christ Church, and part of Corpus Christi College ..... "

Isle of Wight, by J. Landseer.

Orchard Bay ..... J. Landseer.
Shanklin Bay ..... "
Freshwater Bay ..... "
1. Cassiobury, Herts—Seat of the Earl of Essex ..... Howell & Son.
1. The Great Cloister at Cassiobury, Herts ..... Acq. Tint. Hill.
2. The West Front of Cassiobury ..... "
3. View from the N.W. ..... "

Engravings from Leodis and Elmete.

Leodis and Elmete; or, an Attempt to Illustrate the Districts described in those works by Bede, and supposed to embrace the lower portions of the Airedale and Wharfdale, together with the entire Vale of Calder, in the County of York. By Thomas Dunham Whitaker, LL.D., Vicar of Whalley, and Rector of Heysham in Lancashire. Printed by T. Davison, London, for Robinson, Son, and Holdsworth, Leeds.

View of Gledhow ..... G. Cooke, p. 131.
View of Harewood House ..... J. Scott, p. 168.
Flower Garden Porch at Farnley ..... Vig., p. 192.
Gateway to the Flower Garden at Farnley.
Bay Window in the Flower Garden at Farnley.

Engravings from Drawings by Turner in Whitaker's History of Richmondshire, 2 vols. folio. Longman. 1823.

Vol. I.	p. 83.	Richmond	3rd March, 1819.	W. R. Smith.
"	94.	Richmond Castle and Town	6th June, 1820.	J. Archer.
"	113.	St. Agatha's Abbey	14th Feb., 1822.	J. Le Keux.
"	115.	Aste Hall	28th Aug., 1821.	J. Scott.
"	142.	High Tore	12th Sept., 1821.	J. Landseer.
"	152.	Eggleston Abbey	Dec., 1822.	T. Higham.
"	184.	Junction of the Greta and the Tees	2nd Aug., 1819.	John Pye.
"	194.	Brignols Church	25th Oct., 1821.	S. Rawle.
"	197.	Wycliffe	1st March, 1823.	John Pye.
"	222.	Marrick Abbey, Swaledale...	Dec., 1822.	J. C. Varrall.
"	393.	Aysgarth Force	1st June, 1820.	J. Scott.
"	412.	Simmer Lake	25th Oct., 1822.	H. Le Keux.
"	413.	Moss Dale Fall	22nd Aug., 1822.	G. Middiman.
"		Hardraw Fall	1st Oct., 1818.	John Pye.

Vol. II. p. 204.	Crook of Lune	10th Aug., 1821.	J. Archer.
„ 250.	Ingleborough	2nd Jan., 1822.	C. Heath.
„ 263.	Hornby Castle	June, 1822.	W. Radclyffe.
„ 277.	Kirby Lonsdale Churchyard	25th Jan., 1821.	C. Heath.
„ 317.	Heysham and Cumberland Mounts	22nd Aug., 1822.	W. R. Smith.
„ 343.	Weathercote Cave	30th Oct., 1821.	G. Middiman.

Additional in Yorkshire.

Wentworth House	——, 1816.	G. Cooke.
Gillside	—— ——.	S. Rawle.

Engravings from Turner in Cooke's Southern Coast. Published in Nos., 4to, 12s. 6d., per No.; Imperial 4to, Proofs, 18s.

No. 1.	1814.	St Michael's Mount	Date on plate	1 Jan. 1814.
		Poole		
2.		Land's End		1 March. 1814.
		Weymouth		
3.		Lulworth Cave		1 June.
4.		Corfe Castle		1 Nov.
5.	1815.	Lyme Regis		„
		Dartmouth		1 June. 1815.
		Teignmouth		„ „
6.	1816.	Falmouth		March. 1816.
		New Stone		1 Feb. „
7.		Plymouth Dock, from Mount Edgecumbe		1 Oct. „
8.	1817.	Plymouth, with Mount Batten		1 May. 1817.
		Pendennis Castle		„ „
		Bow-and-Arrow Castle, Portland		
		Bexhill, Martello Tower (Lib. Stud.)		
9.	1818.	East and West Looe		1 July. 1818.
		Ilfracomb		„ „
		Tintagel		„ „
10.	1820.	Watchet		1 April. 1820.
		Bridport		„ „
		Fowey	Date on plate	1 April 1820.
11.	1821.	Lulworth Castle		1 Jan. 1821.
		Torbay from Brixham		„ „
		Minehead		„ „
12.	1824.	Margate		Feb. 1824.
		Rye		March.
		Clovelly		„ „
13.		Hythe		Dec.
		Ramsgate		
		St. Mawes		Sept.
14.	1825.	Brighton		1 Sept. 1825.
		Bocastle		10 March.
		Combe Martin		1 Jan.
15.	1826.	Portsmouth		15 Feb.
		Folkestone		24 Feb. 1826.
		Deal		1 April.
		Dover, from Shakspeare's Cliff		6 May.
		Whitstable		8 May. „
		Mount Edgecumbe		13 April.

Turner's England and Wales, 1827–1838.

No.		
3.	Aldborough.	E. Goodall.
9.	Alnwick.	J. Willmore.
18.	Arundel Castle and Town.	T. Jeavons.
14.	Ashby de la Zouche.	W. Radclyffe.
3.	Barnard Castle.	R. Wallis.
21.	Beaumaris.	W. R. Smith.
12.	Bedford.	J. T. Willmore.
16.	Blenheim House.	W. Radclyffe.
1.	Bolton Priory.	R. Wallis.
19.	Boston.	T. Jeavons.
15.	Brentburn Priory.	J. C. Varrall.
4.	Buckfastleigh Abbey.	R. Wallis.
19.	Caernarvon Castle.	W. Radclyffe.
17.	Carew Castle.	W. Miller.
8.	Carisbrook Castle.	C. Westwood.
18.	Christ Church College, Oxford.	J. Redway.
14.	Chatham.	W. Miller.
2.	Colchester.	R. Wallis.
17.	Coventry.	S. Fisher.
23.	Crickheith Castle.	S. Fisher.
8.	Cowes.	R. Wallis.
1.	Dartmouth Cove.	W. R. Smith.
8.	Devonport Dockyard.	T. Jeavons.
4.	Dover Straits.	W. Miller.
19.	Dudley.	R. Wallis.
23.	Durham Cathedral.	W Miller.
8.	Dunstanboro' Castle.	R. Brandard.
16.	Ely Cathedral.	T. Higham.
12.	Eton College.	W. Radclyffe.
6.	Exeter.	T. Jeavons.
21.	Flint Castle.	J. H. Heenor.
11.	Folkestone.	J. Horsburgh.
5.	Entrance to Fowey Harbour.	W. R. Smith.
11.	Gosport.	R. Brandard.
21.	Harlech Castle.	W. R. Smith.
7.	Hampton Court Palace.	C. Westwood.
9.	Holy Island.	W. Tombleson.
15.	Kenilworth Castle.	T. Jeavons.
22.	Keswick Lake.	W. Radclyffe.
22.	Kidwelby Castle.	T. Jeavons.
6.	Kilgarren Castle.	J. T. Wilmore.
5.	Knaresborough.	T. Jeavons.
1.	Lancaster.	R. Wallis.
16.	Langhorne Castle.	J. Horsburgh.
2.	Launceston.	J. C. Varrall.
18.	Llanberris Lake.	J. T. Willmore.
22.	Llangollen.	"
20.	Llanthony Abbey.	"

No.		
20.	Longship's Lighthouse.	W. R. Smith.
7.	Louth.	W. Radclyffe.
22.	Lowestoffe.	W. R. Smith.
11.	Ludlow Castle.	R. Wallis.
21.	Lyme Regis.	T. Jeavons.
6.	Malmesbury Abbey.	J. C. Varrall.
13.	Malvern Abbey.	J. Horsburgh.
14.	Margate.	R. Wallis.
17.	Nottingham.	W. J. Cooke.
5.	Okehampton.	J. T. Willmore.
3.	Oxford.	W. Brandard.
12.	Pembroke Castle.	T. Jeavons.
17.	Penmaen Mawr.	J. T. Willmore.
13.	Plymouth.	W. J. Cooke.
20.	Powis Castle.	J. T. Willmore.
4.	Prudhoe Castle.	E. Goodall.
13.	Richmond Hill.	W. R. Smith.
24.	Richmond Terrace.	J. T. Willmore.
2.	Richmond, Yorkshire.	W. R. Smith.
6.	" "	J. T. Willmore.
1.	Rivaulx Abbey.	E. Goodall.
24.	Rochester, Stroud, Chatham.	J. C. Varrall.
14.	St. Catherine's Hill, Guildford.	J. H. Kernot.
10.	St. Mawes.	"
24.	St. Michael's Mount.	S. Fisher.
13.	Salisbury.	W. Radclyffe.
3.	Saltash.	W. R. Smith.
9.	Stamford.	W. Miller.
7.	Stonehenge.	R. Wallis.
9.	Stonyhurst.	J. B. Allen.
15.	Tamworth Castle.	J. T. Willmore.
24.	Tees, Chain Bridge over the.	W. R. Smith.
2.	" Fall of the.	E. Goodall.
10.	Frematon Castle.	R Wallis.
11.	Tynemouth.	W. R. Smith.
16.	Upnor Castle.	J. B. Allen.
19.	Ulleswater.	J. T. Willmore.
4.	Valle Crucis Abbey.	J. C. Varrall.
10.	Walton Bridge.	"
15.	Warwick Castle.	R. Wallis.
23.	Whitehaven Castle.	W. R. Smith.
23.	Winandermere.	J. T. Willmore.
10.	Winchelsea.	J. Henshall.
12.	Windsor Castle.	W. Miller.
20.	Worcester.	T. Jeavons.
7.	Yarmouth.	W. Miller.

Published by Holloway for the England and Wales.

Harborough Sands (vign.)	Allen.
Lowestoffe Lighthouse (vign.)	"
Lowestoffe.	"
Aldborough.	"
Dymchurch (vign.).	
Orfordness.	Allen.

Two other plates unfinished.

Engravings from Turner in The Rivers of England. Mezzotinto. Published by W. B. Cooke, 1824.

Totness, on the Dart.
Dartmouth. Reynolds.
Dartmouth Castle. T. Lupton.
Stangate Creek, on the Medway. T. Lupton.
Rochester, on the Medway. „
Wirkworth Castle, on the Coquet. T. Lupton.
Kirkstall Abbey, on the Aire. Bromley.
Kirkstall Lock, on the Aire. Jay.
Norham Castle, on the Tweed. C. Turner.
Newcastle, on the Tyne. T. Lupton.
Shields, on the Tyne. C. Turner.
Brougham Castle, on the Eamont. Jay.
Arundel Castle, on the Arun. Phillips.
More Park, on the Colne.
Mouth of the Humber. Phillips.
Okehampton, on the Okement. C. Turner.

Engravings from Turner in The Ports of England. Mezzotinto.

Whitby. T. Lupton.
Scarborough. „
Sheerness. „
Dover. T. Lupton.
Ramsgate. „
Portsmouth. „

Views in Sussex, from Turner. W. Cooke.

Vale of Ashburnham.
Battle Abbey.
Brightling Observatory.
Bodham Castle. } Unpublished.
Hurstmonceux Castle }
Crowhurst.
Heathfield. (?)
Pevensey Bay. (?)

Hakewill's Picturesque Tour of Italy. J. Murray, 1820. From Hakewill's Sketches, made in 1816–17.

The Rialto, Venice. J. Pye.
Cascade of Torni. J. Landseer.
Bridge at Narni. J. Middiman.
Rome — Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo. G. Hollis.
„ The Forum from the Capitol. G. Cooke.
„ From the Farnese Gardens. Figures by Mitan. G. Hollis.
„ The Forum Romanum. J. Le Keux.
„ From the Monte Testaccio. J. Byrne.
Rome—From the Monte Marco. J. Byrne.
The Tomb of Cecilia Metella. J. Byrne.
La Riccia. J. Pye.
The Lake of Nerni. Middiman and Pye.
Naples from the Mole. G. Cooke.
Florence from the Ponte alla Carraia. S. Rawle.
Florence from the Chiesa al Monte. G. Cooke.
Florence from Fiesoli. W. R. Smith.
Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore. J. Fitler.
Turin from the Superza. J. Mitau.

Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with Descriptive Illustrations by Sir Walter Scott. 2 vols., 1826.

The Vignette, Stirling Castle. G. Cooke.
The Title Vignette.
Crichton Castle. G. Cooke.
Dunbar. J. B. Allen.
Dunbar Castle. E. Goodall
Roslin Castle. W. R. Smith.
Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. G. Cooke.
Heriot's Hospital. Figures by G. Cooke. Le Keux.
Edinburgh High-street. „
Borthwick Castle. „
Tantallon Castle. E. Goodall.
Linlithgow Palace. R. Wallis.
The Bass Rock. W. Miller.

Lord Byron's Works. Murray's Edition, 11 *vols.* 8*vo*, 1825.

Vol. 1. Temple of Minerva, Cape Colonna. Sketch by Allison.
„ 2. Tomb of Cecilia Metella. Childe Harold.
„ 11. Negropont. Bride of Abydos. Sketch by Allison.
Vol. 3. Acropolis of Athens. Siege of Corinth.
„ 9. Malta. Adieu to Malta. MS. Poem.
„ 10. Rhodes. Don Juan, from the Sea looking on Pharos and Town.
„ 11. The Drachenfels.

Finden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations to the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Murray and Till, 1833.

Vol. 1. Gibraltar, from a sketch by Reinagle. 1833.
„ 1. Malta.
„ 1. Acropolis of Athens. Sketch by Allison. 1832.
„ 1. Temple of Minerva. Sketch by Allison. 1832.
Vol. 2. Tomb of Cecilia Metella.
„ 2. Rhodes.
„ 2. Drachenfels.
„ 3. Cephalonia. Sketch by W. Page.
„ 3. Negropont. Sketch by Allison.

Works of Lord Byron and Life by Moore. 17 *vols. Murray*, 1834.

Vol. 1. Sta. Maria della Spina Pera, after Page.
„ 5. The Gate of Theseus, at Athens.
„ 7. The Plain of Troy, after Page.
„ 8. Bacharach.
„ 8. The Castle of St. Angelo.
„ 10. Corinth, after Page.
„ 11. The Bridge of Sighs, after T. Little.
„ 11. The Bernese Alps.
Vol. 13. The Walls of Rome. Tomb of Caius Sextus.
„ 14. Parnassus, after Page (Gally Knight?)
„ 14. The Field of Waterloo.
„ 15. Scio, after Page.
„ 15. Genoa.
„ 16. Cologne.
„ 16. St. Sophia, after T. Barry.
„ 17. The School of Homer, after Page.
„ 17. Castellated Rhine.

From The Keepsake, 1828 *to* 1837.

1828. Florence. E. Goodall.
1829. Lake of Albano. Wallis.
„ Lago Maggiore. W. R. Smith.
1830. Virginia Water. Wallis.
„ „ „ „
1831. Saumur. „
Nantes. Willenden.
1832. ———
1833. Ehrenbreitstein. Wallis.
„ Falls of the Rhine. J. B. Allen.
1834. Havre. Wallis.
„ La Belle Gabrielle. Miller.
1835. ———
1836. Fire at Sea. Williamson.
„ The Wreck. H. Griffith.
1837. The Sea! the Sea! Willmore.

From the Anniversary, 1829.

1829. Fonthill, Burn and Trees, Tower in the distance. T. Crostick.

From Heath's Gallery of British Engravings. Longman, 1836.

Lake Albano (from Keepsake) Wallis.
Florence. Goodall.
Virginia Water. Wallis.
Virginia Water. Wallis.
Ehrenbreitstein. „
Palace of La Belle Gabrielle. Miller.
Marly. „

Engravings from Turner, in Finden's Illustrations of the Bible.

Mount Moriah ..... After Barry..... E. Finden.
Red Sea and Suez..... „ J. G. Wilkinson .....
Valley of Sinai ..... „ Gally Knight ..... Allen.

Wilderness of Sinai	After	Major Felix	E. Finden.
Jericho	„	Rev. R. Masters	W. Finden.
The Dead Sea		.....	E. Finden.
Engedi and Convent of St. Saba	„	Barry	Allen.
Ramah and Rachel's Tomb ...	„	Sir A. Edmonstone	
Solomon's Pools.....	„	Barry	J. Stephenson.
Jerusalem from Mount of Olives	„	Barry	Allen.
Jerusalem, N.W. View	„	Barry	W. Finden.
Jerusalem, Pool of Bethesda...	„	Barry	E. Finden.
Jerusalem, from the Latin Convent			
Valley of the Brook Kedron...	„	Barry	E. Finden.
Bethlehem	„	Barry and R. Masters ...	E. Finden.
Nazareth.....	„	Barry	E. Finden.
Joppa	„	Sir A. Edmonstone	E. Finden.
Sidon	„	Barry	W. Finden.
Assos		.....	W. Finden.
Rhodes		.....	S. Fisher.
Corinth, Cenchrea.....	„	R. Cockrell.....	E. Finden.
Mount Lebanon, Convent of St. Antonio	„	Barry	W. Finden.
Lebanon from Tripoli		.....	E. Finden.
Babylon	„	Sir R. Kerr Porter	J. Cousen.
Nineveh	„	C. J. Rich	W. Radclyffe.
Egypt, near the Pyramids ...	„	Barry	E. Finden.

From Italy, a Poem by Samuel Rogers. London, T. Cadell. 1830.

Lake of Geneva.
Tell's Chapel.
St. Maurice.
The Great St. Bernard.
Mount St. Bernard. Figures by Stothard; Dogs by Landseer.
The Battle of Marengo.
Aosta.
Martigny.
The Alps.
Como.
Venice.
Florence.
Villa of Galileo.
Villa Madonna; moonlight.
Rome.
Campagna of Rome.
Castle of St. Angelo.
Tivoli.
Ruins.
Scene with Banditti.
Naples.
Pæstum.
Amalfi.
The Felucca.
Farewell.

From Rogers's Poems. London, T. Cadell. 1834.

Vignette to the Pleasures of Memory.	Miller.	St. Julienne.	Goodall.
Twilight Village.	Goodall.	Castle.	„
Mill and Gipsies.	„	The Old Oak.	„
Village Boy on Stile.	„	The Dockyard.	„
Greenwich.	„	The Boy of Egremond.	„
London.	„	The Abbey, Wharfdale.	Wallis.
St. Herbert's Chapel.	H. Le Keux.	The Alps at Daybreak.	Goodall.
Llewellyn's Hall.	Miller.	Loch Lomond.	Miller.
Tornaro's Brow.	R. Wallis.	Trellis Arbour.	Goodall.
Awake—Newcastle!	Goodall.	Gate to Monastery.	„
The Tower, Watergate	„	Embarkation of Columbus	„
St. Anne's Hill.	„	Spectral Procession.	„
Caravan overwhelmed.	„	Land Discovered.	„
The Rialto.	Miller.	Landing in America.	„
Valombre Falls.	Goodall.	The Vision.	„
Jacquelene.	„	Cortes in La Rabida.	„
		Datur hora quieti	„

From the Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott. Cadell, Edinburgh. 1834.

Vol. 1. Dryden's Monument (vignette). J. Horsbury.
„ 3. Dumbarton Castle. W. Miller.
„ 5. Brussels. „
Hougoumont. „
„ 6. Jerusalem. „
Shakspeare's Monument. J. Horsbury.
„ 7. Norham Castle. W. Miller.
New Abbey, near Dumfries. W. Miller.
„ 8. Hôtel de Ville, Paris. „
„ 9. Brienne. „
Napoleon's Logement, Quai Conte. Horsbury.
„ 10. Piacenza. W. Miller.
Venice. „
„ 11. Verona. „
Vincennes. „
„ 12. St. Cloud. „
Mayence. „
„ 13. Milan. J. Horsbury.
The Simplon. W. Miller.
„ 14. Paris, Père la Chaise. „
Malmaison. W. Miller.
Vol. 15. Fontainebleau. „
„ 16. Field of Waterloo. „
Bellerophon, Plymouth Sound. E. Goodall.
„ 18. Chiefswood Cottage. W. Miller.
„ 21. Rhymer's Glen. „
„ 22. Edinburgh, from St. Anthony's Chapel. W. Miller.
Dunfermline. J. Horsbury.
„ 23. Stirling. W. Miller.
Craigmillar Castle. „
„ 24. Dunstaffnage „
Linlithgow. „
„ 25. Glencoe. „
Killicrankie. „
„ 26. Inverness. „
Fort Augustus. „
„ 27. Rouen. W. Richardson.
Calais. J. Horsbury.
„ 28. Château d'Arc, near Dieppe. W. Forrest.
Abbeville. J. Horsbury.

From the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott. 12 *vols. Cadell, Edinburgh.* 1834.

Vol. 1. Carlisle. Goodall.
Smailholme Tower, „
„ 2. Jedburgh Abbey. Brandard.
Johnny Armstrong's Tower. Goodall.
„ 3. Kelso. Wallis.
Lochmaben Castle. Willmore.
„ 4. Caerlaverock Castle. Goodall.
Hermitage Castle. Wallis.
„ 5. Dryburgh Abbey. Miller.
Bermeside Tower. Horsbury.
„ 6. Melrose. Miller.
Newark Castle. W. J. Cooke.
Vol. 7. Edinburgh. Miller.
Ashestiel. Horsbury.
„ 8. Loch Katrine. Miller.
Loch Achray. „
„ 9. Junction of the Greta and Tees. J. Pye.
Bowes Tower. E. Webb.
„ 10. Loch Corriskin. Le Keux.
Staffa. Goodall.
„ 11. Skiddaw. Miller.
Mayburg. Horsbury.
„ 12. Berwick-upon-Tweed. Miller.
Abbotsford. Le Keux.

From Illustrations (Landscapes, Historical, and Antiquarian) to the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. C. Tilt, London. 1834.

Roslin and Hawthornden. W. R. Smith.
Crichtoun Castle. W. B. Cooke.
Tantallon. „

The Rivers of France, by J. M. W. Turner. The Annual Tour, 1833, 4, 5.

Château Gaillard (vign.). Cousen.
Orléans. Higham.
Blois. Brandard.
Palace at Blois. Wallis.
Beaugency. Brandard.
Amboise. Smith.
Château d'Amboise. Allen.
St. Julien Tours. Radclyffe.
Tours. Wallis.
Canal of the Loire and Cher. Jeavons.
Tours (looking back). Brandard.
Saumur. Willmore.
Rietz, near Saumur. Brandard.
Montjean. Willmore.
St. Horent. Brandard.
Between Clairmont and Mauves. Miller.
Château Hamelin. Brandard.

Clairmont.	Willmore.
Scene on the Loire.	Wallis.
Côteaux de Mauves.	„
Nantes, Château de.	Miller.
Nantes (vign.)	Allen.
Havre.	„
Havre, Tower of Francis I.	Wallis.
Graville.	Brandard.
Harfleur.	Cousen.
Château de Tancarville.	Brandard.
Lillebonne Château.	Jeavons.
„ and Tower.	Willmore.
Caudebec.	Allen.
Junièges.	Armytage.
La Chaise de Gargantua.	Brandard.
Rouen.	Miller.
„ looking up the River.	Brandard.
Rouen Cathedral.	Higham.
„ looking down the River.	Miller.
Quillebœuf.	Brandard.
Between Quillebœuf and Villequier.	Brandard.
Château de la Maillerie.	„
Honfleur.	Cousen.
Light-towers of Heve (vign.)	„
Château de Gaillard from the E.	Smith.
Pont de l'Arche.	Willmore.
Vernon.	„
Between Nantes and Vernon.	Brandard.
Nantes.	Radclyffe.
Bridge of Meulan.	Cousen.
From the Terrace of St. Germain.	Allen.
St. Denis.	Fisher.
Bridges of St. Cloud and Sèvres.	Radclyffe.
The Lanterne at St. Cloud.	Willmore.
Bridge of St. Cloud from Sèvres.	Fisher.
Paris from the Barrière de Passy.	Willmore.
Pont Neuf.	Miller.
Marché aux Fleurs.	Radclyffe.
Hôtel de Ville.	Jeavons.
Boulevard.	Higham.
Confluence of the Seine and Marne.	Armytage.
Meben.	Miller.
Troyes.	Armytage.

From the Works of Milton, 7 vols. John Macerone. 1835.
The Poetical Works, 1 vol. Tegg. 1841.

Expulsion from Paradise.	The Temptation on the Mountain.
Mustering of the Warrior Angels.	St. Michael's Mount—Shipwreck of Lycidas.
Fall of the Rebel Angels.	Ludlow Castle.
The Temptation on the Pinnacle.	

From Campbell's Poetical Works. Moxon. 1837.

Summer Eve—Rainbow.	Goodall.	The Soldier's Dream.	Goodall.
Andes Coast.	„	The Last Man.	„
Prague.	„	Wyoming.	„
Sinai.	Wallis.	„ the Waterfall.	„
Swiss Valley.	Goodall.	Rolandseck.	„
O'Connor's Child.	„	The Beech-tree's Petition.	„
Lochiel's Warning.	„	Camp Hill, Hastings.	„
Battle of the Baltic.	„	Death Boat of Heligoland.	„
Hohenlinden.	Wallis.	Ehrenbreitstein.	„
Lochgyle.	„	Oran.	Miller.

From the Epicurean, with Vignette Illustrations by J. M. W. Turner, Esq., R.A. London, John Macerone. 1839.

On the Nile.	The Garden.
The Trial of the Ring.	The Chaplet.

From Views in India, chiefly among the Himalaya Mountains. Drawn by Lieut. G. F. White, 31st Regt. Fisher, Son, & Co. 1836, 37.

Vol. 1.	Part of the Ghaut during the Fair at Hurdwar	Higham.
„ 1.	Mussores from Landour	Allen.
„ 1.	Snowy Range from Tyne or Marma	Goodall.
„ 1.	View near Jubberah	Cousen.

Vol. 2.	Falls near the Source of the Jumna	Cousen.
„ 2.	Valley of the Dhoon from the Landour Ridge	Floyd.
„ 2.	Rocks at Colgony on the Ganges	Goodall.

From Faith of Perrin (Pilgrim's Progress). Fisher. 1847.

Frontispiece Vignette.

Subscription Plates from Turner.

Dido and Æneas—Morning of the Chase	Smith	24	16
Caligula's Bridge	Goodall	24	16
Juliet after the Masquerade	Hollis	22¾	16½
Mercury and Herse (upright)	Cousins	18¼	15
Crossing the Brook (upright)	Brandard	18¼	15
Heidelberg	T. A. Prior.		
Zurich	„		
The Lake of Lucerne	Wallis.		
Hastings	„		
The Grand Canal, Venice	W. Miller.		
The Rhine, Osterprey, and Feltzen	„		
The Rhine, Neuwied, and Weissenhurn	R. Brand.		
Ancient Italy	Willmore.		
Modern Italy	„		
Venice	„		
Dover Castle	„		
The Departure of Regulus	D. Wilson.		
Tivoli	E. Goodall.		
Cologne	„		
Old London Bridge	„		
Oxford	„		
Ehrenbreitstein	J. Pye.		
The Golden Bough	Prior.		
The Lake of Nerni			

Single Plates Engraved from Turner.

The Mausoleum at Brocklesby, begun 1787, completed by James Wyatt	F. C. Lewis.
Hylton Castle	S. Rawle.
Dunster Castle, from the S.W. 1800	„
„ „ from the N.W.	„
Raby Castle	„
Hampton Court. Herefordshire, in The Beauties of England and Wales. 1801	S. Storer.
Fonthill House, Wilts. 1800. Angus' Seats (?)	W. Angus.
Windsor from the Forest. 1804. Select Views of London and its Environs	J. Greig.
Pope's Villa. Figures by C. Heath. 1st April, 1811	J. Pye.
Fishing Boats. 19th December, 1811	Fittler.
Autumn, Sowing Grain. 1st June, 1813	Hassel & Co., London.
Redclyffe Church, Bristol. From The Lady and Gentleman's Annual Pocket Ledger. 1814	J. Pye.
Kirkstall Abbey Crypt. Britton's Architectural Antiquities. 1814	Scott.
Antiquities of Pola. Vignette to Title-page. Allison. 1813	G. Cooke.
Colebrook Dale	F. C. Lewis.
New Weir on the Wye	„
Arundel Castle. 1820	G. Cooke.

View near Plynlimmon. Coloured Print. T. Clay, Ludgate-hill, July 1, 1820	T. H. Fielding.
Calais Pier. Mezzotinto. (Never finished)	Lupton.
The Eddystone Lighthouse. Mezzotinto. 1824	"
Ehrenbreitstein during the Demolition of the Fortress in 1819, from the Quay at Coblentz. 1824	J. C. Allen.
Sunrise. Whiting Fishing at Margate. Mezzotinto. June 1, 1825	T. Lupton.
Wilton House. Published by Sir R. Colt Hoare. January 1, 1825	T. Higham.
Bolton Abbey. 1826	E. Finden.
Richmond Hill. 1826	E. Goodall.
Norham Castle. 1827	Percy Heath.
Ivy Bridge, Devonshire	Allen.
Source of the Tamar	W. B. Cooke.
Plymouth	"
Rivaulx Abbey, Yorkshire	J. C. Bentley.
The Tower of London. 1831	W. Miller.
The Shepherd. 1840	"
The Thames at Mortlake	W. J. Cooke.
Damon and Pythias	Bacon.
Fish Market, Rotterdam	W. Floyd.
The Bell Rock Lighthouse	J. Horsbury.
Llangollen	Willmore.
Barnard Castle	"
Fetcham Park	"
Holy Island. (Only 15 published on India paper, and 10 plain)	"
Burning of the Houses of Parliament	"
St. Germain en Laye	R. Wallis.
Whitby	"
The Ship on Fire	Willmore.
Abbey Pool. 1846	J. Cousen.
Whitby	"
St. Agatha's Abbey	"
Mount Vesuvius	T. Jeavons.
A View of Oxford, etched by L. Pye, engraved by	C. Heath.
High-street, Oxford	"
Frontispiece Vignette. Faith of Perrin. (Pilgrim's Progress.) S. Fisher. 1847	E. Goodall.
Raglan Castle and the Mill. Coloured Lithograph	
Grouse Shooting. Chromo-Lithograph. 1854	
Snipe Shooting	
The Blue Lights	R. Carrick.
The Bridge at Tours. 1856	

Mezzotintos from Turner.

The Garden of Boccaccio. Unpublished	J. B. Lullley.
The Deluge. Unpublished	"
The Field of Waterloo. Unpublished	F. C. Lewis.
Fishing-boats off Calais. Unpublished	Davison.
Calais Pier. Unpublished	T. Lupton.
Whiting Fishing off Margate	"
The Eddystone Lighthouse	"
The Wreck of the Minotaur	Cousins and Barlow
The Wreck	C. Turner.
A Shipwreck, from the same Picture	F. Fielding.
The Burning Mountain. Engraved in Colours	C. Turner.

Plate of the Liber Studiorum, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., P.P.

20 Jan. 1807...	Cows in Brook	P.	C. Turner.
	Woman with Tambourine	E.P.	„
	Vessels aground. Flint	M.	„
	Basle	A.	„
	Jason	H.	„
No. 2. 20 Feb. 1808...	Barn and Straw-yard	P.	„
	Boy Piping (Castle in mid. dis.)	E.P.	„
	Mount St. Gothard	M.	„
	Ships; Gale of Wind	M.	„
	Holy Island Cathedral	A.	„
No. 3. 10 June, 1808.	Pembury Mill	P.	„
	Bridge in Mid. Dis.	E.P.	„
	Dunstanborough Castle	A.	„
	Lake of Thun	M.	„
	The Fifth Plague of Egypt	H.	„
No. 4. 29 May, 1809.	Farm-yard, with Cock	P.	„
	The Clyde	E.P.	„
	Little Devils' Bridge	M.	„
	Ships	M.	„
	Morpeth	A.	„
No. 5. 1 Jan. 1811 ...	Juvenile Tricks	P.	W. Say.
	Hindoo Worshipping	E.P.	R. Dunkarton.
	Coast of Yorkshire	M.	W. Say.
	Hind Head Hill	M.	I. W. T.
	Greenwich Hospital	A.	C. Turner.
No. 6. 1 June, 1811...	Lock and Mill	P.	W. Say.
	Junction of the Wye and Severn	E.P.	I. W. T.
	Marine Dabblers	N.	W. Say.
	Near Blair-Athol	M.	„
	Lauffenbury	A.	T. Hodgetts.
No. 7. 1 June, 1811...	Young Anglers	P.	R. Dunkarton.
	St. Catherine's Hill	E.P.	J. C. Easling.
	Martello Towers, Bexhill	M.	W. Say.
	Inverary Pier	M.	I. W. T.
	From Spenser's "Fairie Queene"	H.	J. Hodgetts.
No. 8. 1 Feb. 1812 ...	Water Mill	P.	R. Dunkarton.
	Woman at a Well	E.P.	W. Say.
	Crypt of Kirkstall Abbey	A.	J. M. W. T.
	Coast Scene, Sunset	M.	W. Annis and J. C. Easling.
	Cephalis and Procris	H.	G. Clint.
No. 9. 23 April, 1812.	Winchelsea	P.	J. C. Easling.
	Goats on a Bridge	E.P.	T. C. Lewis.
	Calm	N.	I. W. T.
	Peat Bog	M.	G. Clint.
	Rizpah	H.	R. Dunkarton.
No. 10. 23 May, 1812.	Hedging and Ditching	P.	J. C. Easling.
	The River Wye	E.P.	W. Annis.
	Chain of Alps, Chamberi	M.	W. Say.
	Mer de Glace	M.	I. W. T.
	Rivaulx Abbey	A.	H. Dawe.
The Frontispiece was given in this No.		I.W.T.;	J. C. Easling.
No. 11. 1 Jan. 1816...	Solway Moss	P.	T. Lupton.
	Magdalen Ruding	E.P.	W. Say.
	Mill near the Grand Chartreuse.	M.	H. Dawe.
	Entrance to Calais Harbour	M.	I. W. T.
	Dunblane Abbey	A.	T. Lupton.
No. 12. 1 Jan. 1816...	Norham Castle	P.	C. Turner.
	River, with Woods. Goodrich	E.P.	I. W. T.
	Ville de Thun	A.	T. Hodgetts.

No. 12. 1 Jan. 1816...	Source of the Avernon	M.	I. W. T.
	Tenth Plague of Egypt	H.	W. Say.
No. 13. 1 Jan. 1819...	Water-cress Gatherers	P.	T. Lupton.
	Water, with Round Temple.....	E.P.	H. Dawe.
	Bonneville	M.	„
	Inverary Castle	M.	C. Turner.
	Hesperia	H.	I. W. T.
No. 14. 1 Jan. 1819...	East Gate, Winchelsea	P.	S. W. Reynolds.
	Isis.....	E.P.	W. Say.
	Ben Arthur	M.	T. Lupton.
	Interior of a Church.....	A.	I. W. T.
	Woman of Samaria	H.	S. W. Reynolds.

Unpublished Plates of the Liber Studiorum.

Premium Landscape. W. Say.
Glaucus and Scylla. „
Sheep-washing; Windsor Castle. C. Turner.
Dumbarton. T. Lupton.
Crowhurst. H. Dawes.
Temple of Jupiter, Ægina.
Swiss Bridge, Mount St. Gothard.
Ploughing, Eton. T. Lupton.
Pan and Syrinx.
Stonehenge at Daybreak.
The Felucca.
Aqueduct over Mountain Torrent.
Storm over the Lizard.
Moonlight at Sea. The Needles.
Moonlight on River, with Barges.
The Thames near Kingston.
The Deluge.
Flounder-fishing near Battersea.
Narcissus and Echo.
Cows on a Bank.

CATALOGUE

OF ALL THE

PICTURES EXHIBITED BY TURNER IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Between the years 1787 *and* 1850, *with the Quotations appended.*

EXHIBITION XXII. 1790.

J. W. TURNER, *Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

1 View of the Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth.

EXHIBITION XXIII. 1791.

W. TURNER, 26, *Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

2 King John's Palace, Eltham.
3 Sweakley, near Uxbridge, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Clarke.

EXHIBITION XXIV. 1792.

W. TURNER, 26, *Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

4 Malmsbury Abbey.
5 The Pantheon, the morning after the fire.

EXHIBITION XXV. 1793.

W. TURNER, *Hand-court, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

6 View on the River Avon, near St. Vincent's Rock, Bristol.
7 Canterbury: Gate of St. Augustine's Monastery.
8 The Rising Squall, Hot Wells, from S. Vincent's Rock, Bristol.

EXHIBITION XXVI. 1794.

W. TURNER, *Hand-court, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

9 Second Fall of the River Monach, Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire.
10 Great Malvern Abbey, Porch of, Worcestershire.
11 Canterbury, Christ Church Gate.
12 Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, Inside of.
13 Canterbury Cathedral, St. Anselm's Chapel, with part of St. Thomas à Becket's crown.

Exhibition xxvii. 1795.

W. TURNER, 26, *Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

14 Lincoln Cathedral, St. Hugh, the Burgundian's Porch at.
15 Marford Mill, Wrexham, Denbighshire.
16 Peterborough Cathedral; West Entrance.
17 Tintern Abbey, Monmouthshire, Transept of.
18 Shrewsbury: Welsh Bridge.
19 View near the Devil's Bridge, Cardiganshire; with the River Ryddol.
20 Choir in King's College Chapel, Cambridge.
21 Cathedral Church at Lincoln.

Exhibition xxviii. 1796.

W. TURNER, *Hand-court, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

22 Fishermen at Sea.
23 Salisbury-Close Gate.
24 St. Erasmus, in Bishop Islip's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.
25 Wolverhampton, Staffordshire.
26 Llandilo Bridge, and Dynevor Castle.
27 Interior of a Cottage; a study at Ely.
28 Chale Farm, Isle of Wight.
29 Llandaff Cathedral, South Wales.
30 Waltham Abbey, Essex, Remains of.
31 Ely Minster, Transept and Choir of.
32 Bath Abbey, West Front of.

Exhibition xxix. 1797.

W. TURNER, *Hand-court, Maiden-lane.*

33 Moonlight, a study at Milbank.
34 Fishermen coming Ashore, at sunset, previous to a Gale.
35 Glamorganshire, Ewenny Priory, Transept of.
36 Salisbury Cathedral, Choir of.
37 Ely Cathedral, South Transept.
38 Salisbury Cathedral, North Porch of.

Exhibition xxx. 1798.

W. TURNER, *Hand-court, Maiden-lane.*

39 Winesdale, Yorkshire—an Autumnal Morning.
40 Morning amongst the Coniston Fells, Cumberland.

> "Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
> From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,
> Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold
> In honour to the world's Great Author rise."
>
> Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book v.

41 Dunstanburgh Castle, N.E. Coast of Northumberland—Sunrise after a squally night.

> "The precipice abrupt,
> Breaking horror on the blacken'd flood,

Softens at thy return.—The desert joys,
Wildly through all his melancholy bounds,
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam."

Thomson's *Seasons.*

42 Refectory of Kirkstall Abbey, Yorkshire.

43 Norham Castle, on the Tweed—Summer's Morn.

"But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East; the lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumined,—his near approach betoken glad."

Thomson's *Seasons.*

44 Holy Island Cathedral, Northumberland.

45 Ambleside Mill, Westmoreland.

46 Dormitory and Transept of Fountain's Abbey—Evening.

"All ether soft'ning, sober evening takes
Her wonted station on the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck—
In circle following circle, gather round,
To close the face of things."

Thomson's *Seasons.*

47 Buttermere Lake, with part of Cromack Water, Cumberland—a shower.

"Till in the western sky the downward sun
Looks out effulgent—the rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumined mountains—in a yellow mist
Bestriding earth—the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds."

Thomson's *Seasons.*

48 A Study in September of the Fern House, Mr. Lock's Park, Mickleham, Surrey.

EXHIBITION XXXI. 1799.

W. TURNER, *Hand-court, Maiden-lane, Covent-garden.*

49 Fishermen Becalmed previous to a Storm—Twilight.

50 Harlech Castle, from Trwgwyn Ferry—Summer's Evening, Twilight.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
. . . . . Hesperus that led
The starry host rode brightest till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty unveil'd her peerless light."

Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book iv.

51 Battle of the Nile, at ten o'clock, when the L'Orient blew up, from the Station of the Gun-boats between the Battery and Castle of Aboukir.

"Immediate in a flame
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appear'd
From these deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar
Imbowell'd with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chain'd thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes."—Milton's *Paradise Lost*, book vi.

52 Kilgarran Castle, on the Twyvey—hazy Sunrise, previous to a sultry day.

53 Sunny Morning; the cattle by *S. Gilpin, R.A.*

54 Abergavenny Bridge, Monmouthshire — clearing up after a showery day.

55 Salisbury Cathedral, Inside of the Chapter House of.

56 Salisbury Cathedral, West Front of.

57 Caernarvon Castle.

"Now rose
Sweet evening, solemn hour, the sun declined,
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament,
Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendour undiminish'd."—Mallet.

58 Morning, from Dr. Langhorne's "Visions of Fancy."

"Life's morning landscape gilt with Orient light,
Where Hope, and Joy, and Fancy hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright,
The blithe hours dancing round Hyperion's wain.
In radiant colours youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye.
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays.
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.
Mirror of life thy glories thus depart."

59 Warkworth Castle, Northumberland—thunderstorm approaching at sunset.

"Behold, slow settling o'er the lurid grove,
Unusual darkness broods; and growing, gains
The full possession of the sky; and on yon baleful cloud
A redd'ning gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferments."—Thomson's *Seasons.*

60 Dolbadern Castle, North Wales.

"How awful is the silence of the waste
Where Nature lifts her mountains to the sky;
Majestic solitude, behold the tower,
Where hopeless Owen, long imprison'd, pined
And wrung his hands for liberty in vain."

EXHIBITION XXXII. 1800.

W. TURNER, A., 64, *Harley-street.*

61 The Fifth Plague of Egypt.

"And Moses stretched forth his hands towards heaven, and the Lord sent thunder and hail, and the fire ran along the ground."
Exodus, ix. 23.

62 View of the Gothic Abbey (Afternoon) now building at Fonthill, the seat of William Beckford, Esq.

63 South-west View of the Gothic Abbey (Morning) now building at Fonthill, the seat of W. Beckford, Esq.

64 Caernarvon Castle, North Wales.

"And now on Arvon's haughty towers
The bard the song of pity pours,
For oft on Mona's distant hills he sighs,

Where jealous of the minstrel band,
The tyrant drench'd with blood the land,
And charm'd with horror, triumph'd in their cries.
The swains of Arvon round him throng,
And join the sorrows of his song."

65 South View of the Gothic Abbey (Evening) now building at Fonthill, the seat of W. Beckford, Esq.

66 East View of the Gothic Abbey (Noon) now building at Fonthill, the seat of W. Beckford, Esq.

67 North-east View of the Gothic Abbey (Sunset) now building at Fonthill, the seat of W. Beckford, Esq.

EXHIBITION XXXIII. 1801.

W. TURNER, A., 75, *Norton-street, Portland-road.*

68 Dutch Boats in a Gale; fishermen endeavouring to put their fish on board.

69 The Army of the Medes Destroyed in the Desert by a Whirlwind—foretold by Jeremiah xv. ver. 32, 33.

70 London—Autumnal Morning.

71 Pembroke Castle, South Wales—thunderstorm approaching.

72 St. Donat's Castle, South Wales—Summer Evening.

73 Chapter House, Salisbury.

EXHIBITION XXXIV. 1802.

*JOSEPH MALLORD WILLIAM TURNER, R.A., 75, *Norton-street, Portland-road.*

74 Fishermen upon a Lee Shore in Squally Weather.

75 The Tenth Plague of Egypt.

Ver. 29. "And it came to pass, that at midnight the Lord smote all the first-born in the land.

Ver. 30. "And Pharaoh rose, he and all the Egyptians: and there was a great cry in Egypt: for there was not a house where there was not one dead."

76 Ships bearing up for Anchorage.

77 The Falls of the Clyde, Lanarkshire—Noon.

Vide Akenside's *Hymn to the Naiades.*

78 Kilchern Castle, with the Cruchan-Ben Mountains, Scotland—Noon.

79 Edinburgh, New Town, Castle, &c., from the Water of Leith.

80 Jason.

81 Ben Lomond Mountain, Scotland—the Traveller.

Vide Ossian's *War of Caros.*

EXHIBITION XXXV. 1803.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., 75, *Norton-street, Portland-road.*

82 Bonneville, Savoy, with Mont Blanc.

83 The Festival upon the Opening of the Vintage of Maçon.

84 Calais Pier, with French Poissards preparing for Sea, an English Packet arriving.

* Turner signed his name in full after 1802.

85 Holy Family.
86 Château de St. Michael, Bonneville, Savoy.
87 St. Hughes denouncing Vengeance on the Shepherd of Cormayeur, in the Valley of d'Aoust.
88 Glacier and Source of the Arveron going up to the Mer de Glace, in the Valley of Chamouni.

EXHIBITION XXXVI. 1804.

J. M. W. TURNER, 64, *Harley-street.*

89 Boats carrying out Anchors and Cables to Dutch Men-of-War, 1665.
90 Narcissus and Echo.

"So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
And none of those attractive charms remain,
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she grieved to see:
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
'Ah! youth, beloved in vain!' Narcissus cries;
'Ah! youth, beloved in vain!' the nymph replies.
'Farewell!' says he; the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, 'Farewell!'"

91 Edinburgh, from Calton Hill.

EXHIBITION XXXVIII. 1806.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., 64, *Harley-street.*

92 Fall of the Rhine at Schaffhausen.
93 Pembroke Castle—clearing up of a thunderstorm.

EXHIBITION XXXIX. 1807.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., 64, *Harley-street.*

94 A Country Blacksmith disputing upon the price of Iron, and the price charged to the Butcher for Shoeing his Pony.
95 Sun Rising through Vapour—Fishermen cleaning and selling fish.

EXHIBITION XL. 1808.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, 64, *Harley-street, and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.*

96 The Unpaid Bill, or the Dentist reproving his Son's prodigality.

EXHIBITION XLI. 1809.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, 64, *Harley-street, and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.*

97 Spithead, Boat's crew recovering an anchor.
98 Tabley, the seat of Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart.—Windy day.
99 Tabley, Cheshire, the seat of Sir J. F. Leicester, Bart.—Calm morning.

100 The Garreteer's Petition.

"Aid me, ye powers! Oh, bid my thoughts to roll
In quick succession, animate my soul;
Descend, my muse, and every thought refine,
And finish well my long, my *long-sought* line."

EXHIBITION XLII. 1810.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, 64, *Harley-street, and West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.*

101 Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale; North-west view from Ulleswater Lane—Evening.

102 Lowther Castle, Westmoreland, the seat of the Earl of Lonsdale (the north front), with the river Lowther—Mid-day.

103 Petworth, Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Egremont—Dewy morning.

EXHIBITION XLIII. 1811.

J. M. W. TURNER, *West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith.*

104 Mercury and Hersé.

"Close by the sacred walls in wide Munichio's plain,
The God well pleased beheld the virgin train!"
Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

105 Apollo and Python.

"Envenom'd by thy darts, the monster coil'd,
Portentous, horrible, and vast his snake-like form:
Rent the huge portal of the rocky den,
And in the throes of death he tore
His many wounds in one, while earth
Absorbing, blacken'd with his gore."
Hymn of Callimachus.

106 Somer Hill, near Tunbridge, the seat of W. F. Woodgate, Esq.

107 Whalley Bridge, and Abbey, Lancashire; Dyers washing and drying cloth.

108 Windsor Park, with horses by the late Sawry Gilpin, Esq., R.A.

109 November: Flounder-fishing.

110 Chryses.

"The trembling priest along the shore return'd,
And in the anguish of a father mourn'd;
Disconsolate, not daring to complain,
Silent he wander'd by the sounding main,
Till safe at distance to his God he prays,
The God who darts around the world his rays."
Pope's Homer's *Iliad*, book 1.

111 May: Chickens.

112 Scarborough, Town and Castle—Morning—Boys collecting crabs.

EXHIBITION XLIV. 1812.

J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

113 View of the Castle of St. Michael, near Bonneville, Savoy.

114 View of the High Street, Oxford.

115 Oxford, a View of, from the Abingdon Road.

116 Snow Storm, Hannibal and his army crossing the Alps.

"Craft, treachery, and fraud—Salassian force,
Hung on the fainting rear! then Plunder seized
The victor and the captive—Saguntum's spoil,
Alike became their prey; still the chief advanced,
Looked on the sun with hope; low, broad and wan.
While the fierce archer of the downward year,
Stains Italy's blanch'd barrier with storms.
In vain each pass, ensanguined deep with dead,
Or rocky fragments, wide destruction roll'd.
Still on Campania's fertile plains—he thought,
But the loud breeze sobbed, Capua's joys beware."
MS. P. Fallacies of Hope.

Exhibition xlv. 1813.

J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

117 Frosty Morning.

"The rigid hoar frost melts before his beam."
Thomson's *Seasons.*

118 The Deluge.

"Meanwhile the south wind rose, and with black wings
Wide hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven. . . . . .
. . . . . the thicken'd sky
Like a dark ceiling stood, down rush'd the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen."—Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

Exhibition xlvi. 1814.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West, and at Solus Lodge, Twickenham.*

119 Dido and Æneas.

"When next the sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays,
The Queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian Court
Shall to the shady woods for sylvan games resort."
Dryden's *Æneis*, book iv.

Exhibition xlvii. 1815.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne-street West.*

120 Bligh Sand, near Sheerness—Fishing-boats trawling.

121 Crossing the Brook.

122 Dido Building Carthage: or the Rise of the Carthaginian Empire.

123 The Battle of Fort Rock, Val d'Aouste, Piedmont, 1796.

"The snow-capt mountain, and huge towers of ice,
Thrust forth their dreary barriers in vain;
Onward the van progressive forced its way,
Propelled; as the wild Reuss, by native glaciers fed,
Rolls on impetuous, with ev'ry check gains force
By the constraint upraised; till, to its gathering powers
All yielding, down the pass wide Devastation pours
Her own destructive course. Thus rapine stalk'd
Triumphant; and plundering hordes, exulting, strew'd,
Fair Italy, thy plains with woe."
Fallacies of Hope, MS.

124 The Eruption of the Souffrier Mountains, in the Island of St. Vincent, at midnight, on the 30th of April, 1812; from a sketch taken at the time by Hugh P. Keane, Esq.

"Then in stupendous horror grew
The red volcano to the view,
And shook in thunders of its own,
While the blaz'd hill in lightnings shone,
Scatt'ring thin arrows round.
As down its sides of liquid flame
The devastating cataract came,
With melting rocks, and crackling woods,
And mingled roar of boiling floods,
And roll'd along the ground!"

125 The Passage of Mount St. Gothard, taken from the centre of the Teufels Brück (Devil's Bridge), Switzerland.

126 The Great Fall of the Riechenbach, in the Valley of Hasle, Switzerland.

127 Lake of Lucerne, from the Landing-place at Fluelen, looking towards Bauen and Tell's Chapel, Switzerland.

Exhibition xlviii. 1816.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne-street West.*

128 The Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius restored.

"'Twas now the earliest morning; soon the sun,
Rising above *Ægina*, poured his light
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
Entering its depth, illumed the branching pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast along the ground
Long lines of shadow, where they rose erect
Like pillars of the temple."

129 View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Ægina, with the Greek National Dance of the Romaika; the Acropolis of Athens in the distance. Painted from a sketch taken by *H. Gally Knight, Esq.*, in 1810.

Exhibition xlix. 1817.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne-street West.*

130 The Decline of the Carthaginian Empire.—Rome, being determined on the overthrow of her hated rival, demanded from her such terms as might either force her into war, or ruin her by compliance; the enervated Carthaginians, in their anxiety for peace, consented to give up even their arms and their children.

"At Hope's delusive smile,
The chieftain's safety and the mother's pride,
Were to the insidious conqueror's grasp resign'd;
While o'er the western wave th' ensanguined sun,
In gathering haze, a stormy signal spread,
And set portentous."

Exhibition L. 1818.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne-street West.*

131 Raby Castle, the seat of the Earl of Darlington.

132 Dort, or Dordrecht—the Dort Packet-boat, from Rotterdam, becalmed.

133 The Field of Waterloo.

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!"

134 Landscape—Composition of Tivoli.

Exhibition LI. 1819.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne-street West.*

135 Entrance of the Meuse—Orange Merchant on the bar going to pieces; Brill Church bearing S.E. by S., Marensluys E. by S.

136 England—Richmond Hill, on the Prince Regent's Birthday.

"Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course;
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we choose?
All is the same with thee; say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy Hill, delightful Shene?"—Thomson.

Exhibition LII. 1820.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, Member of the Roman Academy of St. Luke, *Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne-street West.*

137 Rome, from the Vatican—Raffaelle, accompanied by La Fornarina, preparing his pictures for the decoration of the Loggia.

Exhibition LIV. 1822.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham, and Queen Anne-street West.*

138 What you will!

Exhibition LV. 1823.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West, and Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham.*

139 The Bay of Baiæ, with Apollo and the Sibyl.

"Waft me to sunny Baiæ's shore."

EXHIBITION LVII. 1825.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West, and Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham.*

140 Harbour of Dieppe (Changement de Domicile).

EXHIBITION LVIII. 1826.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West, and Sandycombe Lodge, Twickenham.*

141 Cologne—the Arrival of a Packet-boat—Evening.
142 Forum Romanum; for Mr. Soane's Museum.
143 The Seat of William Moffatt, Esq., Mortlake—Early (summer) morning.

EXHIBITION LIX. 1827.

J. M. W. TURNER, Esq., R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

144 "Now for the Painter" (rope)—Passengers going on board.
145 Port Ruysdael.
146 Rembrandt's Daughter.
147 Mortlake Terrace, seat of William Moffatt, Esq.—Summer's evening.
148 Scene in Derbyshire.

"When first the sun with beacon red."

EXHIBITION LX. 1828.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

149 Dido directing the Equipment of the Fleet, or the Morning of the Carthaginian Empire.
150 East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.—the Regatta beating to windward.
151 East Cowes Castle, the seat of J. Nash, Esq.—the Regatta starting for their moorings.
152 Boccaccio Relating the Tale of the Bird-cage.

EXHIBITION LXI. 1829.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

153 The Banks of the Loire.
154 Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus: Homer's Odyssey.
155 The Loretto Necklace.
156 Messieurs les Voyageurs on their return from Italy (par la Diligence) in a Snow-drift upon Mount Tarra, 22nd of January, 1829.

EXHIBITION LXII. 1830.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

157 Pilate Washing his Hands.

"And when Pilate saw he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person, see ye to it." —*St. Matthew* xxvii. 24.

158 View of Orvieto; painted in Rome.

159 Palestrina: composition.

"Or from yon mural rock, high-crown'd Prænestè,
Where, misdeeming of his strength, the Carthaginian stood,
And marked, with eagle-eye, Rome as his victim."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

160 Jessica.

Shylock.—"Jessica, shut the window, I say."
Merchant of Venice.

161 Calais Sands, low water—Poissards collecting bait.

162 Fish-market on the Sands—the Sun rising through a vapour.

163 Funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence; a sketch from memory.

Exhibition lxiii. 1831.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

164 Life-Boat and Manby Apparatus going off to a stranded Vessel making signal (blue lights) of distress.

165 Caligula's Palace and Bridge.

"What now remains of all the mighty bridge
Which made the Lucrine lake an inner pool,
Caligula, but massy fragments, left
As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes
Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell
How Baiæ's shore was loved in times gone by?"
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

166 Vision of Medea.

"Or Medea, who in the full tide of witchery
Had lured the dragon, gained her Jason's love,
Had filled the spell-bound bowl with Æson's life,
Yet dashed it to the ground, and raised the poisonous snake
High in the jaundiced sky to writhe its murderous coil,
Infuriate in the wreck of hope, withdrew,
And in the fired palace her twin offspring threw."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

167 Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, and Dorothy Percy's Visit to their father, Lord Percy, when under attainder upon the supposition of his being concerned in the Gunpowder Plot.

168 Admiral Van Tromp's Barge at the entrance of the Texel, 1645.

169 Watteau Study by Fresnoy's Rules.

"White, when it shines with unstained lustre clear,
May bear an object back, or bring it near."
Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*, p. 496.

170

"In this arduous service (of reconnoissance) on the French coast, 1805, one of our cruisers took the ground, and had to sustain the attack of the flying artillery along shore, the batteries, and the fort of Vimieux, which fired heated shot, until she could warp off at the rising tide, which set in with all the appearance of a stormy night."—*Naval Anecdotes.*

Exhibition lxiv. 1832.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

171 Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.—Italy.

"And now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world.
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility:
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."
Lord Byron, canto iv.

172 The Prince of Orange, William III., embarked from Holland and landed at Torbay, November 4th, 1688, after a stormy passage.—*History of England.*

The yacht in which His Majesty sailed was, after many changes and services, finally wrecked on Hamburgh sands, while employed in the Hull trade.

173 Van Tromp's Shallop, at the Entrance of the Scheldt.

174 Helvoetsluys; the City of Utrecht, 64, going to sea.

175

"Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake and said, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, ye servants of the most high God, come forth and come hither. Then Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego came forth of the midst of the fire."—*Daniel* iii. 26.

176 Staffa, Fingal's Cave.

"Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws."
Sir Walter Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, canto iv.

Exhibition lxv. 1833.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

177 Rotterdam Ferry-boat.

178 Bridge of Sighs, Ducal Palace, and Custom House, Venice; Canaletti painting.

179 Van Goyen, looking out for a subject.

180 Van Tromp, returning after the battle off the Dogger Bank.

181 Ducal Palace, Venice.

182 Mouth of the Seine, Quille-bœuf.

This estuary is so dangerous from its quicksands, that any vessel taking the ground is liable to be stranded and overwhelmed by the rising tide, which rushes in in one wave.

Exhibition lxvi. 1834.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

183 The Fountain of Indolence.

184 The Golden Bough (*MS. Fallacies of Hope*).

185 Venice.

186 Wreckers.—Coast of Northumberland, with a steam-boat assisting a ship off shore.

187 St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.

Exhibition lxvii. 1835.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

188 Keelmen heaving in coals by night.

189 The Broad Stone of Honour (Ehrenbreitstein), and Tomb of Marceau; from Byron's *Childe Harold.*

"By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid
Crowning the summit of the verdant mount;
Beneath its base are hero's ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau . . . . .
. . . . . He was freedom's champion!
Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
Yet shows of what she was."

190 Venice, from the Porch of Madonna della Salute.

191 Line-fishing, off Hastings.

192 The Burning of the Houses of Lords and Commons, October 16th, 1834.

Exhibition lxviii. 1836.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

193 Juliet and her Nurse,

194 Rome, from Mount Aventine.

195 Mercury and Argus.

Exhibition lxix. 1837.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

196 Scene.—A Street in Venice.

"*Antonio.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shylock. I'll have my bond."
Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Sc. 3.

197 Story of Apollo and Daphne.—Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

"Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart;
But, ah! more deadly his who pierced my heart.
* * * * *
As when th' impatient greyhound, slipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey."

198 The Parting of Hero and Leander—from the Greek of Musæus.

"The morning came too soon, with crimsoned blush,
Chiding the tardy night and Cynthia's warning beam;
But Love yet lingers on the terraced steep,
Upheld young Hymen's torch and failing lamp,
The token of departure, never to return.
Wild dashed the Hellespont its straitened surge,
And on the raised spray appeared Leander's fall."

199 Snow Storm, Avalanche, and Inundation, a Scene in the upper part of Val d'Aouste, Piedmont.

EXHIBITION LXX. 1838.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., Professor of Perspective, *Queen Anne-street West.*

200 Phryne going to the Public Bath as Venus—Demosthenes taunted by Æschines.

201 Modern Italy—the Pifferari.

202 Ancient Italy—Ovid banished from Rome.

EXHIBITION LXXI. 1839.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

203 The Fighting Téméraire tugged to her last Berth to be broken up, 1838.

"The flag which braved the battle and the breeze,
No longer owns her."

204 Ancient Rome—Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus. The Triumphal Bridge and Palace of the Cæsars restored.

"The clear stream,
Aye,—the yellow Tiber glimmers to her beam,
Even while the sun is setting."

205 Modern Rome—Campo Vaccino.

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night,
The sun as yet divides the day with her."—Lord Byron.

206 Pluto carrying off Proserpine.—Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

207 Cicero at his Villa.

EXHIBITION LXXII. 1840.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

208 Bacchus and Ariadne.

209 Venice, the Bridge of Sighs.

"I stood upon a bridge, a palace and
A prison on each hand."—Byron.

210 Venice, from the Canale della Giudecca, Chiesa di S. Maria della Salute, &c.

211 Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying. Typhoon coming on.

"Aloft all hands, strike the topmasts and belay;
Yon angry setting sun and fierce-edged clouds
Declare the Typhoon's coming.
Before it sweeps your decks, throw overboard
The dead and dying—ne'er heed their chains.
Hope, Hope, fallacious Hope!
Where is thy market now?"—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*

212 The New Moon; or, "I've lost my Boat, you shan't have your Hoop."

213 Rockets and Blue Lights (close at hand) to warn Steamboats off Shoal-water.

214 Neapolitan Fisher-Girls surprised Bathing by Moonlight.

Exhibition lxxiii. 1841.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

215 Ducal Palace, Dogana, with part of San Georgio, Venice.

216 Giudecca, la Donna della Salute and San Georgio.

217 Rosenau, seat of H.R.H. Prince Albert of Coburg, near Coburg, Germany.

218 Depositing of John Bellini's Three Pictures in La Chiesa Redentore, Venice.

219 Dawn of Christianity (Flight into Egypt).

"That star has risen."—Rev. T. Gisborne's *Walks in a Forest.*

220 Glaucus and Scylla.—Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

Exhibition lxxiv. 1842.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

221 The Dogano, San Giorgio, Citella, from the steps of the Europa.

222 Campo Santo, Venice.

223 Snow Storm; Steamboat off a harbour's mouth making signals in shallow water, and going by the lead. The author was in this storm on the night the Ariel left Harwich.

224 Peace—Burial at Sea.

"The midnight torch gleam'd o'er the steamer's side,
And Merit's corse was yielded to the tide."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

225 War. The exile and the rock limpet.

"Ah! thy tent-formed shell is like
A soldier's nightly bivouac, alone
Amidst a sea of blood . . . .
. . . but can you join your comrades?"
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

Exhibition lxxv. 1843.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

226 The Opening of the Walhalla, 1842.

"L'honneur au Roi de Baviere."

"Who rode on thy relentless car, fallacious Hope?
He, though scathed at Ratisbon, poured on
The tide of war o'er all thy plain, Bavare,
Like the swollen Danube to the gates of Wien;
But peace returns—the morning ray
Beams on the Walhalla, reared to science and the arts,
And men renowned, of German fatherland."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

227 The "Sun of Venice," going to Sea.

"Fair shines the morn, and soft the zephyrs blow a gale,
Venicia's fisher spreads his painted sail,
Nor heeds the demon that in grim repose
Expects his evening prey."

228 Dogana, and Madonna della Salute, Venice.

229 Shade and Darkness.—The Evening of the Deluge.

"The moon puts forth her sign of woe unheeded;
But disobedience slept; the darkening Deluge
Closed around,
And the last token came: the giant frame-work floated,
The scared birds forsook their nightly shelter screaming,
And the beasts waded to the Ark."—*Fallacies of Hope.*

230 Light and Colour (Goethe's Theory)—The Morning after the Deluge—Moses writing the Book of Genesis.

"The ark stood firm on Ararat; th' returning sun
Exhaled earth's humid bubbles, and, emulous of light,
Reflected her lost forms, each in prismatic guise
Hope's harbinger, ephemeral as the summer fly
Which rises, flits, expands, and dies."—*Fallacies of Hope.*

231 St. Benedetto, looking towards Fusina.

EXHIBITION LXXVI. 1844.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

232 Ostend.
233 Fishing Boats bringing a disabled ship into Port Ruysdael.
234 Rain, Steam, and Speed.—The Great Western Railway.
235 Van Tromp, going about to please his masters, ships a sea, getting a good wetting.—*Vide Lives of Dutch Painters.*
236 Venice—Maria della Salute.
237 Approach to Venice.

"The path lies o'er the sea, invisible;
And from the land we went
As to a floating city, steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently." Rogers's *Italy.*

"The moon is up, and yet it is not night;
The sun as yet disputes the day with her."—Byron.

238 Venice Quay—Ducal Palace.

EXHIBITION LXXVII. 1845.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

239 Whalers.—*Vide* Beale's *Voyage*, p. 163.
240 Whalers.—*Vide* Beale's *Voyage*, p. 175.
241 Venice—Evening; Going to the Ball.—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*
242 Morning; Returning from the Ball, St. Martino.—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*
243 Venice—Noon.—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*
244 Venice—Sunset; a Fisher.—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*

EXHIBITION LXXVIII. 1846.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

245 Returning from the Ball (St. Martha).
246 Going to the Ball (San Martino).
247 "Hurrah for the Whaler Erebus! another fish!"—Beale's *Voyage.*

248 Undine giving the Ring to Massaniello; Fishermen of Naples.

249 The Angel standing in the Sun.

"And I saw an angel standing in the sun; and he cried with a loud voice, saying to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven, Come and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God;

"That ye may eat the flesh of kings, and the flesh of captains, and the flesh of mighty men, and the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them, and the flesh of all men, both free and bond, both small and great."—*Revelation* xix. 17, 18.

"The march of arms, which, glittering in the sun,
The feast of vultures ere the day was done."—Rogers.

250 Whalers (boiling blubber) entangled in flaw ice, endeavouring to extricate themselves.

Exhibition lxxix. 1847.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

251 The Hero of a Hundred Fights.

An idea suggested by the German invocation upon casting the bell; in England called tapping the furnace.—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*

Exhibition lxxxi. 1849.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

252 The Wreck Buoy.

253 Venus and Adonis.

Exhibition lxxxii. 1850.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street West.*

254 Mercury sent to admonish Æneas.

"Beneath the morning mist,
Mercury waited to tell him of his neglected fleet."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

255 Æneas relating his Story to Dido.

"Fallacious Hope beneath the moon's pale crescent shone,
Dido listened to Troy being lost and won."
MS. allacies of Hope.

256 The Visit to the Tomb.

"The sun went down in wrath at such deceit."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

257 The Departure of the Fleet.

"The orient moon shone on the departing fleet,
Nemesis invoked, the priest held the poisoned cup."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Exhibition 1806.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., 64, *Harley-street.*

258 Narcissus and Echo.

From Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

259 The Goddess of Discord choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of the Hesperides.

Exhibition 1808.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *West End, Upper Mall, Hammersmith, and Harley-street.*

260 The Battle of Trafalgar, as seen from the mizen starboard shrouds of the Victory.

261 Jason;—from Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

Exhibition 1809.

262 Sun rising through Vapour, with Fishermen landing and cleaning their Fish.

Exhibition 1814.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Harley-street, Cavendish-square.*

263 Apuleia in search of Apuleius.

Vide Ovid's *Metamorphoses.*

Exhibition 1817.

J. M. W. TURNER, *Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square.*

264 View of the Temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, in the Island of Ægina, with the Greek National Dance of the Romaika: the Acropolis of Athens in the distance; painted from a sketch taken by H. Gally Knight, Esq., in 1810.

Exhibition 1835.

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., *Queen Anne-street.*

265 The Burning of the House of Lords and Commons, 16th October, 1834.

Exhibition 1836.

266 Wreckers on the North Shore.

267 Fire of the House of Lords.

Exhibition 1837.

268* Regulus.

EXHIBITION 1838.

269 Fishing Boats, with Hucksters bargaining for Fish.

EXHIBITION 1839.

270 Fountain of Fallacy.

"Its Rainbow dew diffused fell on each anxious lip,
Working wild fantasy, imagining;
First, Science, in the immeasurable
Abyss of thought,
Measured her orbit slumbering."—*MS. Fallacies of Hope.*

EXHIBITION 1840.

271 Mercury and Argus.

EXHIBITION 1841.

272 Snow Storm, Avalanche, and Inundation in the Alps.
273 Blue Lights (close at hand) to warn Steamboats off Shoal-water.

EXHIBITION 1846.

274 Queen Mab's Cave.

"Frisk it, frisk it, by the moonlight beam."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

"Thy orgies, Mab, are manifold."
MS. Fallacies of Hope.

CATALOGUE

OF

PICTURES GIVEN BY TURNER TO THE NATION,

NOW EXHIBITING IN THE TURNER GALLERY AT KENSINGTON.

The Sun rising in Mist.
Dido building Carthage.
Portrait of himself.
Moonlight.
Buttermere Lake.
Coniston Fells.
Cattle in Water.
Æneas with the Sibyl.
Rizpah.
Castle.
View in Wales, Castle.
Sandpit.
Clapham Common.
Sea Piece.
The Tenth Plague.
Jason.
Calais Pier.
The Holy Family.
Destruction of Sodom.
View of a Town.
The Shipwreck.
The Garden of the Hesperides.
Blacksmith's Shop.
Death of Nelson.
Spithead.
The Garreteer's Petition.
Greenwich Hospital.
St. Mawes, Cornwall.
Abingdon, Berkshire.
Windsor.
Ruin, with Cattle.
Apollo and the Python.
Avalanche.
Hannibal crossing the Alps.
Kingston Bank.
Frosty Morning.
The Deluge.
Dido and Æneas.
Apuleia in search of Apuleius.
Bligh Sand.
Crossing the Brook.
The Decline of Carthage.
The Field of Waterloo.
Orange-Merchantman going to pieces.
Richmond Hill.
Rome, from the Vatican.
Rome, the Arch of Titus.
The Bay of Baiæ.
Carthage.
Scene from Boccaccio.
Ulysses deriding Polyphemus.
The Loretto Necklace.
Pilate washing his Hands.
View of Orvieto.
Caligula's Palace and Bridge.
The Vision of Medea.
Watteau Painting.
Lord Percy under Attainder.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.
The Fiery Furnace.
Heidelberg Castle.
Regulus leaving Rome.
Apollo and Daphne.
Hero and Leander.
Phryne going to the Bath.
Agrippina.
The Téméraire.
Bacchus and Ariadne.
The New Moon.
Venice, Bridge of Sighs.
Burial of Wilkie.
The Exile and the Rock Limpet.
Steamer in a Snowstorm.
The Evening of the Deluge.
The Morning after the Deluge.
The Opening of the Walhalla.
Approach to Venice.
The "Sun of Venice" going to Sea.
Port Ruysdael.
Van Tromp.
Rain, Steam, and Speed.
Venice, the Giudecca.
Venice, the Quay.
Venice, Noon.
Venice, Sunset.
Venice. Going to the Ball.
Venice. Returning from the Ball.
Whalers.
Whalers.
Whalers boiling Blubber.
Queen Mab's Grotto.
Massaniello.

The Angel in the Sun.
Tapping the Furnace.
Æneas relating his Story to Dido.
Mercury sent to admonish Æneas.
The Departure of the Trojan Fleet.
The Visit to the Tomb.
The Battle of Trafalgar.
Richmond Bridge.
Fire at Sea.
Petworth Park.
Chichester Canal.
Mountain Glen.
Harvest Home.

List of the Turner Drawings and Sketches, exhibited with the Turner Collection of Pictures.

The Liber Studiorum.

Fifty-one Water-colour Drawings in Brown, being the greater portion of the original Drawings made for the so-called *Liber Studiorum*, or 'Book of Studies,' in imitation of Claude's *Liber Veritatis*, or 'Book of Truth.' The prints, in brown ink, from these drawings, were published in numbers, from the year 1808 until 1819. Many of the plates were etched, and some engraved, by Turner himself.

Compositions.

No.
1. Jason.
2. Solitude.
3. Bridge with Goats.
4. Bridge in middle distance.
5. Cephalus and Procris.
6. Pastoral.
7. Pastoral with Castle.
8. Woman playing Tambourine.
9. The Tenth Plague of Egypt.
10. Hindoo Devotions.
11. Hindoo Ablutions.
12. Christ and the Woman of Samaria.

Foreign Views.

13. Laufenburg on the Rhine.
14. The Lake of Thun, Switzerland.
15. Thun, Switzerland.
16. The Little Devil's Bridge, Altdorf.
17. Mount St. Gothard.
18. Bonneville, Savoy.
19. The Alps from Grenoble to Chamberi.

British Views.

20. Norham Castle, on the Tweed.
21. Holy Island Cathedral.
22. Morpeth.
23. Rivaulx Abbey, Yorkshire.
24. Crypt, Kirkstall Abbey.
25. Dunstanburgh Castle.
26. Coast of Yorkshire.
27. Winchelsea.
28. East Gate, Winchelsea.
29. Hind Head Hill.
30. Martello Towers, Bexhill.
31. St. Catherine's Hill, near Guildford.
32. Pembury Mill, Kent.
33. Greenwich Hospital.
34. Chepstow Castle, River Wye
35. The Wye and the Severn.
36. Flint Castle: Smugglers.
37. Dumblane Abbey.
38. Peat Bog, Scotland.
39. View near Blair. Atholl.
40. The Clyde.
41. Inverary Castle.

Various.

42. Sketch for Sea Piece.
43. Ditto.
44. Bridge and Cows.
45. Watermill.
46. Stack-yard.
47. Farmyard with Pigs.
48. Hedging and Ditching.
49. Marine Dabblers.
50. Young Anglers.
51. Juvenile Tricks.

Sketches and Drawings extending over a period of nearly Sixty Years, arranged as nearly as practicable in Chronological Order.

FIRST PERIOD, EARLY SKETCHES.

No.	Subject.	Method.
1	North-west View of Malmesbury Abbey—View on the River Avon, "from Wallace's Wall"—"View of Cook's Folly," looking up the Avon, "with Wallace's Wall and the Hot Wells"	In Water Colour.
2	The Mewstone	Do.
3	Tower of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol—Transept and Towers of York Cathedral—Tower of Boston, Lincolnshire	Pencil Outline.
4	Malmesbury Abbey	Do.
5	Kirkstall Abbey—Holy Island Cathedral ...	Do.
6	Leeds—Bolton Abbey	Do.
7	Fire (Steam) Engine, Coalbrook Dale—Copperworks, Swansea—Fire Engine, Coalbrook Dale—Iron Foundry, Maidley Wood—Fire Engine, Coalbrook Dale—Fire Engine near Glasmount. (So named at the backs) ...	Pen and Ink.
8	View of the Interior of the Savoy Chapel ...	Light and Shade.
9	View of Tivoli	Do.
10	Study of Shipping	Do.
11	Portico of St. Peter's, Rome	Do.
12	Study of a Cottage	Water Colour.
13	A Cottage Roof...	Do.
14	Carisbrook Castle	Do.
15	An Interior...	Do.
16	Landscape	Do.
17	Three Studies of Boats	Do.
18	Do. Do.	Body Colour on Brown and on Blue.
19	Seven Studies of a Shipwreck—Sketch of a Boat...	Pen and Ink.
20	Two Coast Scenes	Do.
21	Sketch for Picture of Ivy Bridge, Devon—Study of a Stream	Pencil and Water Colour.
22	Two Studies of Fir and Willow	Pencil on Brown.

SECOND PERIOD, FROM ABOUT 1802.

23	Study near Grenoble...	Pencil and Chalk on Brown.
24	The Lake of Brientz—Vevay	Do.
25	Convent of the Great St. Bernard—The Town of Aosta	Do.
26	Roman Gate, Aosta—Another View of the same	Do.
27	Castle of Aosta, two Views	Pencil and Chalk on Brown, and Water Colour.
28	Glaciers, Grindelwald—Fallen Trees	Pencil and Chalk on Brown.
29	The Ascent to Cormayeur—Valley of the Isere..	Do.
30	The Road from Voreppe to Grenoble—Mont Blanc from Fort St. Louis	Do.

No.	Subject.	Method.
31	The Alps looking towards Grenoble—Grenoble with Mont Blanc	Pencil and Chalk on Brown.
32	Two Views of Grenoble	Do.
33	View of an English Country Seat	Do.
34	Study of a Mountain Stream	Oil Colours.
35	Edinburgh from Calton Hill	Drawing in Water Colour.
36	Building, with Cattle	Body Colour on Blue.
37	Funeral of Sir Thomas Lawrence	Water Colour.
38	Contamines, Savoy	Body Colour on Brown.
39	Source of the Arveron	Chalk on Brown.
40	Valley of Chamouni	Do. and Body Colour.
41	Battle of Fort Bard, Val d'Aosta, 1800; exhibited in 1815	Drawing in Water Colour.
42	Ivy Bridge, Devon	Do.
43	Two Studies of a Figure, for Picture of Deluge..	Chalk on Blue.
44	Sketch of a Group of Figures, for Picture of Hannibal	Do.
45	Study of a Cutter	Do.
46	Study of a Pilot Boat	Pen and Ink on Blue.
47	Two Marine Sketches	Pen and Chalk on Blue.
48	Do. Do.	Do.
49	Study of an Arm-chair	Oil Colours.
50	Four Studies of Dock Leaves	Pen and Ink.
51	Do. Plants	Pen and Ink on White and Brown.
52	Study of Sheep	Pencil.
53	Study of Pigs and of Donkeys	Body Colour on Brown and on Blue.
54	Do. Dutch Hardware, &c.	Pencil and Pencil Outlines.
55	Views in Rouen—Norman Caps	Pencil.
56	Studies on the Seine—Sketches from Claude...	Do.
57	Studies of a Skeleton...	Chalk on Brown.
58	Dead Ducks	Colour and Chalk.
59	Study of a Teal flying	Water Colour.

Nine Views of Rome, 1819. *Sketches in body colour.*

1. Rome from Monte Mario.
2. Rome from the Barberini Villa.
3. Bridge and Castle of Sant' Angelo from St. Peter's.
4. The Colosseum.
5. The Basilica of Constantine.
6. The Arches of Constantine and Titus.
8. The Church and Convent of the Quattro Coronati.
9. The Claudian Aqueduct.

THIRD PERIOD, FROM ABOUT 1820.

60	Two Landscapes	Pencil Outlines.
61	Do.	Do.
62	Do.	Do.
63	Landscape—Moonlight	Water Colour.
64	A Stormy Sky	Do.
65	Three Marine Sketches	Do.
66	Do. Do.	Body Colour on Blue.
67	Dover	Drawing in Water Colour.
68	North Shields	Do.
69	Rochester	Do.
70	Four Sketches—Rivers of France	Body Colour on Blue.
71	Four Sketches—Calais	Pen and Ink on Blue.

No.	Subject.	Method.
72	Evreux Market-place — Louviers — and two Sketches of Vernon	Pen and Ink on Blue.
73	Marly, near St. Germain, looking up the River —Castle of the Fair Gabrielle—and near St. Germain, looking down the River ...	Pen and Ink.
74	Four Studies—Ambleteuse (?) Dieppe and Rouen	Do.
75	Three Sketches of Rooms at Petworth	Body Colour on Blue.
76	Four Sunset Studies at Petworth	Do.
77	Four Sketches—Rivers of France	Do.
78	Do. Do.	Do.
79	Do. Do.	Do.
80	Do. Do.	Do.
81	Do. Do.	Do.
82	Do. Do.	Do.
83	Do. Do.	Do.
84	Do. Do.	Do.
85	Do. Do.	Do.
86	Do. Do.	Do.
87	Two Studies for Vignettes, Rogers's Columbus	Water Colour.
88	Two Vignettes	Do.
89	Do.	Do.
90	Studies of Swiss Costume	Do.
91	French Dance in Sabots...	Body Colour on Blue.
92	Villeneuve—Gallery on the Splügen—Vevay	Pencil on Brown.
93	Fortress—Lausanne, Sunset	Water Colour.
94	Moselle Bridge, Coblentz—Bridge over the Rhine, Coblentz	Do.
95	Two Views on Lake Lucerne...	Do.
96	The Lake of Annecy	Water Colour.
97	San Giorgio Maggiore, and Santa Maria della Salute, Venice	Do.
98	The Riva degli Schiavoni, and Lagoon, Venice	Do.
99	Sunset, Lake Lucerne—Night, Zurich ...	Do.
100	Morning on Lake Lucerne, three Sketches ...	Do.

101 View of Rome. Date 1819. (Full of accurate detail.)
102 Rome—the Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo. (Lovely colour.)
103 Rome from Monte Mario. (Beautiful middle distance.)
104 Rome from the Barberini Villa.
105 Rome—Nymphæum of Alexander Severus. (Fine, but careless.)
106 The Claudian Aqueduct at Rome.
107 The Colosseum at Rome.
108 The Basilica of Constantine at Rome.
109 The Church of St. Giovanni e Paolo at Rome.
110 The Arches of Constantine and Titus at Rome.
111 Study for the Oil Pictures of the Loggie. (A foreground at Rome.)
112 Four leaves from a Sketch-book filled on the way to and from Scotland by sea, on the occasion of George the Fourth's visit to Edinburgh.
113 Ten leaves from a Book of Sketches on the Rhine and Meuse—Huy and Dinant.
114 Six leaves from a Sketch-book on the Lake of Geneva—Junction of the Rhone and Arve; Studies of Boats; Lausanne from the North; Lausanne from the East; Geneva from the West; Geneva from the West at a greater distance.
115 Twelve leaves from a Sketch-book at Venice, comprising Santa Maria della Salute; the Custom House; St. Mark's Place; Casa Grimani and the Rialto; St. George's and St. Mary's of Health; the Grand Canal from Casa Foscari to the Rialto; Riva degli Schiavoni, with

St. Mark's and St. Zachary's; the Doge's Palace and Mint; the Fruit Market; the Coal Market; the Rialto, with the West Side of the Grand Canal; the Rialto, with the East Side of the Grand Canal.

116 Three leaves from Note-books—Seven Sunsets and Sketches of Clouds from Andernach on the Rhine; the Borromean Islands on Lago Maggiore.
117 Two leaves of a Note-book filled at Naples.
118 Studies from Claude and in France—View near Dieppe; Fishwives quarrelling on Dieppe Beach.
119 View of Dresden.
120 The Arch of Titus. Same from the side.
121 Studies of Light and Shade in and on hollow glass balls.
122 Angry Swans.
123 Studies of Poultry.
124 Buckingham Gate (?), Hungerford Bridge.
125 Source of the Arveron.
126 Study for the drawing of Grenoble.
127 Ditto.
128 A Mountain Stream. (In oil.)
129 Study of Masts and Rigging.
130 Boat in Heavy Sea. Boat Swamped in Surf.
131 Three Studies of a Ship on Fire.
132 Sunset over a Town. Twilight. (Same as at Petworth.)
133 Town on the Loire (Saumur?); Huy on the Meuse from above the Château; Dinant on the Meuse.
134 Orléans (Theatre and Cathedral). Nantes (Promenade near the Château).
135 Promenade at Nantes. Dressing for Tea. Firelight and Cat.
136 Havre (?). Harfleur. Caudebec. Saumur. (Mr. Ruskin thinks the Harfleur specially beautiful.)
137 Saumur. Montjean. (Study for a drawing [Saumur?] made for the "Keepsake.")
138 Studies on the Loire and Meuse. Huy. (Morning effect.)
139 Study of a Town on the Loire. The Carrara Mountains from Sarzana.
140 Vignette of Turbot and Mullet.
141 Vignette of Mackerel.
142 Swiss Fortress—Grenoble.
143 Calm. Fresh Breeze. (Pen studies.)
144 Carew Castle about 1800 (published 1834). Lancaster. (First Sketches of England Series.)
145 Caernarvon Castle. Wells Cathedral.
146 Two Bridge subjects.
147 Cologne Cathedral — on the Rhine. ("Magnificent, and of his finest time."—*Ruskin.*)
148 Sketches at and near York. (Pencil—Middle time.)
149 Sequel to ditto.
150 On the Rhine. (Brown paper—Late.)
151 Bellinzona. (Very late.)
152 Fribourg. (Probably last Swiss journey, 1845.)
153 Fribourg, companion. (From a book with fourteen detailed sketches.)

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS.

(In their present state.)

Turner's Pictures and Drawings in the Gallery of F. H. Fawkes, Esq., Farnley Hall, near Leeds.

Oil Paintings.

Lake of Geneva, from above Vevay, and looking towards the Valley of the Rhone.
Pilot with Red Cap hailing a Smack in stormy weather.
The Victory returning from Trafalgar, beating up Channel, in three positions; fresh breeze.
Coast Scene—Sunset, with men-of-war at anchor; fine weather.
Landscape.
(The last five were painted from 1808 to 1816.)
Dort—Holland. 1818.
Rembrandt's Daughter. 1827.

Water-colour Drawings.

English.

Scarborough, Yorkshire.
Flounder-fishing, Putney-bridge.
Cottage Scene.
Fountains Abbey, Yorkshire.
Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.
The Strid, Bolton Abbey.
High Force—Tees River.
Wharfdale, from Chevin Park.
Lancaster Sands.
Coast Scene.
Windermere, Westmoreland.
Loch Fine, Argyleshire.
View of Coniston, Westmoreland.
,, ,, and Old Man.
First-rate, taking in stores.
Old House, Farnley.
Party on the Moors, 12th August.

Swiss.

Valley of Chamouni, looking eastward.
Mont Blanc, from Val D'Aosta.
Lake of Lucerne, from Fluelen.
Teufels-Brück, St. Gothard.
Falls of the Reichenbach, Valley of Grindelwald.
Source of the Avernon, Chamouni.
Valley of Chamouni.
Montanvert and Mer de Glace.
Lac de Brientz—Moonlight.
Mont Cenis—Snow-storm.
Lausanne and Lake of Geneva.
Mont Blanc, from Chamouni.
Vevay and Lake of Geneva.
Sallenche.
Bonneville, Savoy.
Falls of Staubach, Lauterbrunnen.
Falls of Reichenbach.

Italian.

Venice, from Fusina.
The Rialto, Venice.
Rome, from Monte Mario.
,, ,, Pincio.
The Colosseum, Rome.
Interior of St. Peter's, Rome.
Naples, and Bay.
Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.
Ships hailing a Pilot off the Tagus.

All these drawings were made between the years 1803 and 1820.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS IN CASES,

Illustrative of Poems by Lord Byron and Sir W. Scott and Moore.

Frontispiece.

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more.—Byron's *Giaour.*

Day sat on Norham's Castle steep.—Scott's *Marmion.*

If you would view fair Melrose aright,
You must view it by the pale moonlight.
Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Lone Glenartney's hazel shade.—Scott's *Lady of the Lake.*

Here, 'twixt rock and river, grew
A dismal grove of sable hue.—Scott's *Rokeby.*

Lalla Rookh.—*Moore.*

DRAWINGS OF 1822.

Frontispieces to "Chronology," by Walter Fawkes, Esq.

Pyramids, for Ancient History.
Stonehenge, for Modern History.

Illustrative of Periods of English History.

The Reformation.
First Period of the Civil War.
Second ,, ,,
Third ,, ,,
Fourth ,, ,,
Swords of Oliver Cromwell, Sir Thomas Fairfax, and Lambert, as preserved at Farnley Hall.
Banners of the Royal side.
Banners of the Parliamentarians.
Revolution of 1688.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

London, from windows of 45, Grosvenor-place, when in possession of Walter Fawkes, Esq.
Drawing-room of 45, Grosvenor-place.
Frontispiece to Catalogue of Water-colour Drawings in 45, Grosvenor-place.
Top of a Snuff-box—Grouse, Partridge, and Gun.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS OF BIRDS.

From Nature.

Head of a Moor Buzzard.
Head of White Owl.
Jay, dead.
Head of Cuckoo.
Head of Green Woodpecker.
Goldfinch.
Robin Redbreast.
Ringdove, dead.
Head of Game-cock.
Head of Cock Pheasant.
Head of Hen Pheasant.
Head of Turkey-cock.
Head of Peacock.
Head of Grouse.
Grouse Hanging (killed by himself).
Head of Partridge.
Head of Woodcock.
Kingfisher, dead.
Head of Heron.
Head of Guinea-fowl.

SKETCHES ON THE RHINE (in a Case).

Mayence and Cassel.
Mayence. N.
Mayence. S.
Palace of Breberech.
Johannisberg.
Rudisheim, looking to Bingen Klopp. N.
Bingen Ehrenfels, looking out of Loch.
Abbey of Bingen, looking into Loch.
Bingen Loch and Mansethurn. N.
Bautsburg. S.
Sonneck on left— on right, Bacharach in the distance.
Fürstenberg.
Bacharach and Stableck.
Pfalz Caub and Outenfels.
Oberwesel and Schonberg Castle.
Lurleyberg. N.
Goerhausen and Hatz Castle.
Lurleyberg. S.
Lurleyberg and Goerhausen. N.
Lurleyberg. S.

Lurleyberg.
Goerhausen. N.
Lurleyberg. S.
Ditto.
Hatz Castle, with Rheinfels. W.
From Rheinfels, looking over St. Goar to Hatz.
Hirzenach. N.
Rheinfels, looking to Hatz and Goerhausen.
Castles of the Two Brothers, with Sternberg and Lieberstein.
Boppart.
Peterhoff.
Marksburg. S.
Oberlanstein. N. Chapel.
Entrance of the Lahn. S.
Abbey, near Coblentz. S.
Back of Ehrenbreitstein, from the Pfaffen.
From Ehrenbreitstein.
Quay of Coblentz.
Bridge over the Moselle, Coblentz.
Neuwied and Weissenthurm. N.
Weissenthurm and Hoché, Monument.
Andernach. N.
Roman Tower, Andernach. N.
Hamerstein. S.
Remagen (S.) and Lintz.
Rolandsworth Nunnery (N.), with Drackenfels.
Drackenfels and Nunnery.
Drackenfels.
Godesberg. S.
Rhein Gate, Cologne. S.
Cologne. N.

SKETCHES (IN CASES) OF THE FARNLEY PROPERTY.

Case 1.

Otley Lodges.
Approach to Farnley Hall from the West.
Dairy, Farnley.
Old Porch—Flower Garden.
Old Part of House and ditto.
Old Fairfax Gateway, and Firs.
West Lodge, designed by himself.
Wharf and Chevin, from Park.
Glen to Loch Tiny.
Glen leading to Loch Tiny.
Loch Tiny and Summer-house.
,, and Almscliffe.
,, and Boat-house.
,, and Lindley Hall.
Banks of Washburne. S.
Lindley Mill. S.
Lindley Bridge, Wood, and Hall.
Guy Barn, Bank, and Ford.

Case 2.

Caley Hall.
Rocks in Caley Park.
,, East.
West Entrance to ditto.
Newall Old Hall.
Lindley Old Hall.
Hawkworth Old Hall.
Fairfax Cabinet.
Oak Room at Farnley Hall.
Old Staircase.
Study.
Ditto.
Painted Window.
Modern Staircase.
Dining-room.
Drawing-room.

All these drawings made between 1806 and 1820.

SKETCHES FRAMED.

Washburne. N.
Junction of Wharfe and Washburne Rivers, with Farnley Hall in the distance.

Turner's Drawings in the Collection of J. Ruskin, Esq.

PAINTINGS.

"Shylock." The Rialto at Venice.
Slaver Throwing Overboard the Dead.

DRAWINGS.

Richmond, Yorkshire—Town and Castle, from the banks of the River. E.
Richmond, Yorkshire, from the Moors. E.
Richmond, Yorkshire—the Town and Castle, from Footpath above River. E.
Warwick. E.
Constance. S.
Salisbury. E.
Lucerne Town, from above. S.
,, ,, from Lake. S.
,, Lake, from Brunnen. S.
,, ,, from Fluelen. S.
,, ,, with Rigi. S.
Pass of St. Gothard, near Faido. S.

Lake of Lug, from Goldau.
Lake of Lug, near Aart. S.
Coblentz. S.
Winchelsea. E.
Gosport. E.
Richmond, Surrey. E.
Dudley. E.
Devonport. E.
Schaffhausen Town. S.
,, Falls. K.
Arona—Lago Maggiore. K.
Château de la Belle Gabrielle. K.
Llanthony Abbey. E.
Derwent Water. E.
Okehampton. E.
Rochester. E.
Buckfastleigh Abbey. E.
Bolton Abbey. E.
Nottingham. E.
Harlech. E.
Devonport. E.
Carisbrook Castle. E.
St. Catherine's Hill. E.
Flint Castle. E.
Scarborough (once at Farnley).
Farnley Hall (once at Farnley).
Grandville. (Unpublished drawing on coast of France.)
Isola Bella. (Hakewell's "Italy.")
Turin from Superga. (Hakewell.)
Yarmouth. (Unpublished. A body colour drawing—Sailors illustrating Trafalgar by models of the ships.)
Lebanon. (For Finden's Bible.)
Pool of Solomon. Ditto.
Pool of Bethesda. Ditto.
Jericho. Ditto.
Corinth. Ditto.
Rhodes. Ditto.
Combe Martin. (Southern coast.)
Barcastle. Ditto.
Wolf's Hope. (Small.)
St. Cloud. Ditto.
Pisa. (Byron vignette.)
School of Homer. Ditto.
Gate of Theseus. Ditto.
Ashestiel. (Vignette to Scott's Poems.)
Linlithgow. Ditto.
Margate. (Harbours of England.)
Malta. (Life of Byron.)
Rouen, from St. Catherine's Hill. (Rivers of France.)
Seventeen Drawings of the Loire series. (Rivers of France.)
Namur, on the Meuse.
Dinant, on the Meuse.
On the Meuse.
Ditto.
Sketches of Venice.
Early Sketches (various).

The letter E. in above list means England series; S. Swiss series, meaning a series executed for various private persons by Turner after the year 1842, of which two only, belonging to Mr. Windus, of Tottenham, have been engraved. None of mine have. K. means made for the "Keepsake."—J. RUSKIN.

Water-colour Drawings by Turner in possession of H. A. Munro, Esq., of Hamilton-place, Piccadilly.

Florence, with Michael Angelo's Fortifications.
Marley.
Lucerne from Brunnen.
Lucerne (or Zurich)—Moonlight.
Knömadt (Lucerne).
Zurich.
St. Gothard.
Ditto, Airolo in the distance.
The Splügen.
Criccieth Castle.
Dunstanboro' Castle.
Pembroke Castle.
Ullswater.
Lichfield. (Not engraved.)
Knaresborough.
Coventry. (Rainy effect.)
Lowestoffe—Stormy.
Chain Bridge on the Tees.
Worcester.
Christ Church, Oxford.
Kenilworth—Moonlight.
Blenheim. (Bad colour.)
Lancaster Sands.
Chatham from Fort Pitt.
Bedford.
Richmond-hill.
Val Crucis Abbey. (Girtin's yellow tone.)
Leicester Abbey.
Kidwelly.
Malmesbury Abbey.
Ashby-de-la-Zouche. (Badly engraved.)
St. Germain. (Faded.)
Louth—Horse Fair.
Caernarvon Castle—Boys Bathing.
The Temple of Ægina.
Northampton—Election-time.
Whitehaven.
Ludlow.
Venice. (Not engraved.) (?)
Bellinzona.
Sallenche. (Pencil sketch.)
Coloured sketches of same place.
Whalley Abbey.

Temple of Venus. (Early.)
Iffy Mill, near Oxford. (Early.)
Hindshead Hill, Surrey. (Early.)
Pencil Sketch of same.
An Abbey. (Hearne's manner.)
Dover. (Early.)
Cliffs with Rainbow. (Early.
Abbey Crypt. (Early.)
Ludlow Castle.
Nantwich, &c.
Waterfall. (Early.)

A List of the Petworth Turner Pictures in the Early Manner in the Gallery.

The Thames at Eton.
The Thames at Windsor.
The Thames near Windsor.
The Thames at Weybridge.
Tabley House and Lake, Cheshire.
Sea Piece—Indiaman and Man-of-War.
Evening—Landscape with Cattle, &c.
Echo and Narcissus.

In his Later Manner.

Jessica, "Merchant of Venice."

Pictures in the Carved Room.

Chichester Canal—Sunset.
The Chain Pier at Brighton.
Petworth Park and Lake, with Cricketers, &c.
The Lake in Petworth Park.

Turner Drawings in the Collection of Mr. Smith, of Southwick-street.

Harlech Castle. (Early blue drawing.)
Two small Drawings of St. Alban's Abbey, *circa* 1790.
Ruins of Corfe Castle in 1792.
Tintern Abbey (interior), in 1793.
Tivoli, *circa* 1795.
Waterfall—dated 1795. (From Lord Essex's Collection.)
Plymouth, from Mount Battery, Engraved for W. S. Cooke for the "Southern Coast," published 1817.

Lord Yarborough's Collection.

The Wreck of the Minotaur.
On the Haak Sands in 1810.
The Opening of the Vintage of Maçon.

Collection of Mr. Henderson.

Early Drawing by Turner of Dover Castle from the Harbour.
Three other Views in the Harbour of Dover. (Later.)
Four Sketches after the late Mr. Henderson, made probably between 1790 and 1793.
A View of Edinburgh Castle, after Hearne. (The figure omitted.) Hearne's view was engraved 1780.
Two Drawings on the Seine, Paris. (I believe from Girtin's work.)
A Drawing of the Ouse Bridge, York.
A Drawing of Cowes, (?) in the Isle of Wight, after one by Hearne.
Magdalen Bridge and the Tower of Magdalen College (probably in 1794 or 1795).
Three larger Drawings, the result of Turner's first tour; one dated 1793.
The West Window of Shrewsbury Cathedral.
Tintern Abbey.
Christchurch, Oxford.

(These were a commission for Mr. Henderson.)

Collection of Charles Borrett, Esq., in Queen Anne-street.

George the Fourth leaving Ireland and Embarking at Kingstown on the 3rd of September, 1821. (The setting sun in this picture can only be compared with the two finest sun-pictures which he left to the nation—I mean Collingwood's vessel tugged to her last berth, and the Ulysses and Polyphemus. The picture is full of golden colour.)

The Arch of Ancona.
A View in Venice.
Wreck off Margate.
Queen Adelaide Landing at Southampton on her return from Malta.
Coast View, with Afternoon Sun.
Battle Abbey.
Calais Pier — Boats going off to a Shipwreck.
The Earthquake at Lisbon.
Falls of the River Dove.
Conway Castle.
Swiss Cottage.
The Castle of Dieppe, with Turner among other figures in the foreground.
The Interior of the Alhambra.
Highgate Church from Hampstead.
The Wreckers.
The Thames at Gravesend, and many other pictures by Turner, almost all of which are signed with his name or initials.

Collection of J. E. Fordham, Esq., of Milbourn Bury, near Royston.

View of a Gateway at Gloucester, with the Cathedral Tower. (Early.)
Fowey Harbour. (Engraved in the "Southern Coast.")
Vale of Llanwrst, N.W.
Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford-on-Avon.
Fort Augustus, N.B.
Loch Achray, N.B.
Meeting of the Greta and Tees at Rokeby.
Derwent Water and Skiddaw. (These five highly-finished drawings are engraved as illustrations to Scott.)
Whitby, Yorkshire.
Alnwick Castle by Moonlight. (Engraved in the "England and Wales.")
Lake of Nemi. (A small but very highly-finished drawing, of which there is a private plate.)
Margate, with the Sun rising on the Sea. (Signed, and dated 1822.)
Lake of Nemi. (Engraved.)
Oberwesel. (Engraved. Dated 1840.)
The last two drawings represent the afternoon of a cloudless day with heat.

Collection of John Hugh, Esq., Manchester.

"1st. 'Outline drawings, in pen or pencil, thinly washed in Indian ink or Prussian blue.'" The drawings in question have, some of them, *more* colour than Mr. Taylor says, and do *not* seem to me of so very early a date, judging both from the abounding effect of atmosphere in them all, as well as the masterly drawing and the subjects. For instance, one is of the 'Bay of Naples.' I suspect that he made these careful drawings *at many* periods, for his own use, as notes to work from. Of this class I have thirty drawings, chiefly made on the South Coast, in the neighbourhood of Dover and Folkestone.

Then came an early period, certainly, but with more colour—not at all *outline* drawings, but finished as much as he could at the time. I call this period No. 2, and date it from 1790 to 1795 or '96. Of this period I have four drawings, and also three drawings—"Interior of New College Chapel," "Malvern Abbey," and a "Gate at Durham Cathedral," of the same period.

No. 3. period is that referred to by Mr. Taylor in speaking of "Falls of Clyde" as "wrought out within the limits of a narrow scale of colours, but masterly in the disposition of the masses," &c. Of this period I have twelve drawings, some of them of importance for size and subject—viz.:

Edinburgh, from Leith Water.
Falls of Clyde.
View in Yorkshire Highlands.
View in Yorkshire Highlands.
Inverary.
Plymouth Citadel.

Some of the smaller ones are not only carefully finished, but full of poetry. These were all probably produced between 1810 and 1814. The two largest measure about 3 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 4 inches.

No. 4 period—or periods, I ought to say—for I believe the works I have, and range under No. 4, were made from about 1825 to 1833. Many of them are well known, and are all, or almost all, engraved. They are as follow:—

England and Wales series :
Malvern Abbey and Gate.
Dartmouth Cove.
Land's End and Longship's Lighthouse.
Cowes.
Upnor Castle, on the Medway.

For other works :
Hastings, from the Sea.
Rivaulx Abbey and Valley.
Plymouth Sound, looking up into the Catwater
Mount St. Michael.

Bible Series :
Dead Sea.
Moses showing the Tables of the Law to the People.

Vignettes :
Frontispiece to "Lay of Last Minstrel."
Mayence.
Bridge of Sighs, for Rogers's Poems.

Twelve drawings in sepia for the published and the unpublished "Liber" views. These are of the same size as the plates in the "Liber," and are all carefully finished.

Oil Paintings :—
The Grand Canal at Venice. (The well-known picture engraved by Miller.)
The Mouth of the Maas. (An earlier picture, painted about 1815 for the Harcourt family.)
A small Sea-piece. (Which Mr. Griffiths had about same time.)

"Liber" Engravings :—
A complete book in the state of *proofs*, all either initialed by *Charles* Turner or J. Lupton, and also by Miss Mary Constance Clark or J. H. Hawkins, from whom I had the whole.
A complete book of the etchings.
Above thirty early proofs before letters, nearly all touched on by Turner, and sometimes with his written instructions for alterations; some are touched all over by him *with brush*, in sepia.

Unpublished Plates of the "Liber" :—
Ten etchings, some touched and written upon.
Twelve proofs before letters, all touched by him more or less; and some of these are unique.

Collection of B. G. Windus, Esq., of Tottenham Green.

Drawing of Tynemouth (for the Series for "England and Wales.")

Paintings :
The Dawn of Christianity—Flight into Egypt. (Circular.)
Glaucus and Scylla.

Collection of J. Dillon, Esq.—Water-colour Drawings.

Vesuvius in Calm.
Vesuvius in Eruption.
The Eddystone Lighthouse—part of a Wreck in the foreground.
Interior of Westminster Abbey.
Drawing for Hakewell's "Italy."
Two of the Yorkshire Series.

Collection of Mr. Bale.

Bridge in the Tees Valley. (Matchless.)
Ingleborough. (Unsurpassable.)
Lyme Regis.
Guildford.
Llanthony.
Welsh View.

In the same collection, Snowdon, and Sunrise from St. Peter's, by Girtin; and Glaciers, and Gondolfo, by Cozens. The glaciers radiant with the most spiritual beauty.

Destroyed by fire, Drawing of Brignal Church, near Rokeby (engraved for the Yorkshire Series).

Oil Pictures at Mr. Munro's.

Cicero's Villa.
Ancient Italy
The Green Buoy.
Rotterdam.
The Forum
The Avalanche.
Modern Italy.
Loch Katrine.
Venice — Moonlight and Illuminations.
Venus and Adonis.

Collection of Sir John T. Hippisley.

Folkestone.
Scene on the Borders of Wales.
Byron Drawings:
Marathon.
The Rhine.

Collection of John Naylor, Esq.

Cologne — the Arrival of a Packet-boat (Evening).
Dieppe.

The above two were purchased at Mr. Wadmore's sale for about 4000*l.*

Pas de Calais: Now for the Painter (rope). (Passengers going on board.)
Dutch Fishing-boats. (Purchased from Turner direct.)
Venice.
Moonlight Scene on the Tyne — Getting in Coals by Night.
Mercury and Argus. (The upright engraved picture).
Rockets and Blue Lights. (The engraved picture.)

Miscellaneous.

The Fifth Plague of Egypt. (Formerly Mr. Beckford's; is now Mr. Young's.)
Fishermen endeavouring to put their Fish on board. (In the Bridgewater Gallery.)
Fishermen upon a Lee-shore in Squally Weather. (In the collection of Mr. White, of Brownlow-street.)
Van Tromp entering the Texel. (In the Soane Museum.)
Battle of Trafalgar. (Painted Hall, Greenwich.)
Mercury and Argus. (In the late Sir John Swinburne's collection.)
Temple of Jupiter. (Mr. Wynne Ellis.)
Cologne; Dieppe; Guard-ship at the Nore. (Mr. Wadmore, of Stamford-hill.)
Venice. (Mr. Lewis Pocock.)
Tivoli: Drawing. (Mr. Allnutt.)
Dover: Drawing. (Mr. Dillon.)
Ivy Bridge: Oil-picture. (E. Bicknell, Esq., Herne-hill.)
Schaffhausen: Water-colour. (P. Hardwicke, Esq.)
On the Lake of Brientz. "Bold, and very beautiful."—RUSKIN. Water-colour. (Sir John Swinburne.)
Grenoble: Water-colour. (Mrs. Holford, Hampstead.)
Folkestone: Water-colour. (Sir John Hippisley, Bart.)
A large Picture in Oil—View of Raby Castle—is at Newton House, the seat of Her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Cleveland. Thus described:—
This view of Raby was painted for the late Duke when Earl of Darlington.

It was one of the *few things* the Duchess took away, though I believe she had the power by will of *stripping* Raby of every article—furniture, plate, &c.; and this act was the means of reconciling the present Duke to her.

At Streatham Castle (Mr. Bowes'), there are two beautiful water-colour drawings of Gillside; one or two of Hilton Castle. It is probable the above are all engraved in "Surtees' History of the County of Durham."

Two views of Gillside, by J. M. W. Turner. No. 1, on the right-hand side of the chimney-piece, represents Gillside in the distance, thus forming almost an accessory to, instead of the principal object in, the picture. This arrangement gives greater space to the landscape, and thus admits of the beautiful variety of tint so conspicuous in nature and the works of this greatest of modern painters. The sky of the picture is more tranquil, or rather less striking, than is generally seen in Turner's paintings, and accords well with the air of perfect repose which characterizes the scene, giving it that *pensive* effect so often observed in an English landscape at noonday. The hazy grey of the distant hills, the neutral tint of the middle distance, gradually *ripening* (if the term may be used) into the rich yet subdued colouring of the foreground, the winding of the river marking admirably the perspective, and giving distance to the scene; the graceful form and exquisite tint of the tree nearest the eye,—all combine to form a composition at once true to nature and perfect in art.—No. 2, on the left-hand side, is, like No. 1, remarkable for the admirable blending of colours of infinite variety with Nature's own richness of tint, but "softened all and tempered into beauty." Chastened, mellowed, and subdued, the tone of the sky, which is much wilder than in No. 1, is repeated in the fainter colouring of the river; a gentle mist arises, like breath, from the bosom of the water, mingling and contrasting with the warm tints of the foliage on its banks. The whole composition of this picture consists in a series of half-tones admirably varied and repeated in the hills, corn-fields, trees, and rivers, producing that effect, changeful yet consistent, so visible in the harmonious versatility Nature displays in all her works, and which it requires the wonderful accuracy and unrivalled observation of Turner to seize and delineate.

Collection of E. Bicknell, Esq.

Oil-paintings.

Calder Bridge, Cumberland.
Campo Santo, Venice. Ex. R.A., 1842.
Venice—the Giudecca Canal, &c. 1841.
Ehrenbreitstein. 1827.
Wreckers—Coast of Northumberland: Steamboat assisting ship off shore. 1834.
Van Goën looking for a Subject. Antwerp. 1833.
Palestrina. 1830.
Port Ruysdael. 1827.
Ivy Bridge, Devon.
Brielle, on the Maas, Holland.

Drawings.

The Rigi.
Lake of Lucerne.
Scarborough.
Mowberry Lodge, Ripon.
Woodcock Shooting.
Grouse Shooting.

Two Views in the Himalayas.

Vignettes.

Castle of Elz.
Rouen.
Château Gaillard.
Hâvre.
Lake of Geneva, from the Jura.
Lighthouse of the Hève.

Pictures and Drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods; with Date of Sale, Description in Catalogue, Prices, and Purchasers.

1851. May 24 .....Summer Hill, Kent, with Cattle in Shallow Water. (Painted for Mr. Alexander.) 315*l.* Mr. Fletcher.
,, ,, The Sheer Hulk. Bought in at 185*l.*
,, June 13.....The Whaler—"Hurrah for the whaler Erebus and the fish!"—Beale's *Voyage.* 299*l.* Gambart.
,, ,, Saltash Harbour. 330 *gs.* Mr. Bicknell.
,, ,, The Lock. (Engraved in the "Liber Studiorum.") Bought in at 360 *gs.*

Mr. Granville Penn's Collection..

,, July 10 .....View of Corfe Castle, taken from the Sea. 483*l.* Mr. Gambart.

Sigismund Rucher's Collection.

1852. March 26 ...Flint Castle. (In water colours). 152*l.* Mr. Agnew.
,, April 1.....Dummil Bridge, Fifeshire. (Painted in 1812.) 105*l.* Mr. Gambart.

Collection of William Wells, of Redleaf.

,, May 20.....A Harbour Scene — Sunset, Ships of War at Anchor: numerous Figures on the Sands near a Jetty. 672*l.* Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall.

Mr. Ellis's Collection.

,, May 22 .....A View on the Teign. Bought in at 225*l.*
,, ,, A View on the Wye—Evening. Bought in at 315*l.*

Four Water-Colour Drawings, sold by Order of the Court of Chancery. (Evans v. *Heath.)*

,, May 22 .....Graville on the Seine. (Engraved in the "Southern Tour.") 33*l.* 12*s.*
,, ,, The Confluence of the Seine and Marne. 42*l.*
,, ,, The Château de Maillerie. 46*l.* 4*s.*
,, ,, The Boulevard des Italiens at Paris, with numerous Figures. 47*l.* 5*s.* (These four bought by Mr. Lambe, of Gracechurch-street.)
,, ,, A View of Edinburgh, from the Water of Leith... (A large drawing). Bought in at 210*l.*
,, ,, The Brunnig Passage from Marengen to Grundewald. (Painted in the master's finest time.) Bought in at 120*l.*

Collection of E. S. Ellis, Esq.

1853. April 6 .....A Seashore, with a Fishing-boat pushing off, a Lugger making for the mouth of a Harbour, a fine gleam of Sunshine breaking through the Clouds above. (Another example of the powers of the great master. Oils.) 1312*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, April 12 ...View of Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. (Small.) 31*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Cubitt.
,, ,, Smugglers. (Said to have been painted for Mr. Smith, at the Sussex Hotel, in 1818.) Bought in at 210*l.*
,, ,, Limekilns—a Night Scene. Bought in at 65 *gs.*

Collection of W. J. Broderip, Esq.

1853. June 18 .....The Dogana and Church of San Giorgio at Venice. (Painted for Sir Francis Chantrey, at whose decease this picture passed direct into Mr. Broderip's possession. Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1841; a pendant to the picture now in the Vernon Gallery. A work of the rarest beauty and excellence.) 1155*l.* Mr. Egg.

Collection of B. G. Windus, Esq.

,, June 20.....Venice—Going to the Ball. "Fallacies of Hope."—MS. (Exhibited in the R.A., 1846. No. 117.) 546*l.* Mr. Gambart.

,, ,, Morning—Returning from the Ball, St. Martino. (Exhibited in the R.A., 1846. No. 162.) 640*l.* Wallis.

,, ,, Dawn of Christianity—Flight into Egypt. "That star has risen." (Exhibited in the R.A., 1841. No. 532.) Bought in at 730*l.*

,, ,, Glaucus and Scylla. (Painted on panel. Exhibited in the R.A., 1841. No. 542.) Bought in at 735*l.*

,, ,, The Approach to Venice. "The path lies o'er the sea." (Described by Ruskin in "Modern Painters," vol. i., as "one of the most beautiful bits of colour ever done by any man, by any means, at any time.") 850*l.* Mr. Gambart.

Collection of James Wadmore, Esq.

1854. May 5 .....Cologne, with boats full of figures on the Rhine, the tower of St. Martin's Church seen above the city walls; a glowing sunset diffuses a magical light over the whole composition. 2100*l.* Mr. Grundy, for Mr. Naylor of Liverpool.

,, ,, The Harbour of Dieppe. (An elaborate composition of numerous vessels, buildings, and figures, seen under the full glare of an afternoon's sun.) 1942*l.* 10*s.* The same purchaser.

,, ,, The Guardship at the Nore. 1606*l.* Mr. Rought.

Collection of William Cave, Esq.

,, June 29.....Kilganan Castle. (This important and scientific work was exhibited in 1799, and was in Lord De Tabley's collection.) 525*l.* Mr. Wallis.

Collection of Dr. Roupell.

1855. Feb. 24.....A Lake Scene, with buildings, fire, and moonlight. 47*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Wallis.

Collection of the Duke of Argyll.

,, March 17 ...A View of Inverary from the Sea, with boats in a breeze. (A drawing in water colours.) 88*l.* Mr. White.

Mr. M'Crachen's Collection, from Belfast.

,, March 31 ...St. Mawes. (The drawing engraved in the "Southern Coast.") Bought in at 47*l.*

,, April 21 ...A Coast Scene—View of the Old Pier at Great Yarmouth at low water, with shipping and numerous figures. (Signed, and dated 1813.) 199*l.* Mr. George.

,, May 8 .....Prudhoe Castle. (Water colours.) 31*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Wallis.

,, ,, Dilston Castle, Northumberland. (Water colours.) 22*l.* Mr. Wallis.

,, ,, Bow-and-Arrow Castle, Isle of Portland. (Engraved in the "Southern Coast." Water colours.) 51*l.* Mr. Agnew.

1855. May 8 .....Combe Martin. (Engraved in the "Southern Coast." Water colours.) 52*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Wallis.
" " Larne Castle, Caermarthenshire. (Engraved in the "England and Wales." Water colours.) 129*l.* Mr. Rought.
" " Conway Castle. (Water colours.) 110*l.* Mr. Bale.
" " Rivaulx Abbey. (Water colours.) 46*l.* Mr. Gambart.
" " The Tomb of Cecilia Metella. (Water colours.) Bought in at 25*l.*

Collection of C. Macdonald, Esq.

" May 29 .....Newark Castle. (From Lord De Tabley's collection.) Bought in at 470*l.*

Collection of Samuel Rogers.

1856. May 8 .....Stonehenge. (Drawing in water colours, engraved in "England and Wales.") 304*l.* Mr. Wallis.

The Property of Lord Delamere.

" May 24 .....Carrying out an Anchor—a grand sea-piece, with a fleet of Dutch men-of-war lying-to in a strong breeze; fishermen in a boat carrying out an anchor.
" " A Dutch Coast Scene, with fishermen hauling up a boat in shallow water near the shore; vessels under sail; grand effect of approaching storm. [The two above-named pictures were sold by private contract for 3000*l.* to Mr. White, of Brownlow-street.]

Leopold Redpath's Sale.

1857. May 23 .....The Lock. (Engraved in the "Liber Studiorum," and in the Royal Gallery of British Art.) 525*l.* Mr. Gambart.

Collection of W. Prior, Esq.

" " A View in the Alps, 1814. (In Indian ink.) 5*l.* 15*s.* Mr. Wallis.
" " St. Agatha's Abbey. (Water colours.) 127*l.* Mr. Rought.
" " Conway Castle, 1829. (Water colours.) 117*l.* Mr. Wallis.

Collection of Drawings of the Earl of Harewood.

1858. May 1 .....Interior of Westminter Abbey—a Chapel north of the Choir. (Water colours.) 109*l.* Col. Pennant.
" " Kirkstall Abbey, with a waterfall. (Water colours.) 65*l.* Mr. Townend.
" " Norham Castle, with cows watering—Evening. (Water colours.) 109*l.* Colnaghi.
" " Pembroke Castle, with grand stormy sky. (Water colours.) 210*l.* Mr. Miller, of Preston.
" " A Lake Scene in the North of Italy, with cattle and figures—Warm afternoon's sun. 278*l.* Mr. White, of Brownlow-street.
" " Harewood Castle. (Water Colours.) 52*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Beaumont.

Collection of John Miller, Esq., of Liverpool.

" May 20 .....Hythe Church. (A slight study. Water colours.) 5*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Gambart.
" " An old Watermill. (Water colours.) 24*l.* Mr. Gambart.
" " Hatfield Castle. (Water colours.) 18*l.* 18*s.* "
" " Hampton Court, Hereford—the Seat of Mr. Arkwright. (Water colours.) 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*

1858. May 20 .....The Bass Rock. (Water colours. Exhibited at Manchester.) 125*l.* Mr. Farrer.
,, ,, Rokeby. (Water colours. Exhibited at Manchester.) 38*l.* 17*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Hougoumont. (Water colours. Exhibited at Manchester.) 33*l.* 12*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Kelso. (Water colours. Exhibited at Manchester.) 42*l.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Edinburgh. (Water colours.) 53*l.* 11*s.* Mr. Rought.
,, ,, The Cathedral of Milan. (Exhibited at Manchester. Water colours.) 47*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, The Amphitheatre at Verona. (Water colours.) 46*l.* 4*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Bemerside Tower. (Water colours. The frontispiece vignette to "Sir Tristram," vol. i. Exhibited at Manchester.) 29*l.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Quai de Carte at Paris. (Water colours.) 36*l.* 15*s.* Mr. Addington.
,, ,, Rye. (Water colours.) 73*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Farrer.
,, ,, St. Mawes. (Water colours.) 75*l.* 12*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Plymouth. (Engraved in the "Southern Coast." Water colours. Exhibited at Manchester.) 115*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Windsor Castle. (A very early small work in water colours.) 7*l.* 7*s.*
,, ,, View of Henley House, on the Thames. (This picture was painted for Mr. Wright, of Upton.) 131*l.* Mr. Robertson.
,, ,, View of the Pummell Bridge. (Exhibited at Manchester.) 126*l.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, The Whale-ship. 367*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Van Tromp. 567*l.* 5*s.* ,,
,, ,, Saltash, Devon. 430*l.* ,,

Collection of Mr. Pilkington.

,, June 22.....Bridport. (Water colours.) 73*l.* Mr. Gambart.

Collection of Mr. Green.

1859. Feb. 12.....A View of Blackheath. (A small early sketch, made for Mr. Green, of Blackheath.) 15*l.* 15*s.* Mr. Waters.

Collection of B. G. Windus, Esq.

,, March 26 ...The Bridge of Sighs, Venice. (The vignette drawing engraved in Byron's work.) 72*l.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, The Lake of Zug. (A fine drawing in water colours, not engraved.) 210*l.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Bellinzona. (A beautiful drawing, not engraved.) 189*l.* Mr. Pritchard.

Collection of R. Chambers.

,, March 29 ...Pont Aberglaslynn. (A sketch.) 4*l.* 10*s.* Mr. White.
,, ,, Westminster Bridge. (A slight drawing.) 5*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Flint, North Wales. (A slight drawing.) 6*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, View of Northampton. (Sketch). 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Chadwick.
,, ,, Chepstow Castle and Bridge. (Slight sketch.) 15*l.* Mr. Gambart.
,, ,, Llanthony Abbey. (In water colours.) 14*l.* 14*s.* Mr. Gregory.

1859. March 29 ...Abergavenny Bridge—Clearing-up after a Shower. (This drawing was exhibited at Somerset House in 1799.) 25*l.* Mr. Gambart.

,, ,, The Porch of Great Malvern Church. (In water colours.) 21*l.* Mr. Gambart.

,, ,, Ely Cathedral. (An early drawing.) 11*l.* 11*s.* Mr. Warbury.

,, ,, Chelsea Hospital. (An early drawing.) 4*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Chadwick.

,, ,, Matlock Bridge. (An early drawing.) 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Mr. Warbury.

Collection of E. Rodgett, Esq., of Preston.

,, May 14 .....Warwick Castle. (In water colours; an early work.) Bought in at 49*l.*

,, ,, Cashiobury Castle. (An early drawing.) Bought in at 25*l.*

,, ,, Portsmouth. (The engraved drawing.) 107*l.* Mr. D. White.

,, ,, Hampton Court. (The engraved drawing.) 168*l.* Mr. Dixon.

,, ,, Dartmouth. (The drawing engraved in the "Southern Coast.") 162*l.* Mr. Agnew.

,, July 9 .....Kidwelly Castle, the Seat of the Bishop of St. David's. (An early drawing.) 9*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* Mr. White.

Collection of the Rev. H. S. Trimmer, Executor of Turner.

1860. March 17 ...A small Landscape. (In pencil. A present from the artist.) 1*l.* 1*s.* Mr. Locke.

,, ,, A Landscape. (In the manner of Gainsborough.) 1*l.* Mr. Waters.

,, ,, A Sea-piece, with fishing-boats. (A small picture.) 46*l.* Mr. Hooper.

,, ,, A View of a Town on a River. 7*l.* Mr. Delaine.

Collection of G. R. Burnett, Esq.

,, March 24 ...An Italian Scene, with an archway. (An early drawing.) 15*l.* 15*s.* Mr. Wallis.

,, ,, Kilchern Castle, with a rainbow. (A grand drawing in water colours.) 367*l.* Mr. Flatow.

,, ,, Autumnal Sunset at Sea. (Painted for Sir John Mildmay.) 590*l.* Mr. Shepherd.

,, ,, The Grand Canal at Venice. (The celebrated work engraved by Miller; painted in 1834.) 2520*l.* Mr. Gambart.

,, ,, Ostend—a Stormy effect at Sea. 1732*l.* ,,

,, ,, Neapolitan Bathers Surprised. 225*l.* Mr. Flatow.

,, ,, London, from Battersea Fields. (A drawing made in 1812.) Bought in at 300 *gs.*

,, ,, Bemerside Tower. (Vignette frontispiece to "Sir Tristram." In water colours.) 37*l.* 16*s.* Mr. Wallis.

Collection of J. Heugh, Esq., of Manchester.

,, April 28 ...Bamborough Castle. (Drawing in water colours.) 525*l.* Mr. Pennett.

,, ,, Lyme Regis. (The drawing engraved in the "England and Wales.") 190*l.* Mr. Gambart.

Collection of George Hibbert, Esq.

,, May 2 .....Plymouth Citadel. (The drawing engraved by Cooke; purchased by Mr. Hibbert from Turner.) 126*l.* Mr. Rought.

1860. May 2 .....The Plains of Italy. (An early drawing.) 17*l.* Mr. Wallis.
" " The Custom House, London. (The engraved drawing.) 49*l.* Mr. Wallis.
" " Corinth. (The drawing engraved in the Bible Series.) 106*l.* Mr. Gambart.
" " The Children of Israel in the Valley of Horeb. (The engraved drawing.) 107*l.* Mr. Agnew.

Collection of W. Herring, Esq.

" May 14 .....Rochester Castle. (An early drawing, made for the Rev. P. Douglas, an early patron of Turner.) Bought in at 39*l.*

Collection of J. M. Thetford, of Singleton House.

" May 28 .....The Desert of Sinai. (The drawing engraved in the Bible Series.) 85*l.* Mr. Gambart.
" " St. Ive's, Cornwall. (The engraved drawing.) 73*l.* 10*s.* Mr. Vokins.

Collection of H. Bradley, Esq.

" " An English Lake Scene, with a church, and cattle in a pool of water. (In water colours.) 80*l.* Mr. Rought.
" " A Scotch Lake Scene, with peasants. (The companion drawing.) 79*l.* Mr. Agnew.
" " Dover, from the Sea. (The celebrated engraved drawing.) 317*l.* Mr. White.

Collection of John Mitchell, Esq., of Bradford.

" May 28 .....Milan Cathedral. (The engraved drawing.) 45*l.* Mr. Gambart.
" " The Colosseum. (The engraved drawing.) 46*l.* Mr. Agnew.
" " Cumberland Fells. (A drawing.) 12*l.*
" " View of a Mansion in Essex. (A drawing.) 14*l.* Mr. Pocock.
" " Bow-and-Arrow Castle. (The engraved drawing in the "Southern Coast.") 58*l.* Mr. Gambart.

Collection of Mr. Wallis.

" March 16 ...The Burning of the Houses of Parliament. (Exhibited at the British Institution in 1835.) 708*l.* Mr. White.

Sale of the Pictures of Mr. A. Fairrie, of Liverpool.

Five Turners; one an Italian subject, an early drawing, and Lichfield and Rochester, both early works; also the View of Stamford, one of the very best of his water-colours, which was engraved by Miller for the "England and Wales;" and Lucerne, a later drawing, which also has been engraved, but which is as different as possible from the Lucerne at Farnley Hall—one of the most tender and poetical of Turner's poetical works. There is more colour, and greater feeling of atmosphere, in this Lucerne, but there is more exquisite repose and positive beauty about that at Farnley Hall.

Sale of Sir John Swinburne's Pictures.

(FROM CHANTREY'S COLLECTION.)

What you will. (The first picture in the artist's last manner.) 245 *gs.* Agnew.

At the same Sale, from another Collection.

Loch Katrine. 750 *gs.* D. J. White.

Sale of Turner Pictures, 24th November, 1860.

A highly important sale of water-colour drawings at Messrs. Foster's. These are the principal lots:—

Outside Walls of Rome. (A delightful sketch.) 3½ guineas.
View of London from Battersea. (A large, fine, and early drawing.) 135 guineas.
One of the most perfect of Turner's drawings, the famous and admirable Mount Sinai, engraved in the Bible Series, went for 72 guineas.
The Bridge of Sighs, Venice. (Engraved in the Rogers Series.) 80 guineas.

In the Collection of — Allnut, Esq., Clapham.

The St. Gothard. (Early oil.)
Abergavenny Bridge. (Clearing up after shower.)
Italian Scene. (Engraved.)
Two large Water-colour Drawings of Fonthill, Wiltshire.

Note to Page 396.

Mr. Ruskin has lately given 2000*l.* worth of his Turner Drawings to the University of Oxford. It is said he contemplates a similar gift to the University of Cambridge.

AUTHENTIC COPY OF TURNER'S WILL

(WITH THE CANCELLED CODICIL).

In the name of God Amen I Joseph Mallord William Turner R.A. of Queen Ann Street Cavendish Square in the County of Middlesex Esquire do make publish and declare this to be and contain my last Will and Testament in manner and form following that is to say after payment of all my just debts funeral expenses and the costs and charges of proving this my Will I give and bequeath unto my Executors and Trustees hereinafter named or the survivor of them his Executors or Administrators All the Freehold and Copyhold Estates whatsoever and wheresoever situated And also all my Leasehold and Personal Estates and property of every kind and description whatsoever and wheresoever situate of which I shall or may be possessed or be entitled to or interested in at the time of my decease To have and to hold the said Freehold and Copyhold Estates unto my said Executors their heirs and assigns To the use of them their heirs and assigns for ever and To have hold receive and take all my said Personal Estate (except as hereafter mentioned as to my pictures) unto them my said Executors, their Executors and Administrators nevertheless as to the said Freehold and Copyhold Estates and the said Personal Estates Upon. Trust that they my said Executors or the survivors or survivor of them their Heirs Executors or Administrators do and shall as soon after my decease as may be sell and dispose of all my said Freehold and Copyhold Estates and such part of my said Real and Personal Estate and Effects (except as aforesaid) as shall not consist of money vested in the Public Stock Funds called Three pounds per cent. Consolidated Annuities or other Funds transferable at the Bank of England for the most money that can be had or obtained for the same either by Public Auction or Private Sale as shall be deemed best for the advantage and interest of my Estate to such person or persons as they may think fit And I do hereby authorize and empower my said Executors or the survivors or survivor of them and the Heirs Executors or Administrators of such survivor to sign seal and deliver good and sufficient Conveyances Assignments and Assurances to the purchasers thereof And I declare that the receipt or receipts of my said Executors or the survivor of them his Heirs Executors or Administrators shall from time to time be to the purchaser or purchasers of my said Freehold Copyhold and Personal Estate and every part thereof good and sufficient releases and discharges for so much of the purchase money as shall in such receipt or receipts be expressed to be received and such purchaser

or purchasers shall not be bound to see to the application of such purchase money or be liable or accountable for the loss mis-application or non-application thereof or of any part thereof And upon further Trust to lay out and invest the monies to arise from such sale or sales of my said Freehold and Copyhold and Personal Estates and Effects in the purchase of like Three per cent. Consolidated Annuities in his or their names so that the same may form one fund together with such sum as I shall be possessed of in the said Three pounds per cent. Consolidated Annuities or any other stocks or funds standing in my name at the time of my decease and I direct that my said Executors or the survivors or survivor of them his Executors and Administrators shall stand possessed thereof Upon the Trusts and purposes hereafter mentioned that is to say Upon Trust to pay the several Legacies Annuities and Payments to the respective person hereafter named that is to say to Price Turner Jonathan Turner the present surviving Brothers of my late Father William Turner Fifty pounds each to the eldest son of Price John Joshua Jonathan Turner Twenty-five pounds each to Hannah Danby Niece of John Danby Musician Fifty pounds a year for her natural life to Eveline and Georgiana T the Daughters of Sarah Danby Widow of John Danby Musician Fifty pounds a year each for their natural lives and aforesaid Sarah Danby Widow of John Danby Musician the sum of Ten pounds a year for her natural life all which Annuities and Legacies I direct my Executors or the survivor of them his Executors or Administrators to pay and discharge out of the Annual Interest or Dividends that shall become due and payable from time to time upon the Three per cent. Consolidated Annuities or any other stocks or funds which may be standing in my name at the Bank of England at my decease or which may be purchased with the produce of my said Freehold and Copyhold and Personal Estates so directed to be funded as aforesaid the first quarterly payments of the said several Annuities to commence and be paid at the expiration of 6 months from the date of my decease And I direct my said Executors or the survivors or survivor of them his Executors or Administrators to set apart so much of the said Three per cent. Consolidated Annuites or any other stocks or funds as will be sufficient to pay the said several Annuities And I declare that upon the respective deaths of the said several Annuitants the principal sum of stock from which their several Annuities shall arise be applied in the manner hereafter ordered with regard to the residue of the said funds And I direct my Executors or the survivor of them his Executors or Administrators to pay the Legacies within 6 months next after my decease Also I give and bequeath unto the Trustees and Directors for the time being of a certain Society or Institution called the "National Gallery" or Society the following pictures or paintings by myself namely Dido building Carthage and the picture formerly in the Tabley Collection To hold the said pictures or paintings unto the said Trustees and Directors of the said Society for the time being

In Trust for the said Institution or Society for ever subject nevertheless to for and upon the following reservations and restrictions only that is to say I direct that the said pictures or paintings shall be hung kept and placed that is to say Always between the two pictures painted by Claude the Seaport and Mill and shall be from time to time properly cleaned framed preserved repaired and protected by the said Society and in case the said Pictures or Paintings are not within Twelve months next after my decease accepted and taken by the said Society under and subject to the above regulations restrictions and directions and placed as directed that then I will and direct that they shall be taken to and form part of the [fixed] Property of the Charity hereafter named and to be formed for the Maintenance and Support of Male Decayed Artists and by the Governors Trustees Directors or other persons having the care and management thereof placed in proper situations in the building or house to form such Charitable Institution and who are to properly preserve and keep them in repair And as to all the rest residue and remainder of the said Three Pounds per cent. Consolidated Annuities or any other Stocks or Funds as shall not be required to pay the said several Annuities And also as to such part thereof as shall be set apart to pay the said Annuities as and when the said Annuitant shall severally and respectively depart this life I give and bequeath the same and every part thereof unto my Executors or the survivors or survivor of them Upon Trust that my said Executors or the survivors or survivor of them his Executors or Administrators shall and do apply and dispose of the same Upon and for the following uses trusts intents and purposes following that is to say It is my Will and I direct that a Charitable Institution be founded for the Maintenance and support of Poor and Decayed Male Artists being born in England and of English parents only and lawful issue And I direct that a proper and suitable Building or Residence be provided for that purpose in such a situation as may be deemed eligible and advantageous by my Executors and the Trustees to the said Charitable Institution And that the same be under the direction guidance and management of [Four] Trustees for the time being for life whereof my said Executors during their lives shall be provided they prove my Will and act in the Trusts thereof but not otherwise And I declare that in case my said Executors and the said other Trustees hereinafter nominated to act with them as to the said Institution or any of them shall die or become incapable of acting in the execution of the Trusts hereby created as to the said [Charitable] Institution that it shall and may be lawful to and for and I direct that the survivors or survivor of my said Executors and the said Trustees or the Executors or Administrators of such survivor by any deed or writing under their hands and seals shall be bound with all convenient speed after any of my said Executors or Trustees shall die or become incapable of acting in the said Trusts hereby created as to the said Institution to be signed sealed and delivered

by them or him in the presence of and attested by two or more credible persons to appoint one or more person or persons being a Member or Members of the Royal Academy and two other persons not being Members of the said Royal Academy to act as Trustee or Trustees or as to the said [Charitable] Institution in the stead and place of such of my said Executors or of the said Trustees who shall so die or become incapable of acting in the execution of the Trusts hereby created so that the number of Trustees shall always be 7 exclusive of my Executors during their lives who shall prove this my Will and act in the Trusts thereof And I direct that immediately upon such appointment the said Trust Funds and every part thereof shall be transferred into the names of the surviving or continuing Trustee or Trustees and the said new Trustee or Trustees jointly so that the same be effectually vested in such surviving and continuing new Trustees and that all and every such new Trustees or Trustee shall and may from time to time act in the management execution and carrying on of the said Trusts hereby created as to the said [Charitable] Institution jointly with the surviving or continuing Trustee or Trustees in as full and ample a manner to all intents and purposes as if such new Trustee or Trustees had been originally appointed a Trustee or Trustees herein as to the said [Charitable] Institution And I direct that the said [Charitable] Institution shall be governed guided managed and directed by such rules regulations directions restrictions and management generally as other Public Charitable Institutions resembling this my present one are governed managed and directed And I hereby appoint my Executors who shall act in the execution of the trusts hereof and the survivors or survivor of them together with William Fredrick Wells of Mitcham Surrey Rev^{d} Henry Trimmer of Heston Samuel Rogers of St. James Place George Jones R.A. Charles Turner A.R.A. Esquire to be Trustee or Trustees of the said [Charitable] Institution And I direct that the number of Trustees for the time being be Five at all times and that they shall be composed and formed of Artists being Members of the Royal Academy together with Two persons not being Members of the said Royal Academy (except my Executors during their lives) And I declare that they shall be at liberty and have power in case they shall think it necessary for the more effectually and better establishment of the [Charitable] Institution to sell only part of the principal of the said Stock for the purpose of building a proper and fit house for the reception of the objects of the said Institution or that the said Trustees shall or may rent a proper house and offices for that purpose as they shall think fit and as shall be allowed by law but so that there always remain a sufficient amount of Stock to produce dividends and interest equal to the full maintenance and support of the respective individuals and the houses or buildings and premises before mentioned and which [Charitable] Institution I desire shall be called or designated "Turner's Gift" and shall at all times decidedly be an English

Institution and the persons receiving the benefits thereof shall be English born subjects only and of no other Nation or Country whatever And I do authorize and empower the respective Trustees for the time being from time to time to deduct retain and reimburse themselves and himself all such reasonable expenses as they shall be put unto in the execution and maintenance of the said Institution and the support and government thereof And I do hereby nominate constitute and appoint William Fredrick Wells of Mitcham Surrey The Rev^{d} Henry Trimmer of Heston Middx Samuel Rogers of St. James Place George Jones R.A. Duke St. Portland Place Charles Turner A.R.A. Warren Street Executors and Trustees of this my last Will and Testament And I do hereby revoke annul and make void all former or other Will or Wills by me at any time heretofore made and executed and do declare this alone to be and contain my last Will and Testament written and contained on eight sheets of paper to the seven first sheets of which I have set my hand and to the eighth and last I have set and subscribed my hand and seal this tenth day of June in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and thirty-one.

Signed Sealed Published and Declared by the within-named Joseph Mallord William Turner as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as Witnesses thereto

JOSEPH MALLORD WM. TURNER (L.S.)

GEO. COBB Clements Inn
JOHN SAXON Bruton Somerset
CHARLES TULL Winchester St. London.

August 20 1832

the first

I direct that this may be taken as a Codicil to my Will as regards a certain Charitable Institution therein named and called Turner's Gift which I mean to be carried into effect by giving my whatever sum or sums of money may be standing in my name in the Three per cent. Consols Bank of England for the erection of the Gallery to hold my Pictures and places houses or apartments for one two three or more persons according to circumstances or means which my Executors may find expedient keeping in view the first objects I direct namely is to keep my Pictures together so that they may be seen known or found at the direction as to the mode how they may be viewed gratuitously I leave to my Executors and that the building may for their reception be respectable and worthy of the object which is to keep and preserve my Pictures as a collection of my works and the monies vested in my name in the Reduced for the endowment of the same and charitable part for decay^{d} Artists as before mentioned provided the other vested sum or sums in Navy 5 per cent. be equal to pay all demands and bequests before men-

tioned or mentioned in any subsequent Codicil in case only of there being any legal objection to the Institution and carrying into effect my Will as to the said Institution Charity of Turners Gift But it is my express desire that the said Institution Charity or Gift be formed and kept up in case it can legally be done without risk of the funds to be employed therein going into any others hands than for those purposes but if it be found impossible to fully carry the same into effect within five years from my death and then and in that case I revoke annul and make void that part of my said Will which relates to the formation of the said Charitable Institution and the funds and property set apart or to form a part thereof shall then be taken as residue of my Estate and Effects and I thereby give and bequeath the said residue of my said Estate and Effects in manner and form following that is to say I direct my Executors or the survivors of them or his Executors or Administrators to keep all the Pictures and Property in Queen Ann S^{t} West N^{o} 47 held under lease of the Duke of Portland Intire and unsold And I direct the rent for the said premises held terms of years together with all charges for repairs and covenants therein entered into be paid and all necessary charges for keeping and taking care insurance from fire preservation *cleansing and holding the same as Turner's Gallery out of the 3 per cent. Consols and likewise for renewing from time to time the said Lease after the present held term of years shall have expired and rebuilding the same if requisite or necessary I do direct my Executors Administrators or Assigns so to do out of the said Stock vested in the Bank of England and to consider and appoint Hannah Danby the Custodian and Keeper of the Pictures Houses and Premises 47 Queen Ann Street and One hundred a year for her service therein during her natural life and Fifty pounds for her assistance service which may be required to keep the said Gallery in a viewable state at all times concurring with the object of keeping my Works together and to be seen under certain restrictions which may be most reputable and advisable To Georgianna Danby One hundred a year for her natural life and to Evelina Danby or Dupree One hundred a year for her natural life the residue of my property in the funds after said bequests are provided for I give to the Trustees of the Royal Academy subject to their having every year on the 23rd of April (my birth day) a dinner to the sum of 50£ to all the Members of Academy and if 60 more will be left to be for a Professor in Landscape to be read in the Royal Academy elected from the Royal Academicians or a Medal called Turner's Medal equal to the Gold Medal now given by the Academy say 20£ for the best Landscape every 2 [3] years and if the Trustees and Members of the Royal Academy do not accept of this offer^{d} residue I give the same to Georgia Danby or her Heirs after causing a Monument to be placed near my remains as can be placed*

J. M. W. Turner

Aug^{t} 1832

* This Codicil is not attested.

This is a Codicil to my Will dated the Tenth day of June One thousand eight hundred and thirty one and which I request to be taken as part of my Will together with a Codicil dated the Twentieth day of August One thousand eight hundred and thirty-two and a* Codicil dated the Twenty-ninth day of August One thousand eight hundred and forty six I revoke the following bequests made by my Will namely Fifty pounds and Fifty pounds to Price Turner and Jonathan Turner and also the bequest of Twenty-five pounds to the eldest sons of Price John Joshua and Jonathan Turner I revoke also the bequest of Fifty pounds to Hannah Danby for her natural life also the bequest to Evelina and Georgiana of Fifty pounds each for their natural lives And I also revoke the legacy of Ten pounds to Sarah Danby for her natural life And as to my finished Pictures except the Two mentioned in my Will I give and bequeath the same unto the Trustees of the National Gallery provided that a room or rooms are added to the present National Gallery to be when erected called "Turner's Gallery" in which such pictures are to be constantly kept deposited and preserved and it is my wish that until such room or rooms be so erected that my said Pictures remain in my present Gallery and House in Queen Ann Street under the sole controul and management of the Trustees and Executors appointed hereby and by my Will And I direct my Trustees to appoint Hannah Danby to reside in the said House and to be the custodiam of the said pictures and to be paid One hundred and fifty pounds during her life but in case she shall be such custodium and receive the One hundred and fifty pounds per annum then the One hundred and fifty pounds per annum given to her by the† Codicil of the Twenty-ninth day of August One thousand eight hundred and forty-six shall cease And I also direct that the rent of the said House and the repairs shall be paid out of my estate Provided always and I do express my will and meaning to be that the said pictures shall not be removed from my present House and Gallery until and unless the said rooms are attached to the National Gallery in manner aforesaid nor shall the Trustees of the said National Gallery have any power whatever over the said Pictures unless my wish as before declared as to the said rooms is fully carried out by them it being my will and meaning that either such pictures shall remain and be and called "Turner's Gallery" and be the property of the Nation or that they shall remain entire at my said House and Gallery during the existence of the present lease and if my wishes are not carried by the Trustees of the National Gallery during the existence of such lease then I direct my Trustees or the survivor of them or the Executors Administrators or Assigns of such survivor to renew the lease thereof from time to time at the expense of my estate to the intent and purpose that such pictures may always remain and be

* The revoked Codicil; for copy, *vide post.*

† The revoked Codicil.

one entire Gallery and for the purpose of regulating such Gallery it is my wish that so many of the Pictures as may be necessary shall be seen by the public gratuitously so that from the number of them there may be a change of Pictures either every one or two years as my said Trustees shall think right and from and after the decease of the said Hannah Danby my Trustees shall have power to appoint any other custodium of the said Gallery at a Salary of Sixty pounds a year but in case my said Trustees shall not be able to renew the lease of my said Gallery then I direct the said Pictures to be sold I nominate and appoint Thomas Griffiths of Norwood in the county of Surrey esquire, John Ruskin the younger of Denmark Hill Camberwell in the county of Surrey esquire Philip Hardwicke of Russell Square in the county of Middlesex esquire and Henry Harpur of Kennington Cross Lambeth in the county of Surrey gentleman to be Trustees and Executors of my Will jointly with William Frederick Wells Henry Trimmer Samuel Rogers George Jones and Charles Turner named in my Will as Trustees and Executors And I give unto each of them that shall act in the trusts of the execution of this my Will the sum of Nineteen pounds nineteen shillings each for a ring

And whereas in my said Will there are many interlineations marked in the margin by me with my initials And I do declare that all such interlineations were made in my said Will before I executed the same

In Witness whereof I the said Joseph Mallord William Turner have to this Codicil to my last Will and Testament contained in two sheets of paper set my hand to the first sheet hereof, and to this second and last sheet my hand and seal this Second day of August One thousand eight hundred and forty-eight.

Signed sealed published and declared by the said Joseph Mallord William Turner as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have at the same time subscribed our names as Witnesses hereto } J. M. W. Turner (L.S.)

Joseph Tibbs } Clerks to Mr. Harpur
Thomas Schroeder } Kennington Cross Surrey

This is also a Codicil to my* within Will and my meaning is that in case the National Gallery shall not carry out the provisions contained in my within Codicil within the term of Five years on or before the expiration of the lease of my present Gallery then I do declare my bequest to the National Gallery is void And in

* Note—That this Codicil is indorsed on the second sheet of the preceding Codicil and not on the Testator's Will.

that case I direct my Gallery to be continued upon the Terms mentioned in my within Codicil In Witness whereof I the said Joseph Mallord William Turner have to this Codicil to my last Will and Testament set my hand and seal this Second day of August One thousand eight hundred and forty-eight

Signed sealed published and declared by the said Joseph Mallord William Turner as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have at the same time subscribed our names as Witnesses hereto } J. M. W. Turner (L.S.)

Joseph Tibbs
Thos Schroeder

This a Codicil to my Will Now I do hereby as to the disposition of my finished Pictures limit the time for offering the same as a gift to the Trustees of the National Gallery to the term of Ten years after my decease and if the said Trustees of the said National Gallery shall not within the said space of Ten years have provided and constructed a room or rooms to be added to the National Gallery that part thereof to be called Turners Gallery Then I declare the gift or offer of the said finished pictures to be null and void and of none effect and in that case I direct the said Pictures to be exhibited gratuitously by my Trustees and Executors during the existence of the lease of my present House and Gallery except the last Two years of the said term And then the said finished Pictures are to be sold by my Trustees and Executors I do give and bequeath unto my Trustees and Executors the sum of One thousand pounds and I direct them to lay out and expend the same in erecting a Monument in Saint Pauls Cathedral Church London where I desire to be buried among my Brothers in Art I give and bequeath unto Hannah Danby residing with me and Sophia Caroline Booth late of Margate one annuity of One hundred and fifty pounds each And as to the produce of the said finished pictures when sold I give thereout the sum of One thousand pounds to the Pension Fund of the Royal Academy (provided they give a Medal for Landscape Painting and marked with my name upon it as Turners Medal silver or gold in their discretion Five hundred pounds to the Artists General Benevolent Fund Five hundred pounds to the Foundling Hospital Lamb's Conduit Street Five hundred pounds to the London Orphan Fund and the residue of the produce to fall into the residue of my estate for the benefit of the intended Hospital in my Will mentioned I give and bequeath unto Mrs. Wheeler and her two sisters Emma and Laura One hundred pounds each free from Legacy Duty I hereby nominate and appoint Hugh Johnston Munro of North Britain to

be a Trustee and Executor to act with the other Trustees and Executors appointed by my Will and Codicils. And I hereby expressly declare that the Trustees and Executors appointed by my Codicils shall have equal powers and be clothed with the same authorities to all intents and purposes as if they had been appointed by my original Will instead of being appointed by any codicil thereto In Witness whereof I the said Joseph Mallord William Turner have to this my third Codicil (I having revoked my Codicil dated the Ninth day of August One thousand eight hundred and forty-six*) contained in two sheets of paper set my hand to the first sheet thereof and to this second and last sheet my hand and seal this First day of February One thousand eight hundred and forty-nine

Signed sealed published and declared by the said Joseph Mallord William Turner as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have at the same time subscribed our Names as Witnesses hereto the word "Will" having been first interlined in the first sheet hereof } J. M. W. Turner (L.S.)

Joseph Tibbs } Clerks to Mr. Harpur
Thos Schroeder } Kennington Cross Surrey

The foregoing Will and Four Codicils were proved on the 6th day of September 1852 in the Prerogative Court of the Archbishop of Canterbury by the Reverend Henry Scott Trimmer Clerk (in the Will written "The Revd. Henry Trimmer") George Jones Esquire and Charles Turner Esquire three of the surviving Executors named in the will and Philip Hardwick (in the second Codicil written "Hardwicke") Esquire and Henry Harpur Esquire two of the Executors named in the second Codicil—power reserved of making the like grant to Hugh Andrew Johnston Munro—(Samuel Rogers Esquire and Thomas Griffith in the second Codicil written "Griffiths" and John Ruskin the younger having first renounced) —Effects sworn under £140,000 and that Testator died on or about the 19th day of December 1851

The following is a copy of the revoked Codicil of the 29th day of August 1846 so far as the same can be made out—Note that this Codicil was written and executed in duplicate—both parts are cancelled and they are not to an equal extent legible

This is a Codicil to be added to and taken as part of the last Will and Testament of me Joseph Mallord William Turner of

* The revoked Codicil is dated 29th August 1846.

Queen Ann Street Harley Street in the County of Middlesex Esquire Whereas the Residuary Legatee mentioned in my Will has died Now I hereby appoint
and Sophia Caroline Booth to be such Residuary Legatees And I do hereby give and bequeath to them all such Estate right and powers as if they had been appointed Residuary Legatees in and by my Will And inasmuch as it may take some time before the full provisions of my Will may be fully performed I do hereby give unto the said Hannah Danby and Sophia Caroline Booth one Annuity or clear yearly sum of One hundred and fifty pounds each And I do declare that they shall be joint Custodiers and Keepers of the Gallery or Foundation mentioned in my Will And I do give and bequeath unto my Executors the sum of One thousand pounds and I do direct them to lay out and expend the same in erecting a Monument for me and for my memory in Saint Pauls Cathedral Church London where I desire to be buried among my Brothers in Art In witness whereof I have hereunto set and subscribed my hand and seal the Twenty-ninth day of August One thousand eight hundred and forty-six

Signed sealed published and declared by the said Joseph Mallord William Turner as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who in his presence at his request and in the presence of each other have hereunto at the same time subscribed our Names as Witnesses } J. M. W. Turner (L.S.)

Note—One part attested by { J. Hubbard, Hy. Watts } Clerks to Mr Harpur Kennington Cross

The other part attested by { J. Hubbard, Thos Schoedar } Clerks to Mr Harpur

Note—That the two parts not being equally cancelled the above copy can be made from both parts and thus only

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The following condensation of the last Report issued by the Government makes our readers acquainted with the latest aspect of this ill-managed business:—

"The Report of the Committee of the House of Lords upon the manner of fulfilling the conditions of Turner's Will contains so much matter interesting to artists, that we shall make running extracts from the evidence of the various witnesses examined, quoting briefly those subjects which are of current importance. With regard to the duty of fulfilling the conditions of Turner's will, the Director stated that it was the general wish, and more especially the wish of the Trustees of the National Gallery, to fulfil them. He considered the removal of the pictures from South Kensington a departure from the obligation to do so. He considered, and other witnesses fully agreed, that a selection of Turner's pictures would be indispensable; that many were unfit for public exhibition, as being unfinished, and therefore only of interest to artists, to whom a reserve might be advantageously displayed. It was elicited that under the Act, 19th & 20th Vict. c. 29, s. 3, the Trustees were at liberty to accept

portions of a bequest of pictures and return the remainder, in which case the last would fall into the residuary estate of the testator; by this Act it would seem, says Sir Charles Eastlake, 'that the Trustees would not have the option of setting aside the certain pictures for the purposes of study; it would appear that such pictures ought to go to the nearest of kin.' With Mr. Ruskin the witness thought that the Turner collection would enable six separate collections of a most instructive character to be made. The next matter which arose illustrated in no small degree the progress of public taste and the growth of a sound judgment in Art. Habitual visitors to the National Gallery remember how the pictures of West, which countryfolks loyally considered as the real gems of the collection, gradually disappeared, first going on to the stair-landing, then on the stairs, thence into the hall, and finally, how they took a dive and vanished altogether to the region below, only to re-appear upon the ample walls of South Kensington. Miss Angelica Kauffmann's works followed to fit obscurity, and were not missed. These weedings were, of course, desirable and right; and the evident willingness of the Trustees to part with the two large Guidos shows how the people have learnt to prize the real above the meretricious art. Years ago the people crowded before these big pictures, were fascinated by the minaudering nudities, and thought far more of an ill-drawn and clay-cold 'Christ crowned with Thorns' than of the 'Ariadne' or the Raphaels; now the case is so much altered, that some sort of apology is thought needful for a proposition to send them to Dublin or Edinburgh, and 'it would be a great relief to the Gallery' to do so. It is even said that the fact of transferring indifferent pictures to the above cities 'might deter people from leaving inferior pictures, which might be rather an advantage.' As to the disposal of the Turner pictures, the witness considered various courses were open, supposing it were absolutely necessary to house them in the National Gallery before the expiration of the decade after referred to. 'One would be to place them in the National Gallery, removing an equivalent number of pictures to the South Kensington Museum. I should say not the Mediæval pictures, but the Dutch, Flemish, and Spanish pictures, because that would make room enough; the Mediæval might be added, if necessary, but the removal of these alone would not make room enough in the Gallery. Another course would be to place the Turner pictures in the rooms below, where many of them once were, but where they were not exhibited; the Vernon pictures were exhibited in those rooms: they were so badly placed as hardly to be visible, but still they occupied the walls of rooms in the National Gallery. If that were done, and if some were placed in such space as can be afforded in the upper rooms, the legal conditions would be complied with.' In the event of immediate action not being imperative, the witness would prefer the pictures should remain where they are; but he hoped this very inquiry would urge the Government to carry out what the public had been waiting for so long—namely, the erection of a New National Gallery, to contain the works of the old masters, the British school, and the best works of Turner. He is entirely opposed to gas in the neighbourhood of pictures, and, notwithstanding the high authorities asserting its harmlessness, he could not believe it to be so; he thought the works should be examined, to decide the question, from decade to decade, as change would be exceedingly gradual. Photographs of the cracks in certain pictures have been taken, which could be compared with the originals from time to time; not the slightest change has been observable hitherto. It would not be possible to provide a better temporary place than South Kensington for the reception of the pictures, but the more temporary it was the better. With regard to the Royal Academy vacating the National Gallery, Sir Charles did not know what arrangement is pending with the present Government, but under the last Government it was decided that the Royal Academy should be removed to Burlington House, and the members would, upon a site to be granted, erect an edifice for themselves. It would depend upon the terms offered whether the Academy would hold themselves ready to vacate on the requisition of the Government; on those above named it would certainly do so. Mr. Redgrave was examined. If it was put to him he should not exhibit in the National Gallery many of Turner's pictures which are now at South Kensington; he

does not think they do Turner's fame any justice, being in such an unfinished state that they are caviare to the multitude; there are some which would not even benefit students,—the works of one whose powers were failing. Mr. Redgrave regretted there is no exhibition of Turner's water-colour drawings. Turner was the father of water-colour art in this country, and, with a very few exceptions, there were no examples of his work in the Gallery. It would be desirable to change the works exhibited from time to time, so that they might pass successively under the public eye; with proper arrangements as to light, a series of water-colour drawings might be as safely exhibited as oil-pictures. (Mr. Wornum expressed a very decided opinion in opposition to this.) The witness was not prepared to say that they will not gradually fade, any more than that oil-pictures will not deteriorate in time; but he believed that, under due conditions, they may be preserved, and thought, taking into account Turner's fame and the impression he has made upon the world at large, it is better that one hundred thousand should see these drawings annually, than that ten thousand should see them in ten centuries. (It is well worth while for the public to give good heed to this opinion, for it is now acted upon, and may be still more so. It is opposed to all the feelings and experience of amateur collectors and the conservators of great galleries. Which party is in the right should be decided at once. We may, out of sheer heedlessness, be destroying the heritage of our children in Art.) With regard to the complete exhibition of Turner's works, and the manner in which he conceived that artist desired his will should be carried out, the witness thought he had two views—'One was that in our National Gallery there should be a tribune, or *salon carré*, in which the choice works of all schools should be gathered together; and he desired to have some of his best works in that collection: he specially named two that should be put with the Claudes. In no arrangement that can be made (I speak with deference to Sir C. Eastlake) could you place these Turners by the Claudes in a sequence of schools; they must be in a collection forming the cream of various schools.' In the second place, Mr. Redgrave considered Turner wished his works to be kept together as far as possible, in order to form a part of a British School of Art in the National Gallery. The witness was of opinion that if the powers given by the above-named Act of Parliament for the disposal of bequests of works of Art, irrespective of conditions attached thereto by the testator, were known to the latter, there would be no difficulty in dispensing with those conditions, as the Act declares, beforehand, an intention so to deal with bequests.—In reply to a question, the witness said that most deceased British artists of eminence are represented in the National Gallery—that is, if the Collections at South Kensington are the National Gallery; 'but then Turner's will is carried out, because his pictures are in part of the National Gallery. Adopting this view, I consider that Turner's will is carried out; but if he wished his pictures to be in Trafalgar-square, in connexion with the Old Masters, neither his pictures, nor the other British pictures, are in the National Gallery, since they are both at South Kensington.' Mr. R. N. Wornum, Keeper and Secretary of the National Gallery, was examined. Presuming it were desirable to remove the pictures now in the Kensington Museum to Trafalgar-square, he would wish to build a wing over the east side of the barrack-yard, running from the new square room contiguous to the new large gallery, which would give the space of perhaps four such rooms as the new gallery. He would propose a wing on iron pillars, giving great headway to the barracks. These rooms would not only hold the Turner Collection, but those of Vernon, Bell, and the Old English pictures. Such a work might be constructed in a few months, and would be permanent. A corresponding wing could be made hereafter, where the workhouse now stands, and the extremities of the two wings joined by a cross gallery. The gallery proposed would cover part of the barrack-yard, and be of great service to the soldiers when drilling in wet weather. By adding this wing the pictures would be better seen, as they would be more accessible to the public at Trafalgar-square than at South Kensington. The nation possesses 362 pictures, 105 of which are finished oil pictures; the remainder contains many that are 'mere botches.' There are 19,000 and odd altogether,

including pencil and water-colour sketches; 'the mass of them are of no value whatever.' The witness's opinion is, that water-colour drawings generally fade on being exposed to the light, but that pencil, chalk, and sepia drawings do not fade. To exhibit all the water-colour drawings of Turner that might be exhibited would require a very large space. Turner, in one of the codicils to his will, directed the course of changing the drawings in succession to be pursued. The finest of them were exhibited for one year at Marlborough House, and withdrawn from fear of injuring them by a constant exposure to the light; these are now framed, and may be seen on application; probably twenty persons apply to do so in the course of a year; but there is really no one to show them, except myself,—and I have not time. If we are to be liable to public applications to see these drawings, 'I must have a curator for the purpose. 1800 are prepared for public exhibition, if we had a place and a servant who could watch them.' 400 are in frames and 1400 mounted. If the Royal Academy were removed, there might be more accommodation for the pictures than in the proposed wing, 'because we should have the sculpture-room, which would be a very good room for the exhibition of these framed and mounted drawings.' If the wing were built, there would be room to display the water-colour drawings in frames, changing them from time to time. 'I am sure they (water-colour drawings) fade, because I have often seen drawings which have faded. When a drawing has been taken out of a frame, where the frame has covered part of the drawing, the colours protected have been more intense than the part of the drawing which has been exposed to the light. You do not detect deterioration in oil pictures so readily as you do in water-colour drawings.' Mr. J. Pennethorne was examined. He would not recommend a temporary building being added to the National Gallery, but a permanent enlargement, so as to comprise part of what would ultimately be a very fine building; therefore, if anything is to be done for the temporary accommodation of the pictures, it ought to be done inside the present building. A permanent gallery might be completed in nine months. The witness had submitted a plan to the Chief Commissioner of Works for a further extension, and would undertake, if needful, to erect a complete and sufficient National Gallery in connexion with the present site in two years. In this plan there would be no alteration of the present building, except breaking through the two internal doorways. 'There would be a great advantage in building at the back, because you need not go to much outlay for architectural ornament; but, besides that, we are, without difficulty, enabled to have recourse to all those means of lighting which a good deal interfere with the architecture of a building facing a public street. I propose to build an addition to the National Gallery, in such a manner that the ground-floor of it should be built upon columns, so that it should serve as a colonnade for the soldiers, thereby increasing their accommodation. The ground-floor of this building would not be necessary for the purpose of the Gallery, and would be valuable for the barracks. There are two passages through the building: one to the barracks, and the other to Castle-street. I propose not to encroach upon the last, but to let that be the boundary of the new buildings. In doing that, I have only to take from the workhouse half its site, leaving the other half on which to re-erect the schools and parish offices, &c. The witness would begin with a gallery, 136 feet long over the barrack-yard, which would accommodate the Turner pictures. The cost of the entire building would be about 100,000*l.*; it would cover an area of 30,000 feet: that of the present National Gallery and the Royal Academy taken together cover 20,000 feet superficial. The portion of the scheme which is considered pressing to be executed, would form a portion of the larger design, and be consistent with an alteration of the façade to the south. The witness would undertake to build that portion required for the Turner pictures for 25,000*l.* in nine months. It would cost about 100,000*l.* to erect a similar building in the rear of Burlington House to that proposed for the National Gallery. If the Royal Academy were removed, there would be plenty of room in Trafalgar-square for all the pictures belonging to the nation; but that would be turning the Academy into the streets; they ought to be allowed two years to find a new home, even in Burlington House. The Turner Collection requires 3500 feet of wall for exhibition.

NOTE TO VOL. I., p. 386.

Account-books of Mr. W. B. Cooke.

W. B. Cooke, Dr. to J. M. W. Turner.

1817.	£	s.	d.
February 20.			
Drawing of Ilfracombe Coast	10	10	0
March 1.			
Loan of Drawing of the Eddystone for Rivers of Devon	5	5	0
Loan of Drawing of Junction of Tamar for Rivers of Devon	5	5	0
Loan of Drawing of Plymouth Sound for Rivers of Devon	5	5	0
June.			
Brixham, Coast	10	10	0
Fowey, Coast	10	10	0
Love	10	10	0
July.			
Tintagel, Coast	10	10	0
Bridport, Coast	10	10	0
Winchelsea	6	6	0
Arisbantony (?)	6	6	0
Two Drawings of Vesuvius for Pompeii	31	10	0
	£122	17	0

1817.	£	s.	d.
Paid August 4	40	0	0
1818.			
Paid Mr. Turner for one Drawing of Vesuvius (Pompeii)	15	15	0
Paid Mr. Turner for another Drawing of Vesuvius, for Pompeii	15	15	0
August 21.			
Paid Mr. Turner	51	7	0
	£122	17	0

W. B. Cooke, Dr.

1818.	£	s.	d.
July.			
Battle Abbey	6	6	0
August 31.			
Hastings from the Sea, for Mr. Fuller's Work	42	0	0
Watchet, Coast	10	10	0
Dunster	10	10	0
Mount Edgecombe	10	10	0
	£79	16	0

1818. Cr.

August 29.	£	s.	d.
Paid Mr. Turner in Bills as follows:—			
One at six months for	43	10	0
One at nine months for	30	0	0
Copper for "Liber Studiorum" (three plates)	1	1	6
Recd. Gairdner's Views on the Rhine, charged in Arches Account	1	4	0
	£75	15	6

W. B. Cooke, Dr.

	£	s.	d.
Three Drawings (Rhine)	85	1	0
Lulworth Castle	10	10	0
Margate.....	10	10	0
Dover.—Large Drawing for Exhibition 1823: Shipwreck at Margate, Sunrise	189	0	0
Touching Tomkinson's Cuyp	2	2	0
Touching Chelsea Reach	2	2	0
Colne	8	8	0
Rochester	8	8	0
Norham	8	8	0
Coast, St. Maws	10	10	0
Touching Cuyp's Horse	2	2	0
Ditto Boat	2	2	0
Girtin's Kirkstone	2	2	0
Dartmouth	8	8	0
Rivers, ditto	8	8	0
1824.			
Folkestone.....	68	0	0
	£96	12	0
Rye	10	10	0
Coville Bay	10	10	0
Hythe	10	10	0
Ramsgate	10	10	0
	£138	12	0

1822.

September.	£	s.	d.
Bill four months for three Drawings (Rhine) ...	85	1	0
Paid Mr. Turner for Lulworth Castle and Margate	21	0	0
1823.			
March 18.			
Bill at two months	50	0	0
July 27.			
A Bill at two months for the loan of two Drawings, No. 1 Rivers, and touching Tomkinson's Cuyp and Girtin's Chelsea Reach ...	21	0	0
September 5th.			
Bill at four months	69	10	0
Ditto at five months ...	69	10	0
October 1.			
Bill at two months for Loan of three Drawings for No. 2 Rivers	25	4	0
Liber Studiorum, Arches paid	31	10	0

W. B. Cooke, Dr. to J. M. W. Turner.

1822.	£	s.	d.
Three Drawings of the Rhine.....	85	1	0
Lulworth Castle, Coast	10	10	0
Margate, Coast	10	10	0
Dover.—Large Drawing for the Exhibition 1823: Shipwreck and Margate, Sunrise	189	0	0
Touching Tomkinson's Cuyp	2	2	0
Touching Chelsea Reach	2	2	0
Loan of More Park, Rivers	8	8	0
Ditto Rochester, ditto...	8	8	0
Ditto Norham, ditto.....	8	8	0
St. Mawes, Coast	10	10	0
Touching Traveller, Cuyp	2	2	0
1824.			
Large Drawing of Smugglers Fishing Gin.....	63	0	0
Rye, Coast	10	10	0
Clovelly Bay, ditto	10	10	0
Carried forward	£421	1	0

1822. Cr.

September.	£	s.	d.
Bill at four months for three Drawings of the Rhine.....	85	1	0
Paid Mr. Turner for Lulworth Castle and Margate	21	0	0
1823.			
March 18.			
Bill at two months	50	0	0
July 27.			
Bill at two months for the Loan of two drawings (Rivers), and touching Tomkinson's Cuyp and Chelsea Reach.....	21	0	0
September 5.			
Bill at four months	69	10	0
Ditto at five months ...	69	10	0
October 1.			
Bill at two months, paid at Oxford, for Loan of			
Carried forward	£316	1	0

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	421	1	0
Ramsgate, ditto	10	10	0
"Liber Studiorum," fourteen numbers at 1*l.* 1*s.*; twenty per cent. allowed	11	15	0
	£474	16	0

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	316	1	0
More Park, Rochester, and Norham Castle ...	25	4	0
Arch paid for Rye, Clovelly Bay, and Hythe Coast	31	10	0
Arch to pay Ramsgate ...	10	10	0
1824. July 17. Two Bills as follows, for balance, one dated June 25th, at four months, another dated June 25, at five months, each for 45*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*	91	11	0
	£474	16	0

W. B. Cooke, Dr.

1824. July 22.	£	s.	d.
Loan of three drawings for Rivers, as follows:			
Brougham Castle ...	8	8	0
Totness	8	8	0
Okehampton Castle	8	8	0
	£25	4	0

1824. Cr.

July 22.	£	s.	d.
Bill at two months for Brougham Castle, Totness, Okehampton ...	25	4	0

1825. Jan. 14.	£	s.	d.
Loan of two Drawings as follows:			
Rainbow (Arundel Castle)	8	8	0
Bromleys (Kirkstall Abbey)	8	8	0
	£16	16	0

1825.

January 14.	£	s.	d.
Bill at two months for Arundel Castle and Kirkstall Abbey	16	16	0

W. B. Cooke, Dr.

	£	s.	d.
Bill held by Mr. Turner, dated September 9th, and which remains unpaid	20	0	0
Touching Vandervelde in No. 6 Gems	2	2	0
Sandgate Creek Rivers, Loan of	8	8	0
Two first Drawings of the continuation of the Coast (purchased by Mr. Tomkinson)	52	10	0
	£91	8	0

Cr.

	£	s.	d.
By Frame of Glass sent to Sir Anthony Carlisle from W. B. Cooke	4	10	0

THE END.

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